







[COAST RECORD.]  
**BREAK FOR LIBERTY.****THREE DESPERADOES OUT OF TOMBSTONE JAIL.**

Train Robber Stiles Shoots Deputy Sheriff Bravin, Secures the Keys to the Lockup and Escapes With Two Companions.

Posse Starts in Pursuit of the Outlaws and a Desperate Fight is Probable as the Bandits are All Well Armed.

Fruit Association to Handle Prunes. State Board of Health Meets—Discussion of Foul Sewage not Yet Arranged For.

IA. P. NIGHT REPORT: TOMBSTONE (Ariz.) April 7.—Between 12 and 1 o'clock today the town was startled by the report of a jail delivery. Within a few minutes a crowd had gathered at the Courthouse, and out of a hundred conflicting reports it was finally decided that the bandits had taken the guard of the jail, were at lunch. William Stiles, who recently turned State's evidence and gave information that led to the arrest of Bert Alvord and a man named Downing for the robbery of the Southern Pacific train last September at Coopers Station, entered the Sheriff's office, where Deputy Sheriff George Bravin was alone, and ordered him to hold up his hands, at the same time putting a pistol at Bravin's breast.

Bravin struck the pistol as Stiles fired. The ball entered his leg and passed through the fleshly part below the knee, severing one of his toes. The bullet was stopped by a nail and liberated Alvord and "Bravo Juan," the latter being one of the robbers who held up the train at Fairbanks less than two months ago. All three started west on foot, going to the ranch of John Esquivel, where they took two horses and headed for the Colorado Mountains.

Within a few moments a posse started in pursuit, and it is expected the fugitives will be overtaken before night, as they were handicapped by two having to ride one horse. They took rifles and pistols from the Sheriff's office, and if overtaken a hard fight will undoubtedly follow.

Downing refused to leave the jail and Matt Burt, another of the accused Coopers robbers, was eating at a restaurant under guard at the time of the delivery. Both are still in jail.

**EXTRA GUARD AUTHORIZED.**

IA. P. NIGHT REPORT: TUCSON (Ariz.) April 7.—On Friday Judge Davis of this judicial district granted Sheriff Scott White of Coopers a writ of habeas corpus, which he had not been assigned at the time of the delivery. The Coopers jail contained a dozen desperadoes, and when apprehended they might hold up the regular force, hence the precautionary measures. Sheriff White is in charge of the jail, and the officials of the train robbers held at Tombstone are to be held there this month.

**FOLSOM PRISON SEWAGE.**  
DISPOSAL NOT YET ARRANGED.

SACRAMENTO, April 7.—Only two of the State prison directors, Messrs. Devin and Wilkins, were present today at the joint meeting of the directors and the State board of examiners in relation to the acceptance of the plans for disposal of the sewage from Folsom State Prison. Director Devin stated that the directors had been apprised that they might hold up the regular force, hence the precautionary measures. Sheriff White is in charge of the jail, and the officials of the train robbers held at Tombstone are to be held there this month.

**ANTONIO.**  
IA. P. NIGHT REPORT: SAN FRANCISCO, April 7.—Mrs. Holly Ellsworth and Mr. N. Hill, were run over and killed this afternoon by the 1 o'clock train at a crossing near Cornwall while attempting to cross in a buggy. The little daughter of Mrs. Ellsworth who was also in the buggy, was seriously injured, but will recover.

**REDDING.**  
WOMAN INJURED.

REDDING, April 7.—As F. D. Redding, a Redding jeweler, was returning at an early hour this morning with his wife and sister-in-law from a dance at Shasta, a masked highwayman stepped out of the brush with a pistol and, at the party and demanded "hands up."

Mrs. Dobrowsky, instead of obeying the command, lashed the already swiftly-going horse into a more rapid pace, and successfully balked the highwayman without injury resulting to any one.

**UNDER THE WHEELS.**

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**STATE HEALTH BOARD.**

DR. H. W. HILL IS RE-ELECTED.

IA. P. NIGHT REPORT: SACRAMENTO, April 7.—The State Board of Health met this afternoon at the office of Dr. A. M. Henderson and Dr. D. C. Hartman, Assistant and acting president. It adopted a resolution calling on the State Board of Medical Examiners to proceed against what the board called "quack" doctors, operating without a license. Dr. A. M. Henderson was elected to represent the board at the annual meeting of the State and territorial boards of health at Atlantic City, N. J., June 2 and 3.

A report was received and approved from John L. Kirkpatrick, Inspector of the southern transportation lines.

**FULL OF PRUNE NAMES.**

ASSOCIATION'S BOOKS CLOSED.

IA. P. NIGHT REPORT: SAN JOSE, April 7.—The time allowed fruit growers to sign the contract of the California Cured Fruit Association expired today. With the close of the time of the association this evening, about 25,000 acres of land were represented on the books, as small fraction over 75 per cent. of the entire estimated yield of the State for the coming season. Mail returns are expected to swell these figures. The association did not have the funds available to cover the required contracts.

All parts of the State are represented in the prune list of signatures. At next Monday's meeting of the association, the list will be given, and all growers will be given a letter calling members to immediate districts to become members. On Tuesday morning the association will become a business factor in the export trade of the Pacific

Coast, for it will immediately proceed to fix prices and arrange for the purchase of 80,000,000 pounds of dried prunes.

**DEBATES IN CONVENTION.**

IA. P. NIGHT REPORT: SAN FRANCISCO, April 7.—The Debating League of Northern California met today at the Mission Hill School. The afternoon was almost entirely devoted to settling the question whether the Stockton league should receive as final the judgment against it at the recent debate of that organization with the San Rafael league. The matter was at last decided by a special committee, the verdict being that it was given to contest the judgment given at debate.

The committee recommended that the Stockton league be given the privilege of a "satisfactory" debate to be held some time during the present school term. This recommendation met the approval of the convention, which was decided to hold the next convention in November of this year at Stockton.

The election resulted as follows: President, G. Marshall Dill; vice-president, Dr. W. C. Fitch; secretary, A. W. Custer; treasurer, Miss E. Fritchstad; auditors, W. K. Galloway, Miss D. Spencer.

**ORIGINAL MEXICAN GRANT.**

PAPER BROUGHT FROM LONDON.

MONTEREY, April 7.—A paper of considerable international importance has just been received from London by Jacob R. Leese of this city, son of the California pioneer Jacob P. Leese. The paper is the original grant from the Mexican government, made in 1863, to Jacob P. Leese, and others, of 18,000,000 acres in Lower California, for colonization purposes and is the last and most important of the grants of land made by the Mexican government.

The plan is evidently to get as much of the public's money as possible before the game is over. Fully twenty matches have been made here since the final vote on the Horton repeal was taken at Albany, and nearly a score more are in prospect.

The latest news sign are Gus Ruhlin and Tom Sharkey. They were matched today to go twenty-five rounds before the Seaside Athletic Club at Coney Island July 16. Ruhlin is already matched with Bob Fitzsimmons, who also signed today to fight Young Exile, won, Ochiltree second, Dicks third; time 1:24 4-5.

Seven furlongs: Speedwell won, T. Jefferson second; Mouthmouth Boy third; time 1:31 1-5.

Mile and a quarter: Beau Ideal won, King of the Garter second, Shinnane third; time 1:52%.

**RUNNING AT MEMPHIS.**

MEMPHIS (Tenn.) April 7.—Results at Bennington.

Six furlongs, selling: La Jospin won, Miss May Day second. The Lady in Blue third; time 1:29%.

Half a mile: Lilly Pantland won, Queen Diane second, South Breeze third; time 0:54.

Half a mile: Joe Frey won, Garry Hermann second, Sard third; time 0:50.

Mile and a sixteenth: Banshee won, Abusive second, W. B. Gates third; time 1:55.

Six furlongs, selling: Judge Wardell won, Fred Hand second, Sir Blazes third; time 1:46%.

Half a mile: Scrivener won, McAlbert second, Shilling Burn third; time 1:17%.

**URIAH ATHLETES WINNERS.**

URIAH, April 7.—The fourth annual meet of the Sonoma-Mendocino Athletic Association, held here this afternoon, resulted in a victory for the athletes of the University of the Pacific. The more stout Uriah 79; Petaluma, 28; Santa Rosa, 27; Healdsburg, 11.

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Dry Goods News  
Paris  
S. Broadway.

## Easter

Easter wear, di-  
store. Needful details as  
we. Below we make a

## Easter Neckwear.

New eastern conceits in  
satin bows, embroidered  
in hand-scarfs, mull ties, lace  
and stocks.

50c to \$2 each.

## Easter Veilings.

Beautiful new meshes in  
Tulle and Tossa veillings.

25c to \$2.50 yd.

Wide range of dainty patterns  
wash veils in cream and white.

50c to \$1.00.

## Easter Hosiery.

Easter novelties in little three  
fancy hosiery choice polka  
stripes and checks.

60c to \$1.00.

## STUDIOS ATTENTION.

## Perfumes

ossom and  
arnation,  
bottles, each....\$1.001/2 pint.....\$1.00  
ut up in 1, 2 and 4-oz. bottlesumyss,  
and drink for the sick  
or qt. bottle.....\$1.00

nets,

y's Improved, stra-  
ble. Costs you but  
in when you have one

cabinets.

## UX CO. Druggists

Opposite City Hall

## IS A...

## BETTER

ry best Bicycle

## ONARD &amp; BUNT,

460 South Spring St.

Special Price for 60 Days on

## Cahuenga Mount-

... WATER ...

OFFICE AT—

## ELLINGTON'S,

1. W. Cor. Fourth &amp; Spring St. Tel. 111.

## E

Select

your

Easter

Hat

today.

241-243 S. Broadway

Always high quality

"Liner" Sheet.  
City News.

## X. YEAR

## OILY PROMISES.

WELL SET FOR TWO LITTLE  
WELLS.The Bay Men's Oil Company  
of this City Paid a Dividend  
and Got Out a Rainbow  
Prospectus.Items to Have Valuable Oil Pro-  
perties in the Newhall District,  
in Addition to Two Wells  
Here.

Easter Neckwear.

New eastern conceits in  
satin bows, embroidered  
in hand-scarfs, mull ties, lace  
and stocks.

50c to \$2 each.

## Easter Veilings.

Beautiful new meshes in  
Tulle and Tossa veillings.

25c to \$2.50 yd.

Wide range of dainty patterns  
wash veils in cream and white.

50c to \$1.00.

## STUDIOS ATTENTION.

My inquiries have reached the  
offices of the Railway  
Oil Company, a local corpora-  
tion which has become well-known,  
to the glowing statements con-  
cerning its prospects.The following extracts are taken  
from the reports of the com-  
pany, and from its advertising and now  
is the first block of 25,000 shares  
for thirty days only at 50 cents  
will be paid of 2 cents per share  
per annum, commencing March 15,  
per cent. per annum to the  
holders of record.We are enabled to do this  
in producing wells in the Los  
Angeles district.We have the  
and plenty of it, from which you  
are fortunate as to hold shares in  
the Bay Men's Oil Company.The strongest  
statement made by the company  
is that the Los Angeles  
district is destined to warrant a promise  
of 25 per cent. per annum to its  
investors.The company's Los Angeles property  
consists of two wells located on lot 1,  
4, Ocean View tract, being at  
corner of Ocean street and Edith  
Ave.The wells were drilled  
at 100 ft. deep.The production  
was decreasing.Yesterday after-  
noon, a half hour's observation  
at 100 ft. deep showed the  
oil was flowing from the  
well.The following  
extracts are taken from the  
Bay Men's Oil Company's  
annual report for 1900.The report states that it  
will be paid of 2 cents per share  
per annum, or \$3.50 each month.The stockholders  
will be entitled to the  
same as to the date of the  
annual meeting of the  
company for itself and the R.M.We have offered a 4 per cent  
dividend to investors in the  
Los Angeles production," said Ed-  
D. Hutchison ("El Hutch"), the  
company's attorney, to a friend of  
the fact that our directors, who hold  
shares of the capital stock, have  
of their claims to any portion of  
the stockholders' dividends  
upon the subject of divi-  
dents and a director, said: "We  
will pay 2 per cent. dividends  
to all stockholders on the  
value of their holdings. Our  
ex-  
-is now estimating the dividend  
to be paid in April 15. We  
will inform you as to the last in  
regarding the payment of dividends.Our payments have been made  
from the surplus profits of our  
operations. The total of our  
shares paid in March, amounted toLos Angeles property controlled  
by the Bay Men's Oil Company  
is now being made  
to Charles McCallan.The stock is \$300 for the lot, \$70  
the improvement, and about \$200  
the two wells.The early part of March  
the stock in the Bay Men's Oil  
Company is from fifty  
cents per share. This  
was paid in March. Later it  
was paid in April.The stock is now  
in sixty-five cents per share on  
the market.We learned that certain  
men were going to to and work  
and advanced to the  
explanatory secretary in  
the failure to increase the  
price of the stock, as promised  
the purchasers.The Bay Men's Oil Company  
was controlled by the  
lawyers of California  
directors and officers, as follows:  
F. D. Owen, Drug Store, Belmont  
avenue and Temple street.F. D. Owen, Drug Store, Belmont  
avenue and Temple street.Boyle Heights Drug Store, 1955 East  
First street.Chicago Pharmacy, F. J. Kruell, Ph.  
G., prop., Central avenue and Twelfth  
street.National Pharmacy, corner Sixteenth  
and Grand avenue.H. W. Drenkel's Prescription  
Pharmacy, Twenty-fourth and Hoover  
Phone Blue 1101.The Times will receive a minimum  
charge of 50 cents "liner" advertisements  
by telephone, but will not guarantee ac-  
curacy.

## Los Angeles Sunday Times

SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 8, 1900.

## NOTICE TO PATRONS.

"Liner" advertisements for The Times  
left at the following places will receive  
prompt attention: Rate: 1 cent a  
word each insertion. Minimum charge  
for any advertisement, 15 cents:  
F. D. Owen, Drug Store, Belmont  
avenue and Temple street.Boyle Heights Drug Store, 1955 East  
First street.Chicago Pharmacy, F. J. Kruell, Ph.  
G., prop., Central avenue and Twelfth  
street.National Pharmacy, corner Sixteenth  
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## INDEX.

SPECIAL NOTICES

NOTICE TO PATRONS.

## Liners.

## WANTED—

Help, Female.

WANTED—<sup>1</sup> CALIFORNIA MEDICAL SOCIETY CO., 1 year's reputation; agents over state. Come Monday morning. 818 B. BROADWAY. <sup>8</sup>WANTED—<sup>1</sup> YOUNG GIRL TO ASSIST IN housework, good home, small wages; to live in. Address 212 S. Main. <sup>8</sup>WANTED—<sup>1</sup> APPRENTICE TO SEWING EMPLOYMENT CO., 1 year's experience; good pay. Employment Bureau, 201 W. Seventh. Registration free. <sup>8</sup>WANTED—<sup>1</sup> WOMEN EVERYWHERE to do various samples; good pay. CAL ORANGE SYRUP CO., 201 W. Seventh. <sup>8</sup>WANTED—<sup>1</sup> LADY ARTIST WITH \$500 to \$1000 to interest in a portrait house; good chance to make money. Address ARTIST, 1, Box 8, Times Office. <sup>8</sup>WANTED—<sup>1</sup> SOME EASTERN GIRLS young of good appearance, for business employment. Address Y, box 56, TIMES OFFICE. <sup>8</sup>WANTED—<sup>1</sup> YOUNG LADY STENOGRAPHER, good type; good pay. Address 1, Box 56, TIMES OFFICE. <sup>8</sup>WANTED—<sup>1</sup> YOUNG GIRL TO HELP WITH housework, good home, small wages; Catholic family. Address Y, box 56, TIMES OFFICE. <sup>8</sup>WANTED—<sup>1</sup> PIANIST, NURSE, SALESMAN, office, hotel, factory; help in all sorts of situations. EDWARD NITTINGER, 162 S. Spring. <sup>8</sup>WANTED—<sup>1</sup> YOUNG LADY STENOGRAPHER, Remington; good salary expected and experience. Address A, Box 11, TIMES OFFICE. <sup>8</sup>WANTED—<sup>1</sup> WOMAN OR GIRL TO ASSIST IN housework, good home, small wages; to live in. Address 212 S. Main. <sup>8</sup>WANTED—<sup>1</sup> APPRENTICE SKIRT MAKER for a first-class ladies' tailoring establishment. Address A, Box 21, TIMES OFFICE. <sup>8</sup>WANTED—<sup>1</sup> LADIES TO LEARN SHORT-hand and typewriting. \$5 a month. PIT-MAN INSTITUTE, 104 and 106 Bunker St. <sup>8</sup>WANTED—<sup>1</sup> ELDERLY WOMAN FOR EAST Coast; good references; good pay. Address 547 San Julian St., 10th fl., 8. <sup>8</sup>WANTED—<sup>1</sup> GOOD RELIABLE COOK FOR house; good pay. Call Monday, 560 Bunker St. <sup>8</sup>WANTED—<sup>1</sup> TRAINED NURSE FOR TWO persons; good pay. Address 1, Box 56, TIMES OFFICE. <sup>8</sup>WANTED—<sup>1</sup> POSITION ON A RANCH AS BUSINESSMAN; well educated and experienced; 25 years old and married; best of references. Address E. W. B., care Los Angeles Times. <sup>8</sup>WANTED—<sup>1</sup> YOUNG GIRL TO ASSIST IN housework, good home, small wages; to live in. Address 212 S. Main. <sup>8</sup>WANTED—<sup>1</sup> APPRENTICE TO FIRST-CLASS MAN, TO learn tailoring; good pay. Address 1, Box 56, TIMES OFFICE. <sup>8</sup>WANTED—<sup>1</sup> POSITION WITH RELIABLE mining or milling company by a competent mining engineer; good pay. Address 1, Box 56, TIMES OFFICE. <sup>8</sup>WANTED—<sup>1</sup> YOUNG MAN AS NIGHT-TRAILER; desires situation in Los Angeles or Pasadena; sober and honest, courteous and reliable. Address 1, Box 56, TIMES OFFICE. <sup>8</sup>WANTED—<sup>1</sup> LADY ARTIST WITH \$500 to \$1000 to interest in a portrait house; good chance to make money. Address ARTIST, 1, Box 8, Times Office. <sup>8</sup>WANTED—<sup>1</sup> POSITION WITH RELIABLE boy, in electrical concern preferred; age 16; references; call write S. B. CLAYTON, 15th and Hill St., city. <sup>8</sup>WANTED—<sup>1</sup> APPRENTICE TO STEADY YOUNG Swede; on private place, country or city; board; small wages. Address Y, Box 56, TIMES OFFICE. <sup>8</sup>WANTED—<sup>1</sup> TAILORING; good pay. Address 1, Box 56, TIMES OFFICE. <sup>8</sup>WANTED—<sup>1</sup> POSITION WITH RELIABLE woman; good pay. Address 1, Box 56, TIMES OFFICE. <sup>8</sup>WANTED—<sup>1</sup> APPRENTICE TO STYLING; good pay. Address 1, Box 56, TIMES OFFICE. <sup>8</sup>WANTED—<sup>1</sup> POSITION WITH RELIABLE woman; good pay. Address 1, Box 56, TIMES OFFICE. <sup>8</sup>WANTED—<sup>1</sup> APPRENTICE TO STYLING; good pay. 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SUNDAY, APRIL 8, 1900.

## Los Angeles Sunday Times.

7

## Liners.

## ELGIAN HARES

Books At Stud.

## MONEY TO LOAN—

MONEY TO LOAN—

THOMAS S. EWING

101 N. Hill St.

Money loaned on monthly payments at low

rates of interest.

Many advantages to the bor-

rower over building and loan associations,

which are not so numerous.

The interest is lower.

Borrower gets all the money he borrows.

The time at which the mortgage does not

have to be paid to stock to mature any other

time.

The loan can be repaid at any time.

The terms of the loan can be changed to suit the borrower's needs, and the large

or small payments as desired.

WANTED—GOLD STANDARD—GOLD

COPPER COAST BELGIAN HARE CO., 280

Oliver.

WANTED—TO BORROW \$1000 ON NEW 2-

STORY HOUSE, 221 st., Menlo Park tract.

PERSONAL—MRS. MARY FAYE HIGGINS

WANTED—\$4000 FOR 5 YEARS AT 7 PER

CENT, on fine citrus ranch near Los Feliz, worth \$15,000. J. E. MUNCEY, 221 W. First.

WANTED—\$1000, 7 PER CENT., ON TWO

STORY HOUSE, 221 W. First.

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CENT, on fine citrus ranch near Los Feliz.

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SUNDAY, APRIL 8, 1900.

3

## Gossip.



hair Butler, a youth of eight, was present at a surprise party which was tendered to Hagerman Thursday evening on her departure for her old home in Canada.

Members of the Thursday Evening Club enjoyed a dance at Vale's Hall.

H. A. MOULTON left last week for San Francisco.

Harold Gay and Miss Gay of the W. C. Wingate of Montana have returned from Stanford, and Mrs. J. O. Luther and Miss left Saturday for Chicago.

Cross has been spending the past week in San Francisco.

C. B. Wingate of Montana has come to her home, after spending months in Eastern Asia.

Finkle has returned from the West.

Mrs. G. Gerber left Monday for Sioux City, Iowa.

Mrs. Ralph Berry left Tuesday for San Diego and Los Angeles.

Franz and family have returned from Fairfield, Iowa.

Heddy left last week for Fort Dodge.

Porter and family left on Monday for the West, after having been in this city for two years.

Porter will make the skins of young deer coarse pores and skin will make the skin heads.

Porter and family are blacksmiths, etc. Use it on face for skin with troubles.

W. H. Newell has a fine family.

Anderson and family have come to this city from Los Angeles.

Anderson and family are in San Francisco.

W. B. McHill and family left for San Francisco.

Swan has gone to Victoria.

G. Watwright is visiting Mrs. J. A. Rivers, in this city.

LEOTA MONTGOMERY last week in San Francisco.

Went to San Francisco last week.

Party was given by Mrs. Baker Thursday afternoon by her and friends, the occasion being the tennis tournament at the tennis tournament at the Friday and Saturday.

Porter and wife of Canby, and Mrs. J. and Mrs. J. Corne.

Green of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, is in the city.

R. H. Wilson of Long Beach has visited his aunt, Mrs. W. Hall.

Whitaker is in San Francisco.

Rev. Joseph H. Johnson, D.D., Vicar of St. Luke's Episcopal Church, today.

Country Club of the High Archedon about one hundred guests Friday evening.

C. Wilson and Miss Babby gave a tennis party Saturday.

Porter left last week on a visit to Vermont.

Porter and Miss Bennett of the tennis tournament at the Friday and Saturday.

Teaching of Ventura is the of Mrs. Charles Johnson.

Porter and family had a day of visits Thursday of their return, the latter 100 miles.

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THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY.

W. G. OTIS.....President and General Manager.  
HARRY CHANDLER.....Vice-President and Assistant General Manager.  
L. E. MOSHER.....Managing Editor.  
MARIAN OTIS-CHANDLER.....Secretary.  
ALBERT MCFARLAND.....Treasurer.

PUBLISHERS OF

The Los Angeles Times

DAILY, Weekly, Sunday, and Weekly Magazine.

Vol. 37. No. 126.

Founded Dec. 4, 1881.  
Nineteenth Year.

NEWS SERVICE—Full Associated Press Night Report, covering the globe; from 18,000 to 20,000 wired words daily.

THE DAILY—DAILY, Sunday, 75 cents a month, or \$9.00 a year; Daily without Sunday, 67.50 cents a year; Sunday, \$2.00; Magazine Section only, \$2.00; Weekly, \$1.50.

SWORN CIRCULATION—Daily net average for 1898, 12,000; Daily net average for 1897, 12,000; Daily net average for 1896, 12,150.

TELEGRAPH—Circulating Room and Subscription Department, first floor, Main 29; Editorial Room, second floor, Main 29; Post Office, Main 874; Room 307, 211 City Hall.

AGENTS—Eastern Agents, Williams & Lawrence, Nos. 31-32 Tribune Building, New York; 67 Washington street, Chicago; Washington Bureau, 46 Post Building.

Offices: Times Building, Fire and Broadway.

Entered at the Los Angeles Post Office for transmission as mail matter of the second class.

TEN DOLLARS REWARD.

The Times offers a reward of \$10 in cash for the apprehension, arrest and conviction which leads to conviction of any person caught stealing copies of The Times from the premises of sub-scribers.

THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY.

On or about April 15, The Times will publish a special number containing a large amount of information regarding the petroleum industry of California and petroleum in general, including a complete description of the various fields. It is the intention of The Times to circulate this number among a hundred thousand people here and in the East who are likely to be interested in the subject. It will consequently be an exceptionally valuable medium for all advertisements. Notices of legitimate oil companies only are invited for insertion in this number.

GEN. ELWELL S. OTIS.

Washington dispatches bring the information that Maj.-Gen. Elwell S. Otis has been formally relieved by the President of his command in the Philippines. The Department of the Pacific and the Eighth Army Corps. The President's action in relieving Gen. Otis was taken at the latter's request, preferred upon the ground that private interests require his return to the United States. That this is the case is not surprising; for Gen. Otis has been absent from his private business and his family since November, 1897, with the exception of a few days. Gen. Otis is to leave Manila by May 1, and will return to the United States by the most expeditious route.

Maj.-Gen. Otis is fully entitled to the brief respite from military duty which he has asked and which has been granted. In his dispatch of April 5 to the President, he requested that he be permitted to return by the most expeditious route, and to remain on waiting orders for a short time until his private business has received attention; at the same time he states that he has no request to make regarding his future sphere of duty. In other words, like the true soldier that he is, Maj.-Gen. Otis will hold himself ready to respond to the call of duty, whatever that duty may be, or wherever it may lead him.

The record which this distinguished officer has made as Military Governor in the Philippines is greatly to his credit as a man and as a soldier. The position in which he has been placed is a very difficult one, requiring the utmost tact and the highest administrative ability. It is enough to say that Gen. Otis has met every requirement of the position successfully, and that he has emerged from the trying ordeal with honor, with credit to himself, with benefit to the Filipinos, and with decided advantage to the government of the United States. Results have proved, and in the last analysis results are the only true criterion—that Gen. Otis, in the position of Military Governor in the Philippines, was emphatically the right man in the right place.

At one time, as will be well remembered, some of the malevolent would-be critics of Gen. Otis sought to force his retirement from the position which he has filled with such signal ability. All sorts of false and malicious stories were circulated by the "stematic press" in this country, calculated to militate against his reputation and ability as a soldier. Strong pressure was brought to bear upon the President to secure his recall, or to have him disgraced by stripping him of his authority. But the President is not made of the weak and pliable stuff that these schemers evidently thought him to be, and he wisely and loyally stood by Gen. Otis. Results have demonstrated the wisdom and the justice of the President's action in thus refusing to sacrifice a loyal, brave and capable officer to the senseless clamor of a lot of malcontents and malignants. The work which Gen. Otis has performed in the Philippines speaks for itself, and needs no other advocate.

This brave and excellent officer has well earned the brief respite which he has asked. He has lived to triumph over his traducers, and to witness the success of his administration in the Philippines, in the virtual stamping-out of the rebellion. His triumph is not alone a personal one; it is the triumph of common sense over fanaticism, and of good, sound American backbone over a persistent effort on the part of malicious enemies to break or bend him.

The preparations for the Riverside fair are assuming proportions that give assurance that it will be a success, even beyond the expectations of its originator. The enterprise is one which deserves the encouragement of all Southern California.

One of the indications that the new president of the University of California will succeed in his office, is the fact that no opportunity to get the university mentioned in the press is ever lost.

THE PROBLEM OF THE HOME.

Under the above heading the New York Tribune discusses the question of the overcrowding of the tenement houses in New York City. This question is always a pertinent one in that great, crowded metropolis, where in some quarters are to be found the densest populations in the world, not even excepting the tenement houses of London or the crowded quarters of the poor in some of the oriental cities. The Tribune is being waged against the butter of the gentleman cow, the Supreme Court judges in San Francisco have declared that the sale of sausages stuffed with horse meat is no offense in that city.

William J. Bryan has written an article on "The Man With the Hoe," and as is natural, expresses himself in full sympathy with the poem. Both Bryan and Markham are apostles of pessimism. "Birds of a feather flock together,"

to tell us whether it was the Dewey man or the other one who was knocked out.

Tastes differ. While in this city war is being waged against the butter of the gentleman cow, the Supreme Court judges in San Francisco have declared that the sale of sausages stuffed with horse meat is no offense in that city.

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Things are not very evenly distributed in this world. Texas is having disastrous floods, while here in the Italy of America, we are just yearning for a flood, or at least for something that looks like one.

The new treasurer of the National Democratic Committee owes his appointment to that position, it is said, to William J. Bryan. Billy is wise enough to keep in touch with the sack.

The people of Great Britain are beginning to doubt the truth of the legend that "no paws is good news." Good news is much more likely to pass the censor than the other kind.

William C. Whitney respectfully declines to be held responsible for Admiral Dewey's candidacy. Mr. Whitney has heretofore shown himself a politician of considerable sagacity.

It will be a source of surprise to some to learn that the Boers have left their laager and are in the vicinity of the waterworks at Bloemfontein.

Admiral Dewey is a great naval commander, but as for statesmanship—well he hasn't had a chance to give evidence of possessing it.

Bovine tuberculosis and bovine butter are uniting just now to give the dairy men the worst of it.

THE VETERAN.

Nuthin' but fightin' an' fightin'! I'm gittin' too old fer it now!

But when I hear bulletas a-whizzin' I just want to fine the news papers o' how they air blazin' away.

Makes me cut up the queenest o' papers, an' hooray the old-time

boozers!

Nuthin' but fightin' an' fightin'—gunes from the village to the West.

An' me on a furious b'arback, to the

right o' the road, to the left o' the road.

And when I hear bulletas a-whizzin' I just want to fine the news papers o' how they air blazin' away.

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TODAY, APRIL 8, 1900.

## [IN THE OIL FIELDS.]

DULL DAY OF BIG BUSINESS.

## FEATURE OF EXCHANGE TRADING WAS ONE STOCK.

Forty-two Hundred Shares of Central Sold, but Nothing Done With Other Stocks—Experiment Work West of the City—New Companies General Operations.

Judged by the amount of money which changed hands, the business on the Oil Exchange yesterday was large. Judged by the interest shown, the exchange was dead in the shell.

The most of the trading was confined to one stock, Central, of which a total of 4,200 shares was sold at 12½ cents, amounting to \$500 at 11.12. The amount of the cash transaction in Central stock amounted to \$4692, which in itself made a fine day's business on the exchange, but the balance of the trading was decidedly dull. In fact, it degenerated into mere horse play when brokers began haggling over the price of 10 cents on sale of 100 shares of stock.

Three shares of Columbia were offered at \$351 a share without a buyer. Forty dollars a share was bid for ten shares of Union. The amount in the purchase of stock was of course phenomenal features of the stock market.

Uncle Sam was something of a football. Bids began at 49 cents and ran up to 55 cents, and when the price of the stock began at 80 cents, and went down to 72 cents. With all the monkey business, a total of 200 shares were sold at 72½ cents and 80 cents at 72.

For other stocks the following bids and offers were made: Burlington, 85 cents asked; Continental, 45 cents bid; Pacific Consolidated, 55 cents bid; 75 cents asked.

Southern Consolidated had its usual experience in juggling. It was offered from 20 cents down to 17 cents, and then 15 cents up to 15½ cents.

This is one of the stocks with which the brokers seem to take a great delight in playing around in Newhall.

The Oceanic stock was one in which a real interest seemed to be taken. It was held firm at 74 cents a share, and repeated offers of 70 cents to 72½ cents failed to move it. The Newhall Oil offers to sell at 72 cents, seller thirty days, which was a palpable effort to bear the stock, did not meet with any response.

Two thousand shares of Westlake were offered at 70 cents without a taker.

For petroleum, 14½ gravity, grade No. 1, 80 cents was bid for oil in the field, and 85 cents asked.

The Erie Oil Company owns 540 acres of land in the Kern county oil belt, 17 miles west.

The company also has a bond on a considerable area of valuable land immediately adjoining the other property.

The company contains a number of names which give stability to the enterprise. Gen. John R. Matthews, president; Jos. B. Price, vice-president; W. F. Frank Campbell, secretary; H. Jeune, M. H. Flint, George W. Van Aelstine and L. H. Valentine are directors.

It is the property of the company within two weeks.

The Wilson Oil Company began pumping yesterday from well No. 13. The company has not yet come into real trouble than all the wells drilled before. One string of tools was finally left in the hole and the casing was put down by the use of a wire line. The well was punctured to a depth of 125 feet, and good results are expected from the well. No. 14 of this company will start drilling within a few days. The district has been in place for two weeks. No. 15 will be started on the Anderson block at once.

The amount of experiment work which has been done west of the city in the endeavor to find the strike of the oil sand, would surprise people who have neglected to keep track of the operations. The results in many cases are more than satisfactory.

The Rumel Oil Company, which is really the greatest in certain parts of the western territory, found sufficient oil in a well sunk with a hydraulic machine to furnish fuel for its operation. With a standard rig the company has sunk the oil well at a depth of seventy-five feet and has now gone fifty feet into this first sand. This territory lies about the mouth of the Kern river, in Santa Monica, about two miles southeast from Sherman. Other parties have been exploiting the same territory with success, including Meek, Lockhart, Lombard and others have leases on more than 700 acres in this locality. They are sinking two test wells and are preparing to erect two standard rigs at once.

The Oceanic Company will begin pumping from its well on Nob Hill today. After pumping for a few days, the company will remove the rig to the derrick, which has already been erected, and will begin sinking on a new well in the same tract.

The New Socal Company has found oil at a depth of 500 feet in its Kern county territory. The company has about eighty acres near Bakersfield and has refused \$60,000 for the property, which costs about one-third of that amount.

A number of wells are being sunk in the Antelope Valley between Lancaster and Palmdale. Good results are reported and the prospects seem excellent for opening up a new oil territory.

Dr. J. J. O'Brien returned yesterday from a visit to the properties of the Old Glory Company in Kern county. He reports work progressing satisfactorily.

The Wilson Oil Company reports the sale of a large number of shares, to Chicago parties, during the past week.

which did not appear on the trading list of the Oil Exchange.

The Western Union Oil Company has been organized by a number of prominent men of this city to operate on land in the Kern oil belt, in the San Joaquin valley. Those interested are J. D. Blackwell, H. J. Woolcott, H. Jeune, H. W. Helman, W. H. Perry, J. D. Cook, J. S. Clark, W. H. Hughes, R. H. Howell and A. H. McCall. They have secured 10,000 acres of land in the Kern oil belt, in San Joaquin county, which is considered a good oil prospect, and a standard rig will be put to work at once to develop the oil. The oil is offered at 10 cents a share, the matter being purely a private enterprise. The land belonging to the company lies in the Los Alamos Ranch.

The gay and festive jumper is getting in his work in the Kern county oil fields, according to the Bakersfield Californian.

DON'T BE ANNOYED WITH HEADACHE.

You can get cured quickly by using Wright's Paragon Headache Remedy. It is soon

NO. 19 South Spring street. See for fine choice cuttings, made to order, prices moderate for first-class workmanship.

OSTRICH EGGS FOR EASTER.

Delivered in various United States for \$1.50. South Pasadena Ostrich Farm. "Phone Sub. 34.

1900.

Los Angeles, Cal., March 14, 1900.

To Dr. Schiffman—Dear Sir: It gives me great pleasure to advise you that I have extracted fourteen teeth for me without the slightest pain, that the glands healed quickly, and that I am now in full health. I have, with great satisfaction, from the first, and after twenty-two months' wear are seemingly as new.

Yours truly,

J. W. GASKINS, 1012 Temple St.

I have just had all my upper teeth extracted, and am now in full health. I thank you for the work and am pleased to recommend Dr. Schiffman's painless method to the public.

Mrs. C. C. Sibley, 946 Beaudry Ave.

107 N. Spring.

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HIELDS, Sec'y and Treas.

SUNDAY, APRIL 8, 1900. (9)

ENT CO  
MYSTERIES.

per Share,

Imely Review of  
certain Strange  
Phenomenawhich Critical Science No  
Longer Snores.time has come when the whole  
as been forced to recognize the  
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recognize it as such.keystone of the arch of Christ  
which has spread throughout  
the world past and present,  
up in the one word FAITH.faith there would be no hope  
ture. Hope and faith go handThey give invigoration to the  
and exhilaration to the mind.  
in the pain for all wounds, the  
darkness. They lead rapt  
the soul.line has arrived when fear does  
as a feather and a prison cell to  
Men speak out now. They  
They have faith. The result  
of the advancement of the pro-  
the supremacy of the human  
continually manifesting itself.creations are lessening the  
telling millions, and adding to  
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that of bringing us closer to  
the world. Great minds are  
ing out sealed books to our  
Great minds are con-  
sidering hidden mysteries. Ap-  
impossibilities of a few years  
some accepted facts of the pres-  
all which goes to show that  
greatest mysteries are mysteries  
because we do not understandword "occult" means hid-  
ing not generally known or  
The term is now more  
applied to the secret, certain  
institution or strange power of  
sight with which some persons  
indubitably possessed in a marked  
a. This power has baffled  
the greatest scientists of all  
the world. It is shrouded in  
mystery even to those who  
knows to possess the gift.  
That does not exist no one can dispute or  
That is gift from nature and  
governed by nature's laws is equally  
but the exact source of the  
is yet shrouded in mysteryCOVINA.  
REPUBLICANS ACTIVE.[Regular Corre-  
spondence.] The Covina Republican  
had evening and elected per-  
sonnel and committee for  
the annual dinner to be  
held at the Covina Club, on  
April 12, at 8 P.M.F. M. Chapman was elected  
A. Warner, vice-president;  
C. F. Chapp, secretary; J. C.  
J. D. Clegg, treasurer; Executive  
Committee, C. M. Edwards, Parker,  
E. H. Carter, and L. C.  
Hutchinson, J. Parker and  
the delegates to the  
San Joaquin County  
Fair, delegate-at-large; E.  
F. Parker, C. E. Benét and  
H. C. D. Dugard, alternates.  
The club has a  
a roll of over one hundred  
members are active.COVINA.  
COVINA BREVITIES.real estate deal was closed  
in the Hollenbeck  
whereby F. M. Chapman re-  
ceived the property of G. O.  
for \$10,000. This property  
consists of the base foothill  
in the city of Los Angeles,  
situated one mile and a half  
Covina, the large storerooms in the  
part of the Southern Pacific, and  
part of San Pedro today on an inspection tour.

SAN PEDRO BREVITIES.

rough weather has been followed by  
small fish catches within the past few  
days.THE ONLY PATTON.  
250 N. Spring St., Temple Block.J. H. Dodson has unhesitatingly withdrawn  
from the race for City Marshal,  
but too late to have his name omitted  
from the official ballot of Monday's election.Anton Halva, a Syrian, was found  
guilty by City Marshal Downing this  
afternoon of a charge of robbing  
without a license, and was fined \$5.Capt. Peterson has returned from the  
Marine Hospital in Los Angeles, hav-  
ing been absent from the city to  
the annual meeting of the  
Southern Pacific Company's wharf.The men are employed  
on the wharf.Andrew Derrick and H. W. Jackson  
are in the tolls on charges of robbery.According to complaints lodged with  
the sheriff, the men are charged with having  
robbed Charles Brown, with having robbed  
him in Happy Valley on April 4. Brown  
alleges that one of them struck him  
with a club or gun, and that the other  
reduced the debt held him while the other  
took \$15 from his pockets. The preliminary examination will be held Monday.Philadelphia, North American:  
"This is the seventh time we've been  
here to see you," said the magistrate."What?" replied the culprit. "It's  
strange how some men hold on to  
of theSAN PEDRO.  
WORKERS INJURED.[Regular Corre-  
spondence.] Three men were in-  
at El Segundo this afternoon.The soldiers, Lure Madson, a  
charging lumber which was be-  
up over a pile on one  
cars fell over and knocked  
down. His back struck  
the railroad and pieces of  
cut him about his nose and  
he remained unconscious for  
an hour. He was attended by  
Gawain. It was said the ex-  
injuries could not be seen.  
Wright received a severe bruise

as postmaster this week.

1900.

ments, we feel justi-

te.

Company, whose ter-

are now selling for  
property gives promis-S. E. Fourth Street.  
ell Block.

of the

Spring Fever

During the winter, extra work is thrown

upon the various organs of the body.

Spring makes this manifest. The ap-  
petite becomes poor, sleepless, bowel consti-  
pation: sometimes there is dyspepsia, liver or  
lungs. The body is weak, the heart weak.

This is the time to take Dr. White's Stomach

rebuilds. It is better to take any other spring  
ton in the market. It refreshes the body and  
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[BRAZIL] DEEP PLOT OF MONARCHISTS UNEARTHED.

GOVERNMENT NOW ADMITS THE TRUTH OF REPORTS.

Conspirators Make Three Furtile Attempts to Disrupt the Country and Do Away With the Republican Government—Investigation of Police Brigade Discloses the Attempt to Killist Fences.

14 P. M.—EARLY A.M. REPORT: RIO DE JANEIRO, March 12.—[Associated Press Correspondence. Wired from Chicago April 7.] After denying time and again that there was or had been any plot or conspiracy against the government and all that had been discovered were small breaches in other parts of the state, the government on March 10, fifteen days after the facts mentioned, through the medium of the Minister of the Interior, Dr. Epitácio Pessoa, sent out the following statement:

"In the course of investigation held in the police brigade, it has been proven that citizens, belonging to the monarchists, were instrumental in certain individuals to enlist forces and organize an attempt upon the constituted authorities, and that there was no aid or assistance, neither among armed or among civil classes. The investigation is being carried on. The remainder of the country is remains quiet, tranquil, and confident in the security and firmness of the institutions."

Up to March 10 the Journal da Brasileira da Imprensa published articles accusing the government of the most arbitrary and undignified and illegal acts, in the attempt to obtain the power, but the editor of Republican papers had knowledge that any conspiracy had been unearthed. On the 10th and 11th, however, the Gazeta do Povo, the Pátria, the Notícia, the Tribune and the Journal da Comercio, published full particulars, which are substantially as given in previous advices.

Up to March 10 the articles of the Journal da Comercio, published March 11, the first time that this newspaper has referred in any way to the subject, were as follows:

"There have been really three attempts. First, the strike of the car drivers, which was, fortunately, a temporary, unimportant, and insignificant plot of a very few, confined entirely to the police brigade and due to dissatisfaction on the part of several conspirators, thought themselves entitled to more than the government were disposed to grant, and then the proposed attempt to dispossess the president and members of the Republican government, February 22, 23 and 24. Obviously we cannot give the names of all the implicated persons, the punishment of whom, however, several officers of the army and navy are to be court-martialed for the part they took. A number of sergeants and subalterns in several of the battalions are also to be tried."

"Among the names given by the plotters were José Vitorino, Oscar de Pena, Sen. Francisco Mendes, Counsel Andrade Fugliero, José Alfredo Basson and Cândido de Oliveira. The treasury of the group seems to have been composed of a number of sums running up into the hundreds of thousands, and it seems to have been just as freely drawn on, for flavor, as for money.

Obviously he is a large number of his needy friends had made a run on the bank to a large amount."

"A very large number of the residents and citizens known to be monarchists have been carefully watched and a number of depositions taken, supporting the statement of the government that the plans and ideas of the plotters were almost as varied as was the people; some wanted to be the master, others to be the sovereign, some of Republicans; others wanted a triumvirate of Monarchs; others of Republicans. Others, again, proposed a coalition of all the parties from all political creeds."

The Minister of the Interior has been in conference with the different committees of the armed forces for the preparation of the Brazilian President.

Telegrams received from Buenos Ayres state that Señor José S. Aron, Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Argentine Republic, will come to Brazil in May on an extraordinary mission—that of negotiating a treaty of commerce with the Brazilian government.

The principal merchants of the State of Minas Geraes are organizing a bank in Belo Horizonte, the capital of the State.

First Lieutenants of the Navy Arthur de Nogueira, Arthur Thompson, Oscar da Cunha, and others have been appointed to go to Europe together with the captain commander and captain immediately next in command, to help out the new ironclad, Floriano Peixoto.

The technical commission nominated by the Marine and War Departments to report on canons and fire arms in general will meet in May.

In six months the government of Brazil will receive and open proposals for the construction of a number of the spans for the manufacture of the best smokeless powder.

RIVERSIDE COUNTY.

BONITA SPRINGS CARRIERS, RIVERSIDE, April 7.—[Regular Correspondence.] At the special election held today the proposition to vote bonds in the sum of \$40,000 for constructing an auxiliary steam plant in Riverside to generate electricity for the city plant, carried by a large majority. Seven hundred and sixteen votes cast for the bonds, and 122 votes against. The new plant will be erected at once for use when the power furnished by the Redlands company proves inadequate.

STREET NOTES.

Work has been commenced stringing the wires for the booth and decorating lights. Plans for booths have been adopted and the proposed exhibitors, and work on the structures will begin early next week, so that everything will be in readiness for the opening next Saturday.

The members of the Los Angeles Driving Association and the Jonathan Club have chartered a special car to bring them to the outside on Sunday, April 14, to use the roads which will be given at the new track under the auspices of the Riverside Driving and Fair Association. The visitors will be honorably entertained during their stay here.

Things are lively at the race track. The new grand stand and bleachers on the hill, and the grounds are now completed, and the track is being put in fine shape.

The orange packers are preparing a special show of fruit which they will keep renewed every two days. Exhibits will also be made by the individual packing-houses.

There will be seven entries for the automobile race.

Secretary Wiggin of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, writes that from present indications there will be from 500 to 700 entries in the race here on Tuesday, the 17th inst.—Los Angeles city. They will come by special train.

PHILLIPS THE TAILOR.

No. 120 Spring street. See him for fine choice suitings, made to order; prices moderate for first-class workmanship.

Lace Curtains, Portiers, Drapery, Pictures.

Barker Bros.—Always the Lowest.

## Weekly Furniture Sales.

We continue another week the sale of every article on the First Floor. Everything is specially marked

### At a Reduced Price.

For our city friends who are going to brighten up their homes with a piece or two of furniture, or the country folks who'll be in town this week, this sale of good furniture is of surpassing importance.



Stand: \$1.00 each for ... \$1.50  
\$2.00 each for ... \$2.50  
\$3.00 each for ... \$3.50



Writing Desks: \$1.00 each for ... \$1.50  
\$2.00 each for ... \$2.50  
\$3.00 each for ... \$3.50



Dressing Tables: \$1.00 each for ... \$1.50  
\$2.00 each for ... \$2.50  
\$3.00 each for ... \$3.50



Dining room Tables: \$1.00 each for ... \$1.50  
\$2.00 each for ... \$2.50  
\$3.00 each for ... \$3.50

There is never a week without some special bargain attraction at Barker's—and folks are quick to avail themselves of them. In some instances, where we have but a few of a kind which we will not duplicate, the prices are sharply cut to close out.

Plain tags tell the prices unmistakably.

Want a Go-Cart? We've a splendid line—newest patterns and prices. The great variety offers endless choosing.

### The Carpets.

We are in the midst of the finest carpet show we ever attempted. Spring carpets—every yard fresh and bright and crisp—as new as the morning.

This is a rare beauty show, to which you all are invited—especially the critical. Of particular interest, are the many exclusive styles—private patterns, seen no where else.

Forehand buying has helped us to many trade advantages. We were first in the market, buying at old prices, choosing patterns and styles ahead of all others.

We are showing now the biggest collection of domestic and Oriental Rugs we have ever brought together.

You will be delighted with these superb examples of oriental handiwork. Look at these beautiful silky Anatolian Rugs, then see the rich and durable carpet rugs in every imaginable design, antique and modern.

Getting these as we did, direct from bonded warehouses, gives us both control of lower prices and finer varieties. Lovers of the quaint and odd bits of the beautiful will revel in this display.

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BARKER BROS. 420-22-24 5<sup>th</sup> SPRING ST.  
Carpet, Oriental rugs, Linoleum, Matting

1 qt ball and side hd milk kettle... \$10	1 qt seamless musk or rice boiler... \$10	1 qt covered bucket... \$10	11 1/2 in wash basin... \$10	18 in busting spoon... \$10	1 qt pieced sauce pan... \$10
2 qt milk kettle... \$20	2 qt seamless musk or rice boiler... \$20	2 qt covered bucket... \$20	13 in wash basin... \$20	18 in busting spoon... \$20	2 qt Farina saucepan \$10
4 qt milk kettle... \$40	2 qt seamless musk or rice boiler... \$40	4 qt covered bucket... \$40	7 1/2 in fry pan... \$10	9 in pie plate... \$10	2 qt Farina saucepan \$20
5 qt infants' bath tub... \$10	5 qt seamless musk or rice boiler... \$10	5 qt covered bucket... \$10	10 in busting spoon... \$10	1 qt granite tea pot... \$10	2 qt Farina saucepan \$20
17 x 27 x 5 in foot tub... \$50	5 qt seamless musk or rice boiler... \$50	10 qt covered bucket... \$50	14 in busting spoon... \$10	1 1/2 qt granite tea pot... \$10	2 1/2 qt Farina saucepan with cover... \$20
Comb case... \$10					
6 in fry pan... \$10					
2 1/2 x 2 1/2 x 4 in bread pan... \$10					
Large sponge cake pan... \$10					
10 qt hotel jar... \$10					
7 in steamer... \$10					
8 in steamer... \$10					
9 in steamer... \$10					
1/2 qt dish kettle... \$10					
12 qt dish kettle... \$10					
6 qt water bucket... \$10					
12 qt water buckets... \$10					
1 qt seamless at cup... \$10					
1 1/2 qt seamless at cup... \$10					
9 in colander... \$10					
11 in colander... \$10					
9 1/2 in chamber... \$10					
10 1/2 in chamber... \$10					
10 qt chamber pail... \$10					
12 qt chamber pail... \$10					
14 qt chamber pail... \$10					
2 qt tubed cake mould... \$10					
5 qt muffin pan... \$10					
8 qt muffin pan... \$10					
12 qt muffin pan... \$10					
1 qt dipper... \$10					
5 qt flat skimmer... \$10					
1 qt graduated measure... \$10					
2 qt fruit funnel... \$10					
1 qt lipped sauce pan... \$10					
2 qt lipped sauce pan... \$10					
3 qt lipped sauce pan... \$10					
5 qt lipped sauce pan... \$10					
8 qt lipped sauce pan... \$10					
10 qt lipped sauce pan... \$10					
12 qt lipped sauce pan... \$10					
18 qt lipped sauce pan... \$10					
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180 qt lipped sauce pan... \$10					
186 qt lipped sauce pan... \$10					
192 qt lipped sauce pan... \$10					
198 qt lipped sauce pan... \$10					
204 qt lipped sauce pan... \$10					</td









SUNDAY, APRIL 8, 1900.

AN EDITOR LASHED.

EDITOR OF ANAHEIM GAZETTE  
HORSEWHIPPED IN PUBLIC.P. Fowler Plied the Thong,  
caused by the Newspaper's In-  
sults—An Episode of a Ho-  
mosexual Campaign—How Kuchel  
Tried to Run the Town and  
the Candidates.

sentenced with intent to commit rape, was sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary, San Quentin by Judge Smith yesterday afternoon.

Shaw has been making a hard fight for a new trial on the ground of newly discovered evidence and misconduct on the part of the District Attorney, but after much discussion Justice Smith denied the motion. The man, it is said, will go to the Supreme Court. When Shaw stood up for sentence, he was chewing gum; when he got ten years, he chewed gum "to beat the hand."

## COURTHOUSE NOTES.

## BREVITIES MISCELLANEOUS.

RAIL REDUCED. Justice Smith yesterday reduced the bail in the matter of John Kornell and William O'Brien, charged with robbing Rev. Peter Grant of Oxnard, from \$2000 each to \$1000 each. Frank F. Davis, attorney for defendants, stated to the court that the amount of bail could, in all probability, be raised.

FOR FORECLOSURE. Nellie F. Bawtelle began suit yesterday against John H. Parker and others to foreclose a \$500 mortgage executed February 24, 1898, at 7½ per cent.

PTOMY CASE. The preliminary examination of George Pomy on a charge of criminally assaulting his partner, who was injured in the Township Court yesterday afternoon, Justice James took the matter under advisement for a week.

TRIAL SET. Walter H. Watson and George Dixon were arraigned in the criminal court yesterday on a charge of robbery and they both pleaded not guilty. They are to have separate trials. Watson will be tried first on May 8.

## LETTERS TO THE TIMES.

The Times freely publishes the views of respondents without holding their views responsible. The space of 50 words is sufficient for the expression of an idea. Address to the anonymous communications to the Times.

Big Scheme—Great Head (of Water). PHOENIX (Ariz.) April 4, 1900.—[To the Editor of The Times:] In view of the prevailing drought in Arizona and Southern California, I will venture to suggest to you the merits of a campaign by your paper looking toward the filling of the Salton basin with water, etc., from the Colorado River or the Gulf of California.

I think it would greatly increase the precipitation throughout Central Arizona and probably also in Southern California.

The first objection that could be offered to the scheme would be by the Southern Pacific Railroad Company and the salt companies. I think, however, that would be popular and could hardly fail to help your paper in the Southwest. Very truly yours,

GATES FOWLER.  
[The filling campaign will consider itself inaugurated, and the two opposing corporations will be notice accordingly of the water of the west is everlasting too late. California needs another ocean in her business.—Ed. Times.]

Alleged Earthquake at Santa Monica.

LOS ANGELES, April 6, 1900.—[To the Editor of The Times:] A surprise was sprung on the saloons of Santa Monica this morning that is now shaking them up more than the earthquake did the inhabitants of San Jacinto last Christmas morning. Prohibition is to be voted on the 8th of this month. Santa Monica being one of the most favored locations in the United States for a fine residence city, it ought to be a good market for the election of a straggling village of 4000 inhabitants. The matter that the election is to determine is an experimental one, the trying to ascertain the question as to whether the fact of its having been a wide-open town during the quarter of a century of its existence is or is not a sufficient reason for its slow growth or no growth at all of the town. A new era of growth and prosperity will dawn on the little city by the sea from the victory of the vote. It is in order for the other as yet towns and cities in Southern California to get out their note books and take items.

ED. OBSERVER.

Bryan Catechized.

SAN BERNARDINO, April 5, 1900.—[To the Editor of The Times:] As Col. William Jennings Bryan has invaded California, a portion of "the enemy's country," in his search for the office of President of the United States, may not he be asked to him, through the press, a few fundamental questions, especially as he is a specious and pretentious reformer.

First, will he tell us for the Wilson and Bryan Cleveland, as President, would not give a "root hog or die" and it died?

Second, is he not the President (which the good Lord in His infinite mercy forbids) who has any different from Grover Cleveland save and except the favorite? The first and the last, the gold of silver at 16 to 1 without the consent of any other nation on earth?

Third, will he tell us for the Wilson and Bryan Cleveland, as President, would not come the per capita of money to be \$5, or at most \$8, and that gold would go off and hide, did not come to pay the debts?

Fourth, that the price of farm products would greatly depreciate and wages for labor would descend to a low scale?

Fifth, will he please explain why it is that during Republican administrations there are but few unemployed and during Democratic administrations there are a large number of the unemployed?

Sixth, when there have been cotton factories erected in the South in the last four months than there were during the four years of Democratic administration under Cleveland?

Seventh, when the government in time of war without running it in debt, while a Democratic administration since 1865 has not done it in time of peace?

Eighth, would pull down the flag from any position it now occupies; and if so, what one?

Ninth, when he recede from and give up one foot of soil belonging to the United States, for the sake of the war with Spain, and if so, what partition of the soil?

Tenth, As it is a matter of historic fact that his party—the Democratic—had done a great deal to injure the country and nearly anything to its benefit, since 1853, what makes him tell the people their only hope to get rid of the trusts is in that party?

Eleventh, when Abraham Lincoln was right, or whether Abraham Lincoln was right, or whether he was wrong, when he said in a speech he made in 1845: "Fellow citizens, I must not tell you to see it, but the protective tariff and ours will become the greatest nation on the face of the globe?"

Twelfth, Is ours the greatest nation on the globe, and if not, what nation is greater? If it is greater, the application of that principle to the government of which part must be done so far as political principles could do it?

Thirteenth, If the country has thus progressed under the benign influences of protection, as predicted by Abraham

Lincoln, and the other principles of the Democratic party applied to the government and interests as a matter of history since the days of James K. Polk has characterized this party of Bryan, why are the people now loyally doing the same and are failing in loyalty during the war and have failed as a business proposition since the war, where is the evidence of its infallibility now? And another experimental disastrous change?

Fourteenth, If the Democratic party failed to administer justly the government and interests as a matter of history before the Civil War, and failed in loyalty during the war and have failed as a business proposition since the war, where is the evidence of its infallibility now? And another experimental disastrous change?

Fifteenth, Which right concerning the Pitts' pins—Gen. Joseph Wheeler, who was there, or Col. William Jennings Bryan, who was there?

A LINCOLN REPUBLICAN.

## The Duke Surrenders.

LOS ANGELES, April 5.—Dear Lady: Regarding your letter in The Times concerning the machine gun.

The Morris gun, I feel, should without doubt, give to the Los Angeles Times remarkable credit for having run down the streets to walk upon, and caused the trolley periodical, women are becoming more sensibly attired in their walking outfit generally.

For women, it will be less cause for congenital affliction, which fatuous persons are liable to inhale unconsciously from that filthy habit.

As I was walking with a young lady on Broadway this afternoon, I actually drop holding my skirts, the streets appear so much more wholesome.

"Pray do not permit your dress to drag," I quickly said, and the young lady, who had been following me, said, "I must allow the cattle to become accustomed with the automobile by degrees."

For women, the cattle are gradually becoming used to the coming.

Ever since the arrival of the automobile, the cowboys have had a strong desire to try their hand at roping cattle from the time Mr. Kennedy was called upon to give them a trial at this sport and of number of the young men were turned into large corral where the roping contest was to occur.

John Fisher and Harry Towles, two of the most expert ropers on the ranch, were having a hard time. Fisher was to run the vehicle, while Towles was to do the roping. Fisher received credit for his interpretation as to the meaning of the possible lesson and benefit.

When Towles landed the rope over the steer's horns Fisher was to bring the vehicle to a standstill.

The horse was to stand still and the rope and of the rope was to be around the front axles. The vehicle entered the corral at a ten-mile clip, and when Towles landed the rope over the steer's horns Fisher was to bring the vehicle to a standstill.

There are two great camps under

process of formation: one will fly the banner of freedom, the other the flag of the Chishman, don't you think?

As I was walking with a young lady, we must feel kindly disposed toward both sexes, for it was six of one and half a dozen of the other between the skirt of commerce and the skirt of civilization.

In time we shall be able, you and I, to describe your city of Los Angeles as the cleanest and most proper in style and manners of any in the State of California.

Thanking the editor of the Los Angeles Times for his exhilarating LONG LUCK.

In Far-off New Zealand.

WELLINGTON (New Zealand) March 2, 1900.—[To the Editor of The Times:] Having read the stirring verses entitled "Mother England," which I found a place in your paper, I was surprised to find that you were as pleased to hear that in these far-off lands of promise you have made a permanent home.

I am sure that a permanent and happy home would be found for you in the State of California.

The first objection that could be offered to the scheme would be by the Southern Pacific Railroad Company and the salt companies.

I am sure that a permanent and happy home would be found for you in the State of California.

THE BOND THAT BINDS US.

The thin red stream, life's crimson strand,

That runs in your veins and mine;

John, a bond in peace, and a bond in war;

A bond to be relied on.

II.

So here's your health and increased wealth.

A brother's love for you, John,

A brother's hand, and here we stand,

A bond to be relied on.

III.

From north and south and east and west,

Our kind rally round, John,

A noble crew, brave hearts they'll do,

A bond to be relied on.

IV.

Whilst foemen yell, raise Cain and hell,

Let it cement our cause, John,

A noble cause, a righteous cause,

A bond to be relied on.

V.

Where cannons roar, well to the fore,

They'll find us fighting there, John;

Right in the van, aye, man to man;

A bond to be relied on.

VI.

Tear down their flag, a tattered rag,

And hoist our own up there, John;

We'll win the fight with grit and might,

A bond to be relied on.

VII.

North Ontario, MASS MEETING HELD

NORTH ONTARIO, April 7.—[To the Editor of The Times:] An enthusiastic gathering of citizens was held at the Masonic Temple on the 6th instant, and was a great success.

There were 1500 persons present.

</div





DAY, APRIL 8, 1900.

NEW MEXICAN RUINS.  
WONDERFUL REMAINS OF THE  
EARLY DWELLERS.

Alts Three and One-half Feet in  
Thickness—Builders Knew Use of  
Cement Line, but Were Ignorant of  
Principles of Bonding—Mortar from  
Clay.

[Santa Fe New Mexican:] It is not in Santa Fe county where the ancient dwellings are found, but in San Juan where there exist works of art nearly down to the present time. About a mile west of the ancient town of Aztec on a mesa water cultivation are found the few partially standing walls of a town which presents features of great interest. The mound of debris is quite twenty-five feet above the general level of the valley, the heap yet standing rise in their original form to a further height of thirty

lower rooms can now be reached through a passageway that has cut through the second story, and is examined only by the aid of oil light. They vary from 10x10 at the base and are 10 feet high. The ground walls are 2½ feet thick, and the facings of all inner and outer walls are made of ad stone of uniform thickness. The mortar which is used is a cement which the present a very uniform appearance, and the amount of labor required to dress them will impress any one who attempts the skill and patience of the builders. The many thousands of rock were brought by human power from a quarry two miles away in a very short time. The builders evidently knew the use of the plumb line, for the standing walls are vertical, but they were ignorant of the use of the square, and the intersections for each cross wall fit to, but not into, the wall it stands to, the true right angle. The stones are all cut and dressed, and are as fine as lime, for all mortar was made a deposit of red clay, which contained a mixture of pyrites of iron and infusions of marine deposit, furnishes a mortar, when proportioned to water, which is as strong as stone. The Yaquis out and about the world are Yaquis out and about the world, but there is no longer any concentration of the Indians at any point. They are in small bands, scattered along the lower river, and a few in the mountains. The Yaquis are now more numerous than ever, and are surrendering and being taken as prisoners, to be transported to the interior of Mexico. The policy of the Mexican government appears to be to utterly remove the tribe from Sonora, where otherwise they must ever be a menace.

The Mexican government now has four to five thousand troops in the Yaqui country. They are well led, and the plan of campaign seems to be one admirably adapted for the purpose of the government, to capture the insurgents. The government is establishing cantonments, or stations, at favorable points along and about the river, and is energetically following the Indians, and in a few months the country will be entirely safe.

The tales told in the United States

and in Sonora are simply fables.

Ladies' Sleeveless Vests

extra sizes, fine Swiss silk, white, or white.

Ladies' Sleeveless Vests

in lace or white, silk, and

trims with heavy lace.

Silk, white, or white.

Silk,



## Los Angeles Sunday Times.

## SUNDAY, APRIL 8, 1900.

MANITY.

## BUSINESS.

## FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL

OFFICE OF THE TIMES.

Nervous Diseases, Rhe-

nical Sickness—Those

most Remarkable

Man.

WILL CURE A HARD CO.

with one bath, and for such a purpose

as household necessities. It is a

delightful, but not very valuable

in value, and the cost of one bath

particular that cause disease, and for

is really a godsend to humanity.

HOW TO GET ONE.

Readers are invited to send

the names of the diseases referred to above,

and for a detailed description

of the treatment, and the properties

Write to Möller

Cressey, 741 Dorr St., Toledo, O.

Good Trade at Boston.

TON (Mass.) April 7.—[Exclusive]

There have been sixteen

California oranges sold at

the week, and notwithstanding

the heavy offerings prices have

well maintained. The weather

is perfect and jobbers have had

trade. There are twenty-six

on the track here unsold. The

are good for Monday's sale.

HONEY—Per lb. 10c.

STRAHAN—Per lb. 10c.

BEANS—Per 100 lbs. small white, 1.00c; 1.25c;

large white, 1.25c; pink, 1.25c.

LIMAS, 1.25c.

Fresh Fruits in Chicago.

CHICAGO, April 7.—The demand

in Chicago for oranges is

now about \$1.50 per box,

and the price is about the same

as last week, and notwithstanding

the heavy offerings prices have

well maintained. The weather

is perfect and jobbers have had

trade. There are twenty-six

on the track here unsold. The

are good for Monday's sale.

HONEY—Per lb. 10c.

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LIMAS, 1.25c.

HONEY—Per lb. 10c.

STRAHAN—



ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

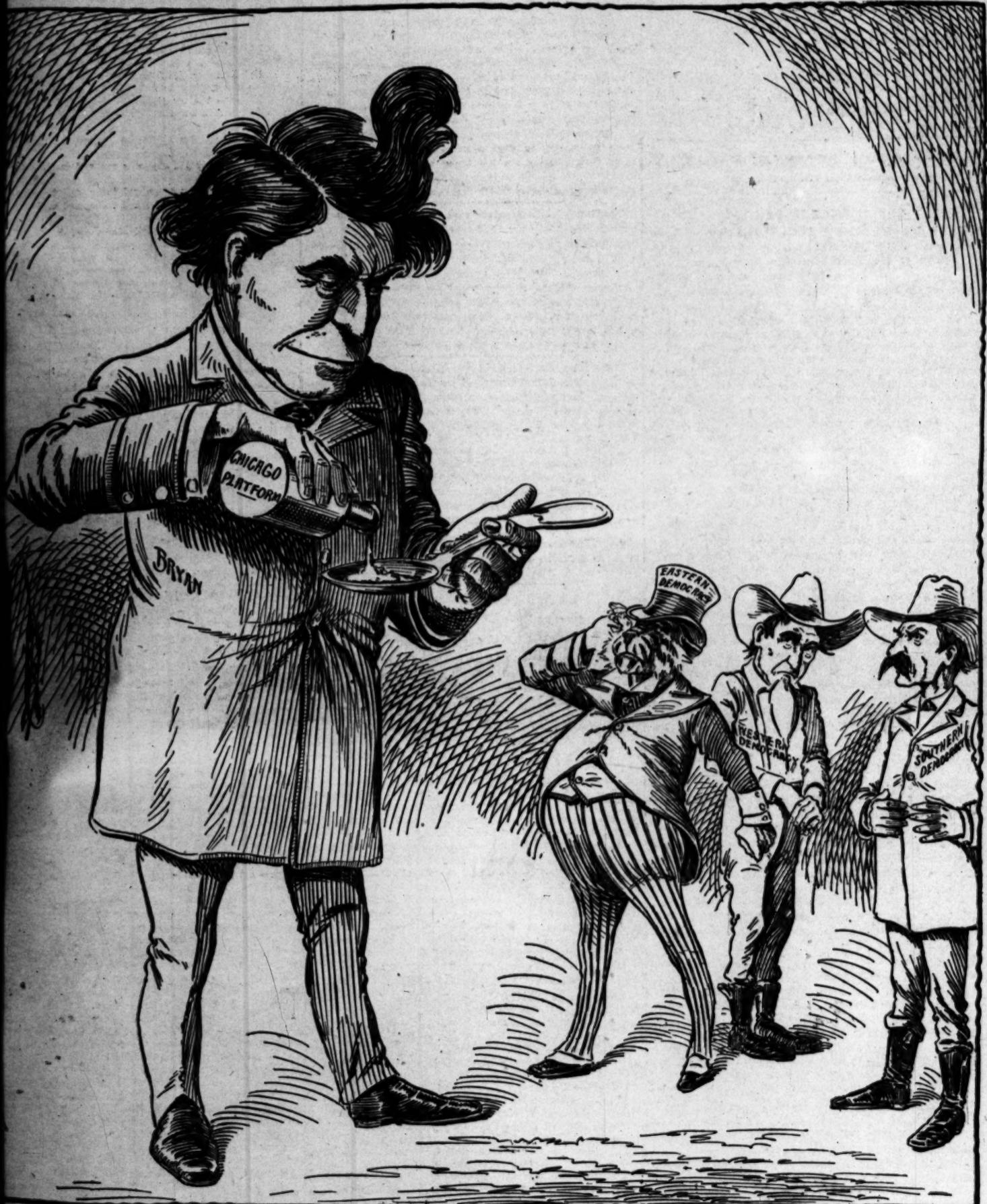
# Los Angeles Sunday Times

THREE PAGES

APRIL 8, 1900.

PRICE PER YEAR... \$3.00  
SINGLE COPY... 5 CENTS

IN THE DEMOCRATIC "DOTHEBOYS HALL."



Bryan: "Step right up, boys, and take your treacle."

The Democratic Party (en masse): "Suffering saints! Have we got to swallow another dose of that?"

## OUR SUNDAY MAGAZINE.

## SCOPE AND CHARACTER.

THE ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY MAGAZINE, though only in its third year, is an established success. It is complete in itself being served to the public separate from the news sheets, when required, and is also sent to all regular subscribers of the Los Angeles Sunday Times.

The contents embrace a great variety of attractive reading matter with numerous original illustrations. Among the articles are topics possessing a strong Californian color and a piquant Southwestern flavor; Historical, Descriptive and Personal Sketches; Frank G. Carpenter's incomparable letters; "Sea" by "Sea"; the Development of the Slope; Current Literature; Religious Thought; Military Materials; Scientific and Solid Subjects; Care of the Human Body. Romance, Fiction, Poetry, Art; Anecdote and Humor; Noted Men and Women; the Home Circle; Our Boys and Girls; Travel and Adventure; Stories of the Fighting Line; Animal Stories; Fresh Pictures, and a wide range of other fresh, popular up-to-date subjects of keen human interest.

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For sale by all newsdealers; price 5 cents a copy, \$2.50 a year.

THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY, Publishers,  
Times Building, Los Angeles, Cal.



## ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ESTABLISHED DECEMBER 5, 1897.

## THE SCHOLAR IN POLITICS.

REV. DR. WILLIAM J. TUCKER, president of Dartmouth College, declining recently, to accept the position of delegate-at-large from New Hampshire to the National Republican Convention, wrote as follows to one of the trustees of the college in explanation of his reasons:

"One must be in politics in a responsible or an irresponsible way. For the latter kind of political dabbling I have no respect whatever. And for responsible politics I have no time, apart from the ordinary duties of a citizen. I remember having once said to you that I believed thoroughly in practical politics as an open field today for men of principle and capacity. I say this to college men, and urge them to consider it in their ambitions. But I think that the plain condition of entering politics in any public way is that a man must be able to know all that is going on, so that he may know what to say and what not to say, where to strike and where not to strike. Unless a man has such knowledge as this his influence counts for nothing. Certainly, I have no time for such a venture. The interests of the college are not only first, but for all practical uses, prohibitive so far as other interests of a public nature are concerned, which require discrimination and public statement."

This statement presents a mixture of truth and error that, coming from a college president, is surprising, to say the least. If by "all that is going on," Dr. Tucker means all the machinations and inner workings of the machine politicians, he is establishing conditions that are entirely unnecessary. The inevitable logic of this position is that a man's duty demands that he shall either keep entirely out of the field of "public" politics, or devote practically his whole time to this one subject, for if he must in this sense "know all that is going on" he will have little time for anything else.

But this position is untenable. It is true that the more one knows of what is "going on" the better he will be able to make his efforts in the field of politics effective, but it does not follow that to make himself useful he must sacrifice all other obligations. The issues with which national conventions have to do are in the main broad and fundamental. They involve questions such as the tariff, national expansion, the rights of States as against the Federal government, our international relations, and, generally, the great issues involved in the administration of national affairs. As for the men who are put forward at these conventions as candidates for leadership, they are men who have identified themselves with political policies and have established national reputations. The duty of participating intelligently in such a convention ought not, therefore, to be too exacting for a college president. In fact, the college president ought to be among the men best qualified for such a service. His duty to his college demands this. He is engaged—or ought to be engaged—in training young men for the higher duties and responsibilities of life. Their training is intrusted to him for that purpose. Among the first and the highest duties of the citizen is that which he owes to his country. The United States is governed by the people. Its future will be in the hands of the young men of today. Other things being equal, the college students of today will be the leaders in the activities of the coming years. It is therefore of the utmost importance that these young men be prepared to fulfill the serious duties and responsibilities which they will inherit. By confessing that he does not know enough about politics to participate intelligently in a national convention. President Tucker has confessed that he lacks one of the most important qualifications for the place he occupies.

Fortunately for the cause of good citizenship and for the reputation of our institutions of higher learning, all our college presidents do not have to make such confession. Too many, it must be admitted, have made bungling work at politics, but this is because, like Dr. Tucker,

they have limited their sources of knowledge to musty text-books, instead of making a practical study of living issues, current policies and present-day statesmanship. A few of them, however, stand out as notable examples of ability to participate in the affairs of government and render effectual service. Dr. Schurman, president of Cornell University, found time and evinced the ability to do his country a valuable service when he went to the Philippine Islands as the head of a commission appointed by the President to study conditions there, and returned with a valuable and comprehensive report. Dr. Angell of the University of Michigan has rendered valuable service in the office of Minister, formerly to China and more recently to Turkey, as a commissioner in negotiating important treaties, and in other positions involving responsible national duties. President Low of Columbia University has frequently taken an important and valuable part in political affairs. Hon. Andrew D. White, now United States Minister at Berlin, was the first president of Cornell University, and bore the burden of its organization and successful establishment, but he did not on that account neglect the duties of citizenship, and served several times in important official positions in fulfillment of such duties. The late President Julius H. Seelye of Amherst discharged what he believed to be his public duty without neglecting his college obligations. President Chadbourne of Williams College took an active and intelligent part in the Cincinnati convention of 1876; and other college presidents and professors might be mentioned who have not found it impossible to meet the responsibilities of their vocations and at the same time do public political service. All honor is due to these men. They are the types of what all educators should be. The pity is that all have not a similar sense of the responsibilities which rest upon them.

The New York Independent says, in extenuation of newspapers of saffron hue: "The yellow journals have their place as well as the London Times, Mother Goose and Capt. Kidd lead to Milton and Scott. 'Tis better to have read and thought than never to have thought at all." This is strange moralizing for a paper of religious pretensions. The comparison of the yellow press to Mother Goose has no justification. Mother Goose may be false and foolish, but it is not pernicious—which the yellow press is—not it is better to think error than not to think at all.

Today, the last Sunday before Easter, will be observed in the Roman Catholic churches by the ceremony of blessing and distributing palm branches, symbolizing "victory over the prince of death." The ceremony is a unique and striking one, a fitting preliminary to the observance of Holy Week.

Whatever may be one's convictions as to the facts of so-called spiritual phenomena, Prof. Hyslop must be given credit for having undertaken their investigation by methods that are at least apparently scientific, and the results, as he narrates them, are interesting, whether valuable or not.

Few great men have ever lived who have not at some time in their lives revealed some striking weakness of character.

## CURRENT EDITORIAL THOUGHT.

[Dallas Morning News (Dem.):] A great statesman is a man who can speak two hours without offending any voter.

[Minneapolis Times:] They are talking of establishing a Monte Carlo at Cape Nome. It would be an ideal place for a cold deck.

[Boston Globe:] And now Turkey bars American pork, on the ground that it is injurious to health. Hog and Turkey do not seem to affiliate.

[Seattle Post-Intelligencer:] It is hardly in order to say that the world is not improving, when prize fighting is stopped in New York and Mrs. Langtry is forbidden to perform in the city of Pittsburgh.

[New York Mail and Express:] Col. Jack Chinn of Kentucky announces that he will shortly take the lecture platform. The colonel is generally believed to possess the implements to carve his way to fame.

[Denver Post:] It is hoped no jocular burgher may so far forget what is due to Presidential dignity as to introduce "Oom" Paul to the smell of gunpowder by putting a charge of the explosive stuff in that famous pipe.

[Washington Star:] The government has taken a long step ahead toward the settlement of affairs in the Philippines by dispatching the Taft commission on its way with liberal instructions to adjust affairs in the islands according to the best judgment of the five members.

## ON THE WHITE SEA SANDS.

One little blade of grass has lift its head  
Mid the sea sands that lie so still and white,  
No other one where'er my footstep tread,  
And the great waters gather in their might,  
Beyond the line that marks the barren shore,  
Where earth's green beauty comes not evermore.

And yet its form is perfect, and the sun  
Shines in its fullness on its little face,  
And the sea's breezes kiss it one by one,  
As they were gladdened by its lonely grace;  
And the green blade looks upward just as fair,  
As though by thousands 'twere companioned there.

Its tint is bright as those I daily see  
On the green lawn beneath the palm tree's smile,  
Breathing the roses' fragrance, and to me  
'Tis like a soul that whispers all the while  
Of tender care and full content to be  
God's lonely dweller by the great, wide sea.

ELIZA A. OTIS.

April 2, 1900.

USE OF THE TONGUE  
NOT ALWAYS NECESSARY TO LIVE  
YOUR SENTIMENTS.

By Robert J. Burdette.

## Man and the Mouth.

I love the man who knows it all,  
From east to west, from north to south,  
Who knows all things, both great and small,  
And tells it with his tireless mouth;  
Who holds a listening world in awe,  
The while he works his iron jaw.

Oftentimes, in evening's holy calm,  
When twilight softens sight and sound,  
And zephyr breathes a peaceful psalm,  
This fellow brings his mouth around  
With its long gallop, that can tire  
The eight-day clock's impatient ire.

His good strong mouth! He yields it well,  
He works it just for all its worth;  
Not Samson's jawbone famed could tell  
Such mighty deeds upon the earth.  
He pulls the throttle open wide  
And works her hard on either side.

Up hill and down, through swamp and sand,  
It never stops, it never balks,  
Through air and sky, o'er sea and land,  
He talks, and talks, and talks, and talks,  
And talks, and talks, and talks, and talks,  
And talks, and talks, and talks, and talks.

Kind heaven, from evils fierce and dire,  
Save us each day—from fear and woe,  
From wreck and flood, from storm and fire,  
From sudden death, from secret foe;  
From blighting rain, and burning drought,  
And from the man who works his mouth.

And yet, if the man never said anything, we know what manner of man he might be. wisest and greatest Teacher in all history, "By thy shalt thou be justified, and by thy words shalt be condemned." The average man tells his ambitions, his politics, his plans, when he is not to conceal them, by the very language of his mouth. I recall an incident during the siege of Vicksburg, scouts from Grant's army were stopped by a patrol east of the Black River, in the woods. "Where are you going?" was the challenge. "Black River bridge," replied the Union scout. The patrol turned to his comrades. "He's a Yank," he said, nodded, and led him away to be shot. All the diers called that crossing "Black River bridge." Southerners generalized it as "the Big Blarney bolthole" didn't go out of style and use in the Judges.

## On the Sunny Side.

A man has no need to declare in one word his party with which, brain and hand and soul he is. You have no need to talk politics with him so much. You enter into a general conversation with him. You carefully avoid politics, because you are strangers, and you don't want the journey made by a political wrangle. You begin by approving the weather—not absolutely and unconditionally, but in a general way, as a man does in this planet, admitting that in a record of seven thousand years, the Almighty has given rain and sunshine to the insuring of annual regular harvests ample for the needs of all his creatures from man to sparrows. And the stranger approves the weather. His eyes shine when you tell him and he tells you what he got for his. A man's stack suggests labor, and he talks enthusiastically about that, because one of his boys is earning \$6 a day at a steel mill, and the other is master machinist in a railroad shop. They have an easier time than he says, but their hands are just about as hard though not quite so knobby. And he had a harder time than their grandfather had. He rejoices how much easier and better labor-saving machines have made life for the worker. The sunshine is full to him. The clouds are big with promise. He thinks that in its \$30,000,000 worth of products Southern California could only count \$6,000,000 gold mine. He says we only need gold enough for what we grow and make. The train runs west of Hobo, lounging under the shadow of a tree waiting for a freight train to come along that "beat" their way to the next feeding place. In your sympathetic remark that there is so much misery in the world, he replies that he fed about fifty of those fellows last year, who were crying for men to work on his ranch. He said anybody in his neighborhood went hungry if nobody knew of it. The cry of human misery empty his pockets, but he does not appear to be over the spectacle of ragged and organized laziness. Hopefulness and good cheer sing in his talk. The sight of a flag, gleaming like among the trees as it flutters from the cupola of a schoolhouse, brings a new light into his eyes. He bends to look at it as long as the train holds the look in his eyes, on his face, is proud, not even one convulsive effort to blush for "he has never known defeat," and on the gleaming which he can read "Valley Forge," "Trenton," "Bunker Hill," "Yorktown." Now, you are no waste words, asking that man his politics.

April 8, 1900.]

them as well as you know your own, though the subject of politics hasn't been so much as hinted at.

—Graham from Grapville.

But he gets off at his station, and another man drops the seat by your side. You send up the usual signal—a weather rocket. The new man groans. He looks out of the window and sees the country all "burned up." "How is it in his section? you ask. He groans again. "All burned out," he says. "Hain't seen the sun for twenty-two days. What's the ground is rotting, and what's on top of the ground is blighted." Him? oh, he's just turning around, right now, looking for a new location. He was in a little general merchandise business in Ohio, but it didn't pay. Competition too strong. Everybody cutting each other's throats. Then he went to Indiana, traded for a sawmill. No money in it. Moved to Illinois, and bought a fruit farm. Had three bad years, and traded for an interest in a furniture factory in Michigan. Too crowded; every other town in Michigan had one. Sold out and bought a timber tract in Minnesota. Couldn't compete with Canada lumber; no protection for American industry. Traded for a Dakota wheat farm. Stood one year of drought and one of hailstorms, and sold out. Bought a cattle ranch in Montana. Not enough money in the country to handle his business; all the money in the country and trust. Traded off his cattle and land for a stock-investment in Nebraska. Could have done pretty well, but there was no money in the country. Everything controlled by eastern sharks. Sold out, and now owns cotton lands in Texas, in the Red River country. Cotton never saw 7 cents that year. Lot of sharks and scoundrels, and big combines, all against him. Traded for a place in New Mexico. A whole solid mountain of ore, and it wasn't worth the handling; everything dead against him. Sold it for what he could get, and came out here, and now he was looking around for a chance to get rid of what he had and locate somewhere else; didn't care particularly where, so that it was some place where he could have a chance. Didn't believe there was such a place for man with limited means. Everything in the hands of the big combines. He'd lived in eleven States in twelve years, and one was about as bad as the other. Farms all mortgage ridden. Factories closed, or men working on construction wagons. Country overrun with men hunting work, and no work for anybody. Crime on the increase. Some asylums overflowing. Almshouses crowded. Children crying for bread. No signs of any betterment in the conditions of things, either. If it wasn't that they were as bad as they possibly could be, the signs are that they would be worse before they would be better. Now, you are not going to ask that man how he is going to live. You haven't said politics to him, but you know very well what party he trains with.

## that Spells Something.

So, you see, son, though you should control your lips and hold your tongue and talk never so little, people would be very apt to find out a great deal about you from what you did say, and as well, from what you don't say. In fact, I think the man who says the least puts the most of himself into his laconic condensations. Grant the silent wrote his magnanimous character across the pages of his country's history when he said, "Let us have peace." And Lincoln the Great wrote his life in the same way. "With malice toward none, with charity for all." It is a good thing for you to learn to say the right thing at the right time, in the right way. And "how long will it take you to learn to do that?" Oh, I don't know. It depends upon how diligently you apply yourself to learning to talk. Possibly in about forty-five or fifty years, I should say. Or, it might be at 25. You need not say much, just a sentence or two. Because, in earth, as it is in heaven, a man—or a woman—is not heard for his much speaking. You see, the men and women who are remembered for what they said, were people whose lives grew up in the thought that was clothed in words. Who had very little thought concerning the aptness of the phrase, but had much thought concerning the life and character that was father to the phrase. This is an age of "wonders" of beginning. What we have to do is to keep right on. My desk is daily covered with circulars from all sorts of agents and bureaus concerning youthful phenomena. Here is a "girl dialect"—and a fearful and wonderful thing a "girl dialect" can be; you hear it occasionally on the trolley cars, the presence at sight the fearful and wonderful spellings you see—but never try to pronounce—in the magazine, which are supposed to represent the language of enlightened people living in the adjoining State. That the express of phonation must be gnashed and twisted into a protest, if they can render some of these dialects at all. Her face must be a study during her reading. It must impress one that she is training for a gum-chewing contest. And here is a new "boy orator," who utters on any given theme with much shrill sound and many voices. Principally accents. And here, there, and everywhere are "boy preachers" startling the world with their strange light, such as never was on sea or land, it is said, and never will be again, on simple texts, such texts as the angels have desired to look into, but have remained, probably knowing that the "boy preacher" would come along some day and make it all plain and simple, according to the angelic understanding.

Now, I like to see you taking hold of the world's work truly earnest, and I do want to see you do it so well that the rest of us will have nothing to do about it but to sit in the audience and applaud and call for encores. But, son, the wonder is what becomes of the "wonders" when they "grow up." Many of these "child wonders" are in print when your grandfather was teaching me to read, and I am no spring chicken by several layers of summer time. And I am now fled away among the great numbers, taken down and dusted only when somebody is looking up some long forgotten "by gone." But by year these circulars of the "child wonder" come to my mail with the same old pictures, only they have been changed from the old woodcut to the up-to-date and half-tone. And that, I consider, is overdoing this business. You see, son, there is no such thing as

a "boy orator." You can't find the word in the dictionary. There is just an orator, or a poet, or a preacher; boy, girl, woman or man, as it may happen. A sapling is valuable merely because it isn't going to be a sapling very long. If it continues to be a sapling, it goes to the cooper shop and is adzed into a hoop pole, and is used to hold a barrel together that contains pork, or molasses. Or something. Generally something. If a boy doesn't quit being a boy by the time he is old enough to help elect a President of the United States, I am afraid that the boy habit is confirmed in him, and he will go down to his grave, white-haired and toothless, known as the "boy-something-or-other." And all that time, you see, there will be a man lacking in the world, just because that youngster didn't make a mighty effort and break himself of the habit of being a boy before he became hopelessly addicted to it. If the sapling does what is expected of it, and what God intended it should do, it will soon cease to be a sapling, and grow to a mighty tree, gnarled and scarred with a thousand hard fights with storm and tempest, and all the grander and nobler for the struggles and conquests. So keep on growing, son, and don't be afraid of saying what you think now, for fear you may make some mistake.

## Instinctive Mistakes.

Why, you will, whether you talk or keep silent. Mistakes? Why, they are sometimes a means of grace. One day on the train, going from Somewhere to Somewhere, the conductor came along, looked, and said brusquely, "Ticket!"

Oh, I told him, "The other conductor took up my ticket."

Where was I going? I told him. Then he said I had a coupon ticket, if, he added, with a cloud of suspicion lowering on his brow, I had any, and the other conductor only tore off the coupon.

I insisted that he had lifted the entire shooting match, as it were, and had left me in my present unprotected and uncredentialed condition, wandering over the country without any checks on my baggage or conduct.

But he knew better than that, because he knew that conductor. My fare to Somewhere would be nineteen cents. There is no argument that prevails with a conductor like cash fare, so I meekly unloaded, but besought him to wire back for my lost ticket!

In an hour, he came back to me. He gave me my money; he said the other conductor had made a mistake. But he maintained his own position by saying that he had known that man on the road for seventeen years, and he had never before known him to make the slightest mistake.

And I said that I had known myself less or more accurately for more than forty years, and if I should go to bed some night and there remember that I hadn't made a mistake that day, I would get up and correct the omission ere I went to sleep, lest something untoward should happen in the night.

He said that no careful man ever made mistakes.

I insisted that all human men did, at one time or another, and frequently at both.

Then a smooth-shaven man with a straight slit across his face right under his nose, and which I observed that he used for a mouth, reinforced the conductor, and said that a man like that, meaning myself, would better have been born animal, as brute instinct was better than such fallible intelligence.

And I insisted that instinct was a most erroneous guide; that when it came in contact with civilization and human conditions, it was faulty, incorrect, stupid and habitually misleading. We quarreled until we came to a station where we waited for a train, and the man with the slit under his nose said: "There comes a dog down the street. We'll watch him, and you won't see him make a mistake while he is in sight."

We all agreed, and gathered at the windows, while the intelligent pointer trotted along into the field of observation, never dreaming that he was taking part in a symposium on mental science, unconscious influence, the infallibility of instinct and the weakness of intelligence. He saw or smelled something in an ash heap, ran eagerly over to inspect it, sniffed it carefully, and turned away, disappointed.

"Mistake No. 1," said the umpire; which part I kindly volunteered to play, myself; "he thought it was a mutton chop, and it was only an old shoe."

The conductor said that should not count; he didn't know what it was, and was only investigating.

I said, "Yes, and it didn't turn out to be what his instinct told him it was. Same thing had happened to the conductor, who took up my ticket, supposing it was local." Tally one for humanity.

Then the dog, starting to cross the street, saw a country dog trotting along under a wagon. The pointer raised a town-bred growl, sailed under the wagon after the collie, and came out between the wheels in about two thirds of a second, preceded by a howl that you could hang your hat on, the worst-whipped dog in the shortest space of time anybody ever saw.

"Mistake No. 2," said the umpire; "tackled the wrong dog."

We watched him with increasing interest now, as he got out of this trouble, and ambled uncertainly down the street, muttering to himself about his wrongs, and administering such consolatory balm to his wounded feelings and punctured hide as his healing tongue could supply. Two men were standing on the sidewalk, talking politics, and one of them had his right hand extended in statesmanlike gesticulation, palm upward. Glad for anything that ever so remotely resembled human sympathy and friendly overture, the dog trotted up, and, thrusting his cold nose and dripping tongue into the outstretched hand, scared the orator into a frenzied yell, and received a whack over the head from his cane that made the poor dog howl afresh over this accumulation of hostility and woe.

"Mistake No. 3," tallied the umpire; "meddled in politics."

"But," the conductor said, "that was just a piece of brutality on the part of the man; the dog's overtures were friendly enough."

But the passenger who wore diamonds in a blue shirt

with green cuffs and a pink collar, said "the dog had no business to lip into a discussion that he wasn't interested in, without an invitation. No man would do such a thing unless he expected to get a jolt in the neck."

Tally four for human intelligence. The dog looked very much depressed after this rejection of his appeal for sympathy. Apparently it rankled under his liver-colored spots, and he made up his canine instinct to avenge himself upon some small and safe member of the inhuman race. Seeing a boy of 12 or 14 years in the street, he made a dash at him, barking furiously, and concentrating all his wrath against this feeble representative of mankind. The boy looked at his assailant for one brief breath in utter amazement. Then he stooped down, picked up the stone that is always found in deadly proximity to any real boy, and, firing it with a twist that only a boy can impart to a missile, fetched the dog a resounding whet with it that knocked the breath out of him, so far that he couldn't get it back to yell with for two minutes. Twice the dog lay down in the dust and tried to die, and when he couldn't do it, by reason of having no breath with which to expire, he sat up and made speechless faces at the cold unpitying skies.

"Mistake No. 5," the umpire said. But a woman who was tearfully sympathizing with the dog against all mankind, filed a protest. She said "the dog had been goaded into his rash act by cruelty and persecution; he had been stung to madness by his wrongs; he had—"

"Stung, nothing!" the man with the diamonds and the multi-colored shirt exclaimed; "why, a pup 6 weeks old ought to know better than to bark at a boy with his hands untied and a stone in the same street. Would you, with your more human intelligence, madam, sass a strange boy in the street?"

And the gentle champion of the dog was silent.

The next opportunity the dog saw for getting into trouble was a bridle cow, with one horn, and that crumpled, stealing corn out of a farmer's wagon. He made a swift charge to chase her away; she held an ear of corn in her mouth at a most nonchalantly-insolent angle, much as a "bad man" carries his cigar, described an invisible V in the air, with her head, and tossed the dog upon the nearest awning, whence he rolled to the ground calling gods and men to witness that he wished he hadn't.

"Tally for the dog," said the man with the slit; "he tried to do a good deed and protect an honest man's property from a marauding thief, and suffered martyrdom in the discharge of a noble duty."

"Yes," said the umpire, "but his mistake was in approaching the cow at the wrong end. He should never fool around that end of a cow, or the other end of a mule. Zeal commanded; methods condemned."

And then, as they watched to see what would happen next, the Town Marshal came along. The officer whistled and the dog came limping up to be comforted and praised. The dog wore no collar. He was an unlicensed reformer. He had no tag. The Marshal roped him by the neck and hauled him off to the pound.

"Climax of mistakes," the umpire decided; "lost his credentials and had no place in the convention at all."

"Had no business on the street," said the man with the sporty shirt; "it wasn't his day. Five dollars or the sausage machine."

And it was agreed that every day in the year a man should be thankful that he belonged to the human race, and that if he made many mistakes with his heedless and over-busy tongue, he had still his nimble and rapid-fire mouth with which to explain, and apologize for, and repent those mistakes.

## COMPENSATION IN WEATHER.

THE FACTS FAIL TO VERIFY THE THEORY ADVANCED ON THIS SUBJECT.

By a Special Contributor.

The temperature and precipitation data for Denver during the past twenty-eight years have been compiled, in order to bring out whatever relations successive seasons bear to one another, in the hope of throwing some light upon this so-called theory of compensation in weather. This theory, in effect, is that a season with an excess or defect of temperature or precipitation is followed by compensating conditions in the succeeding seasons. It has been found almost invariably that the temperature for a season, or a longer period, furnishes no certain index to the conditions to be looked for during the coming season. An exceptionally-warm spring or summer, it is generally thought, should follow an abnormally cold winter; but, in point of fact, this is the exception rather than the rule. It is equally impossible to establish any rule in regard to the matter of precipitation. Notably dry or wet seasons are more likely to be followed by merely normal ones than by seasons having compensating, or opposite, characteristics. McDowell has attempted to show the relation existing between that of a given winter and that of the thirty winters preceding. Measuring the cold of the winter seasons by the number of frost days from September to May, he finds: (1.) The six mildest winters (since 1871) were each preceded by a thirty-year group, having more than the average of frost days. (2.) The six coldest winters were each preceded by a thirty-year group having less than the average of frost days. (3.) Of fifteen thirty-year groups with excessive cold, as many as twelve were followed by mild winters, and only three by severe winters.

## LACE TRIMMINGS FOR SUMMER GOWNS.

[April Ladies' Home Journal:] Lace trimming will be much used on summer gowns, the heavy Renaissance and the handsome applique or floss-worked nets being given the preference. The heavy piece laces and insertions are of very deep and pale cream shades rather than white. They come in heavy designs, connected by delicate threads. Heavy lace is used on fine woolen and silk materials, and the lighter Mechlin, Valenciennes and black Chantilly insertions will be used on cottons. Black lace will be worn on black and white Swiss.

## Circling the Pacific. By Frank G. Carpenter.

### THE ISLAND OF PANAY.

A GRAPHIC PICTURE OF A LITTLE-KNOWN PART OF THE PHILIPPINES.

From Our Own Correspondent.

**O**N BOARD THE TRANSPORT PORT STEPHENS IN THE HARBOR OF ILOILO, Feb. 17, 1901.—I am at my first stopping place after leaving Manila, on a tour of the southern parts of the Philippine Islands. I am on a mule transport, which is bound for all of the out-of-the-way ports to take wagons, mules, horses and supplies for our garrisons. We shall travel more than two thousand

given a foot and leg bath every morning. After their bath they are brought upstairs for their constitutional, and then tied there for a time with their faces toward the sea, in order that they may see the wild ocean as it rolls. They are carefully inspected every morning, and their temperature is taken four times a day by the mule doctor. If they are not just right they get a dose of medicine at once, and are more carefully fed. As a result the mules are today in better condition than when they left Seattle three months ago. They have weathered some of the most terrible of ocean storms, have been seasick and battered about, and still only five have been lost in the cargo of 500.

much to do with carrying the horses and men, armies in Cuba and Puerto Rico. He is Capt. Byron, who was wounded while in the army of Puerto Rico, and afterward assigned to the quartermaster's department. He transported more than five thousand mules to and from the West Indies, and lost only one. He is today one of the experts in this branch of the service.

This ship has been fitted up according to Capt. Byron's directions. It has ventilating fans, which draw air to the stables, and at the same time the horses are taken out. The air of the hold of the steamer is as fresh as that of the deck, and with the regular cleaning of the stalls with the hose every morning there is no more smell about the steamer than in the kitchen.

A mule is worth more than a soldier over here in the Philippines at present. There are no adequate means of transportation of men or baggage, and pack mule carts are in demand at all of the posts. The most valuable animal is the water buffalo, which can run about one mile an hour with any kind of a load, and is of little use in the hills. The horses of the army are so small that one of the army mules could pull a Filipino steed of the average size without much strain on its stomach—so small that one of the mules could run up in his arms the other day to show his master its size. Many parts of these islands are mountainous, and every section of the army that goes into the country should have its pack train, with experienced packers to handle the mules. We have one gang of packers who now and then pack the mules on the steamer for practice.

At present there are about three thousand mules and horses in the Philippines, but some of the best officers tell me that three times this number could be advantage.

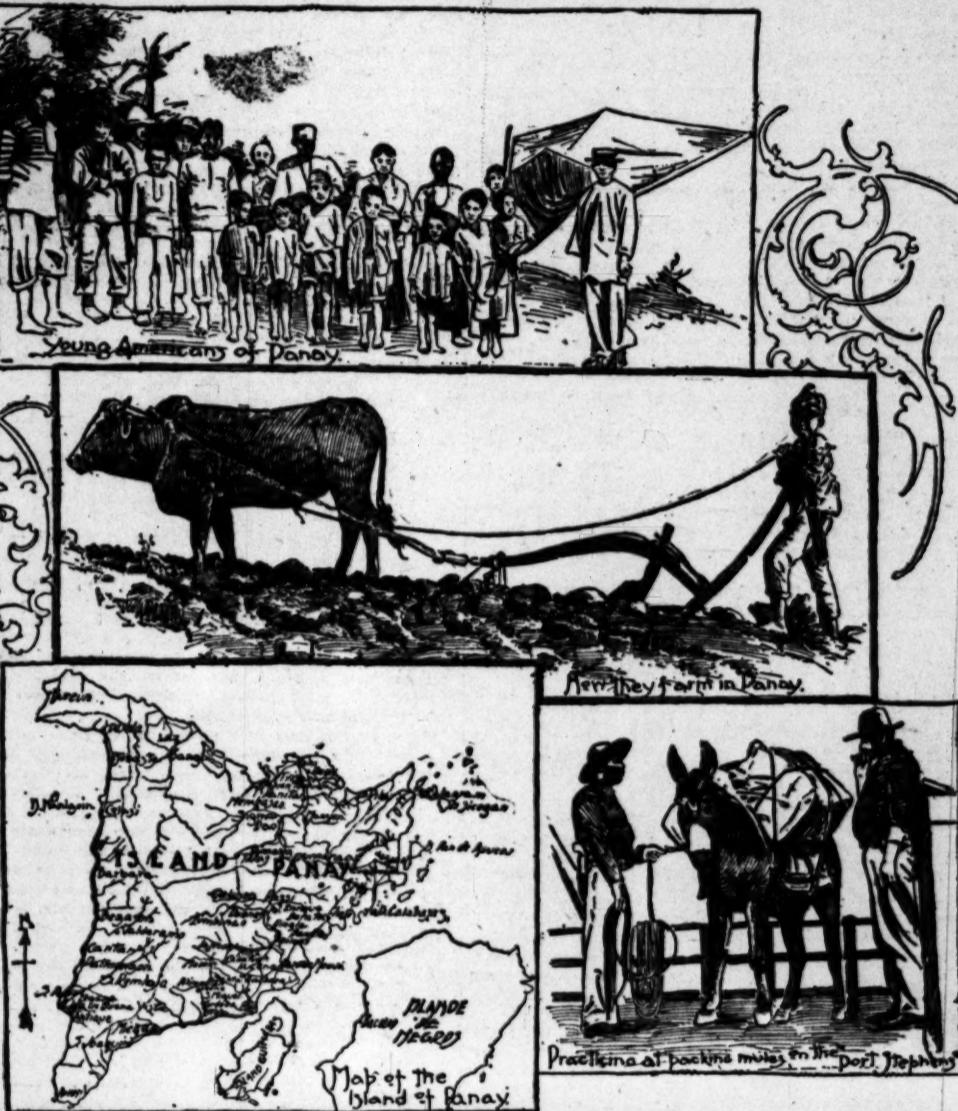
### The Island of Mindoro.

We left Manila at night and awoke to find ourselves coasting along the great island of Mindoro. We saw the most of the day, its blue, smoky mountains in places almost straight from the water, rolling one over the other until they lost themselves in the clouds. We were not near enough to distinguish the character of the land or its vegetation, but could see that the mountains are heavily wooded, and it is probable that the forests are full of mahogany, teak and other fine trees. The island is one of the largest of the Philippines, and as yet is practically unexplored. It is larger than the State of Connecticut, and has a population of one hundred thousand, almost all of whom are Negritos. There is one town which has about five thousand, but the most of the inhabitants live in the villages, entirely naked, and subsist upon roots, fruit and game as they can catch. Dean Worcester, who has explored the island, describes it as unhealthy in the extreme. His explorations did not extend very far inland, but agriculturally and mineralogically the land is excellent. It is so notwithstanding it lies within only a few miles of the island of Luzon, and so that it can be reached by boat in a very few hours.

### On the Island of Panay.

I am more and more surprised every day at the things the Spanish knew about the different parts of their vast empire. They seldom penetrated the interior, and some of the best parts of the country are known only as when Ferdinand Magellan landed on the island of Mindanao, on the 21st of March, 1521, only nine years after Columbus discovered America. The island contains from 30,000 to 40,000 square miles. It is the richest part of the whole archipelago, and is almost entirely by savages.

The island of Panay, where I am now writing, was practically unknown to the rest of the world until the 18th century, and today it is impossible to get accurate information concerning it. It has mountainous districts through which white men have never gone, and our soldiers who have crossed it from south to north found naked savages in the woods. And still the island is enormous, and its lowlands have now a considerable population, half again as large as Puerto Rico, and has a great deal more cultivable land. I have learned something



miles before we return to Manila, and shall go to many places which have not been open to trade or travelers. We shall spend several days at each place, landing cargo, and in our tour will not only visit the Sulu Islands, where the Sultan lives with his wives and slaves, but will also coast clear around the great island of Mindanao, which is practically unknown to the world. It has naked savages, wild Moros and Sultans even more powerful than the one with whom Gen. Bates made his treaty of friendship and peace.

### A Strange Sort of Vessel.

Our ship is like nothing you see on the Atlantic. It is a vessel as long as a city block, and so wide that it would fill the ordinary street from one side to the other. It has three stories devoted to mule stalls, and a vast hold below this in which hundreds of tons of hay, oats and other cargo are stored. The ship is so high, indeed, that if it stood in a city street its upper deck would be about even with the fifth story flats, and when the mules are taken out to exercise upon it they are almost twice as high up in the air as the roof of a two-story house.

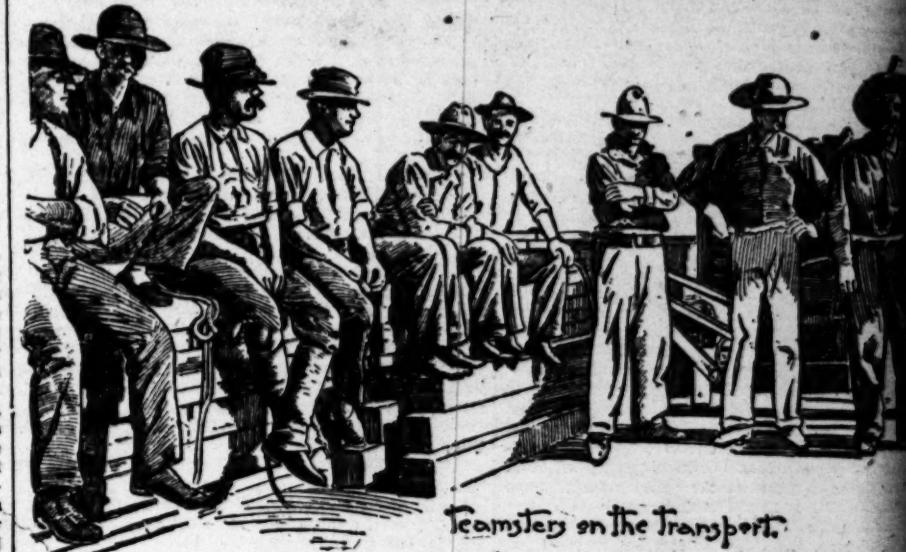
When I came on the ship I was told that I should have to rough it, and was urged by the captain not to go. I was told that there were plenty of comforts for the mules, but none for passengers, and that I should have to sleep on the deck. I replied that as this was my only way of reaching the posts I would risk it. So I have bought a cot and an army blanket, and rolled up in it I sleep out under the stars as the mules stamp and bray beneath me. It is not at all bad, I assure you. I eat with the captain, have my bath from a bucket of salt water on deck, and write on a table which I have fixed up at the stern of the ship.

The Port Stephens is essentially and purely a mule ship. Its guests are these long-eared animals, each of which has a stall or room three feet wide to himself. The stalls are arranged in long lines, a double row on each story, and the animals face one another, with their tails turned toward the sea. There are inclined planes or stairs by which they are led up to the exercise deck, and by which they are taken from story to story. They are, in fact, treated with as much care as the men. They are fed regularly, and

### Mules Costly Luxuries.

The cargo of one of these transports is a valuable one. A mule by the time it gets to the Philippines costs Uncle Sam at least \$400, and the number on board the Port Stephens is worth at least \$200,000. Some of them have come from Puerto Rico, having been sent from San Juan and Ponce to Washington and thence forwarded clear across the continent to Seattle, so that they have traveled something like 15,000 miles in coming to Manila. Others came direct from Kentucky and Missouri, but all have cost so much that it pays to take care of them.

The captain-quartermaster who has charge of them had



Teamsters on the Transport.

the old English residents of Iloilo and from the Filipinos, and have also the results of the investigations of Lieut. Van Deman, the topographical engineer on the staff of Gen. Hughes. Lieut. Van Deman is a close observer. He has been on all of the expeditions our soldiers have made throughout the island, and is now making maps of it for the use of the War Department. He has kindly sketched a map of the island for this letter.

#### Sick Pines and Unexplored Mountains.

From the map it will be seen that Panay is of the shape of an equilateral triangle. It looks small on our maps of the Philippines, but each side of it is almost one hundred miles long, and altogether it has more than half as much land as the State of Massachusetts. It is a land of mountains and valleys. Low ranges cut it up into three great parts, represented by its three provinces. Antique at the west, Capiz at the north, and Iloilo at the south. With its district Concepcion adjoining it on the east.

All of these provinces are much the same in character, long rolling hills, mountains and valley plains. The mountains have some wood, but not the fine timber of Mindanao, Negros and parts of Luzon. The plains are the only parts much cultivated, and many of them are unused. The war has ruined many of the farms, and you see burned sugar mills here and there. The country is still filled with bandits and guerrillas, and neither life nor property is safe from them. The Tagalas who came here have united with the Indians among the Visayans, and they go over the land in bands of anywhere from half a dozen to several hundreds, burning and stealing and committing all sorts of unmentionable outrages. It will, I am told, take a large force to preserve order, and the entire settlement of the island will probably not be secured for months to come.

#### A Land of Coconuts and Rice.

The character of Panay makes it a hard country for campaigning. The country is well watered, being cut up by streams as many as the veins of a leaf. These streams in the wet season flood the lowlands, and turn them into a vast lake, above which, when the rain ceases, the little green walls of the rice fields appear. It is impossible to ride over the fields at this time. When the fields dry with the dry season they do so only on top, so that what seems solid ground is only a crust. This crust will support a little Filipino pony, but a mule will break through it, and before you know it you will find that he has ridden up to his ears in the mud. The only animals that can be used to work such lands are the water buffaloes, who wallow along, half swimming through the mud as they drag the rude bamboo harrows or plows, preparing the fields for rice planting. Even the military road which the Spaniards built is little more than a crust. Where it is broken there are unfathomable mudholes, making it impossible for teams. The rice is planted in the water, and it receives little cultivation.

I went with Lieut. Van Deman for a ride into the country today, and he showed me lands which were, he said, typical of all the lowlands of Panay. They were little patches of black mud, in which rice was growing, and about which there were groves of coconut trees. Among the trees were thatched huts upon piles, and in the fields here and there women were working.

"That," said Mr. Van Deman, "is a sample of the greater part of this island. It is made up of rice and coconuts, with sugar plantations scattered here and there throughout. The soil is exceedingly rich, and it produces enormously."

#### Coconuts and Fruits.

"You about fruits, Lieutenant?" said I.

"I believe almost any kind of tropical fruit will grow, but none are cultivated. We have bananas which grow wild, and a fruit which the people call the naranja, but which is not an orange. It is of the shape and color of an orange, but is about twice as large as the grape fruit or melon, which we have in our home markets. We have also breadfruit, but no oranges, so far as I know. There are coffee plantations in Antique, but they do not make enough to make coffee figure largely as one of the exports from the island. Before the war about \$1,500,000 worth of stuff was exported from Iloilo annually. The province of Capiz produced half this amount, and Antique still less. There is considerable tobacco raised, and some coffee, as well as cacao, or chocolate, and hemp. I believe the land to be exceedingly rich, and doubt not it will be made to yield many times as much as it does."

#### In the Mountains of Panay.

"How about the mountains?"

"We passed through them on our march across the island. They are generally wooded, and are supposed to be uninhabited, on account of the malaria, except by naked savages. The mountains are generally about 2000 or 3000 feet high, although in places they rise to 4000 or even 5000 feet. Mt. Bacloy is said to be 5675 feet in altitude, and the mountain Nangtud 6720 feet, or higher than Mt. Washington.

"Do you hear of any gold being discovered in the mountains?" I asked.

"Yes, I hear of it, but I really have no positive knowledge about it," was the reply. "There is black sand in every stream you cross, and the Spaniards claimed that there was gold in the sands of the Cababaya, in the province of Capiz. It is said there are quicksilver deposits in the same province, and that copper exists in Antique. These matters will have to be settled by the prospector and by the government geologists. Just now we have our hands full in trying to keep the people quiet. I can only say that the land looks remarkably rich, and that it can be cultivated high up in the mountains. The climate is, as far as I have seen, not unhealthy, but the people are semi-civilized and hard to control."

#### The District of the Visayans.

This military district is that of the Visayan Islands. It embraces the larger islands of the middle of the archipelago lying between Luzon on the north and the Mohammedan Islands of Mindanao and Sulu on the south. It embraces some of the richest and most thickly-populated parts of the Philippines, and a number of large islands which are noted for their products of sugar, hemp, and for

their possibilities in the way of coal and other minerals. Cebu, for instance, is a great hemp-raising region; Samar produces sugar, rice and coffee; Negros, which I can see from Iloilo, has some of the best sugar plantations, and the island of Bohol is noted for its pearl fisheries. These islands are populated by a different people from the Tagalas, who are the rebels of Luzon, known as the Visayans. They have a different language and customs, but in most of the islands they have united with the Tagalas to oppose our troops. They are not as aggressive as the Tagalas, but are quite as vicious in many of their ways, and are of about the same grade of intelligence and civilization, both of which I should say are decidedly low. Both people are naturally untrustworthy, and the greatest care has to be taken to guard against surprises. The islands, while there are no large armies upon them, are everywhere over-run with brigands and banditti, and there are parts of them which have not yet been subdued. Garrisons will have to be furnished for the chief towns and the principal roads should be patrolled by mounted cavalry to allow the people to work their fields and to make them feel comparatively safe.

#### A Chat with Gen. Hughes.

Gen. R. P. Hughes, who is in charge of the Visayans, is well fitted for the position. He had a good chance to study the Filipino character when he was provost marshal of the city of Manila. He took that place as soon as the city was occupied by our troops, and it was due to his vigilance that the insurgents were prevented from uprising and burning the Philippine capital. For months after the occupation he slept in his clothes. There were rumors of uprisings almost every day, but to most of them Gen. Hughes paid no attention. He merely kept his eyes open and said nothing. At last one day he doubled his guards, and ordered that the troops be kept in readiness for trouble. He had noticed that the Filipinos were taking their women and children out of Manila. They were leaving at the rate of hundreds a day, and their departure was to be followed by an uprising and the attempted massacre of the foreigners. The increase of force, however, prevented the insurrection, and thus saved the city.

When Gen. Hughes came here the natives burned the town upon leaving it. They said that the most of the buildings in it belonged to Chinese and the English, and that their destruction would not hurt the natives, who live chiefly in the suburban villages of Molo and Harrow. They, therefore, soaked the principal houses with coal oil, and lighted them. They burned all of the best buildings, including the industrial school and other public structures, so that today Iloilo is largely made up of ruins.

After the general took possession there were more rumors of insurrections and the murder of foreigners. He paid no attention, but one day his native clerk asked for an afternoon off, that he might take his family out of the city. The general thought that might mean business, and he had the town searched for concealed weapons. He found that the natives had hundreds of knives concealed in their houses, and that they had planned to unite with a band of Tagalas, who were to operate from the outside, and at a concerted signal to rise, set the city on fire and murder the foreigners.

The discovery of the plot prevented its being carried out, and shortly after this Gen. Hughes attacked 1400 of the Tagalas outside the town, and defeated them. He has now cleared the island of organized resistance, but he tells me it will be months before the banditti can be cleared out, as they will probably take to the mountains.

#### They Believe in Bryan.

In talking of the situation, Gen. Hughes said:

"I believe a great deal of harm is being done by the people of the United States discussing the advisability of leaving the islands. All such reports are published over here, and they have led the people to believe that the Americans will eventually give up the struggle. They had been assured that Congress, as soon as it met, would stop the war and withdraw the troops, and have been told that Mr. Bryan had advised that this should be done. You will be surprised to know that some of them can quote Bryan's speeches and can name others of the anti-expansionists. Bryan has been pictured as almost equal to the President in power. They have been given only one side of the case, and this has come from the Filipino newspapers, which are saying nothing favorable of the army of the Americans."

#### Unit for Citizenship.

"What do you think of the people here, general, as possible American citizens?" I asked.

"They may make Americans some day, but it will be a long time before they will be able to govern themselves according to our ideas of citizenship. We shall have to put our best licks on the next generation, and by education and example we may teach them American ideas and personal and political morality and honor. As it is their training has been in the policy of the Spaniard as to such matters. They believe it right and proper for officials to receive bribes, and they expect to pay them. I have just had trouble with a notary, whom I appointed. He has charged the English bank here \$50 for protesting a note. They have reported it, and I have cut his charge down to \$15, which is less than allowed by the Spanish law. It is so with every class of business. All the officials have been accustomed to making all they could out of their offices, and I don't see how the abuses can be remedied. If we had some American officials, young men and honest men, who could come out here prepared to remain for twenty years or so on the assurance that they would be retained in office, we might be able to do something in the way of reform by and by, but as it is the situation is rather discouraging."

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

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[Boston Beacon:] "As I understand it," said the talkative one, "the Afrikanders trekked from the voorlooper to the kopje, and dorped it from the spruit to the dusselboom. It stands to reason, too, for—" "I don't understand golf," the other cut in wearily.

## THE PARABLE OF THE THREE GOOD MEN.

By a Special Contributor.

HERE did dwell in the city which is called Pasadena, three good men, and it came to pass in the heat of the year these three good men did hire a driver of asses, and journey to the fastness of the mountains.

And the driver, who was called Daniel, did bind upon three asses bread and provender. And the asses being swelled, the driver waxed wroth and smote them mightily with the rod.

At the end of many days they did come to a place which is called Pachada, and there did they pitch their tents. And Daniel fetched the asses down from the mountains, leaving them alone.

Tall mountains did compass them about, and they were at peace.

At the end of four days the driver did come again from the holy city of Pasadena with his beasts of burden, laden with boxes, upon which were writ, that all might read, "Standard Oil."

And in the time which these three good men and true did dwell in the mountains, which was forty days, Daniel did come with his asses seven times, and bring unto them the same.

And Daniel being a man of little wisdom, did marvel much.

At the end of the fortieth night Daniel did come again, and these three good men did fold their tents and go down out of the mountains, and soon did come among their brethren in the city of Pasadena, where there is neither publican nor winebibber.

And on the Sabbath day they did go with the holy of the city to the temple, and did sit once more among the anointed.

And when Daniel did return to the mountain where the righteous men had dwelt, he was stricken with a great sorrow, and was of no spirit, for upon the ground were many black bottles that shone with the sun's brightness.

And Daniel did groan aloud, for they were empty.

KIT WHIFFLER.

## IN CENTRAL AMERICAN FORESTS.

### A GRAPHIC PICTURE OF A COUNTRY OF COUNTLESS STRANGE ANIMALS AND PLANTS.

[Self Culture Magazine:] In the rainy season the rivers run between full banks, and dropping vines trail upon the water. Along the banks and on the sand-spits, among the zacate and gramalote grass, are countless aquatic flowering plants. On bright days every bend of the stream reveals brown mud-crusted alligators lying upon the bank, and others lifting their ugly snouts above the water. After sunset a tapir or manatee may be seen crossing the river, and sharp eyes may detect, every now and then, a huge iguana hugging a branch overhead; or it may be that the first intimation of his presence is a splash, as he drops into the water from a height and with a force that would seem sufficient to burst him. Innumerable small iguanas, of bright metallic hues and with ugly sp'nal fringes, bask on the logs and snags near the bank, and, when disturbed, dart for the shore, moving their feet and tails so rapidly that they fairly walk upon the water. A falling branch reveals a troop of monkeys in the trees above. They grimace, break off and throw down boughs, and shake the limbs as if in uncontrollable rage. A musky odor tells of a drove of wild pigs upon the bank. White and blue herons stand along the river side, or soar lazily from point to point; macaws, parrots, and parrakeets scream in the trees; buzzards circle high in air; an occasional hawk darts swiftly from bank to bank; and black and yellow songsters fit along the banks. The air above the river is never silent, for from the first suspicion of morning light, when the howling-monkeys wake the forest with their lowing, to sunset, when the shrill whistle of the gongola—a species of grouse—marks the hour of 6, wild pigeons, macaws, song birds, and monkeys have their turn. All night the grunting of alligators, the splash of leaping fish, the screams of jaguars, and the cries of nocturnal birds and beasts fill the air. A booming noise, like the distant report of a cannon, breaking through the night air and reverberating along the water, sounds the death-note of some giant of the forest that has crashed to earth, carrying everything within its reach. Out of the forests come clouds of fragrance, and sounds of myriad beasts and birds and insects. Back from the rivers, in the mysterious wilderness, the dark forests, the unknown jungle, there are numerous objects of interest; great cedar, almendra, guachipilin, ceiba, and cortes trees rear their heads far into the sunlight of the day, their bases hidden in a dense undergrowth. Their entire foliage is at the top, and their great trunks, reaching up a hundred feet or more without a branch, offer a variety of studies in types of columns. Some rise straight and smooth, some send out deep buttresses, while others look like the muscle-knotted forearm of a Titan, with gnarled fingers gripping the earth in their wide grasp. Beneath the shelter of these patriarchs, as completely protected from scorching sun and rushing wind as if in a conservatory, grow innumerable varieties of young trees, destined, some day, to be giants themselves. Still lower down luxuriate smaller trees, palms, tree-ferns, dense underbrush, and a network of creeping and climbing vines. There is not light enough for flowers beneath this dense canopy, and they, like the smaller birds, seek the tops of trees and banks of rivers, where sunlight and air are abundant. In the tree tops, orchids and other flowering parasites run riot. Many of the trees themselves are flowering, and if one can look down on a forest valley in March or April, the green expanse will appear enlivened by blazing patches of crimson, yellow, purple, pink, and white. The river banks are the favorite homes of flowering vines, and there they form great curtains swaying from the trees in bright patterns of many hues. The grassy slopes, islands, shallows, and sand-spits also produce countless varieties of aquatic plants.

## NOTABLE WOMEN.

MOTHER AND THREE DAUGHTERS  
PRACTICE IN SUPREME COURT.

By a Special Contributor.

PROFESSIONAL women afford one of the most interesting subjects for study for those who are interested in the varying stages of the development of women. In Washington society at present are Mrs. Kate Pier, Miss Kate H. Pier and Miss Harriet Pier. This mother and two daughters are all admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of the United States, as is also a daughter. Mrs. Caroline H. Pier Roemer, who has remained behind in Milwaukee to look after the practice, and incidentally attend to the needs of her young daughter, Kate Pier Roemer, who, if heredity has anything to do with it, will be the greatest Portia that the world has ever produced.

Mrs. Pier is one of those charming old-fashioned ladies of the quaint type such as one often sees in the picture books of earlier days. She has a sweet, demure look, which is far different from the self-asserting swagger which one might expect from a woman who enjoys the distinction of being the only woman Court Commissioner in America.

Her eldest daughter, Miss Kate Pier, has the dark beauty of the southern type. Her features are regular and fine, with a broad, high brow, indicating depth of character and sound judgment. Miss Harriet H. Pier is a petite lady,

the place and the populace came to think that what Mrs. Pier did not know was not worth knowing.

In 1886 Miss Kate H. Pier had just graduated from the High School, and captured all the prizes and hearts lying around loose, but as hearts were not in her line, being of a more practical turn of mind, she looked about for occupation and fixed upon the law. The State University at Madison seemed the most available place for a training ground, so she, accompanied by her mother, betook herself to that locality. A two-years' course was required. But these ladies, who had already astonished everybody by presuming to think they could be lawyers, further astonished all by taking the two-years' course in one, graduating in 1887, with the degree of LL.B. Having been admitted to the bar they returned to Fond du Lac and continued in business, but in 1888 fixed upon Milwaukee as a more desirable locality. They opened offices there in the Miller building, where they still conduct their business. They met with about the usual success which young men of the legal profession have, until Miss Kate had her first case before the Supreme Court of Wisconsin in 1889. This was a small railroad case and was easily won. After this success was assured.

## Mrs. Pier Appointed a Court Commissioner.

In 1890-91 this family spent the winter in Madison, and Miss Pier put in her time working on bills relating to women, which she had introduced before the Legislature, one of which was for the appointment of women lawyers as Court Commissioners. This bill was passed and the same year Mrs. Pier was appointed a Court Commissioner by Daniel H. Johnson, Circuit Judge. For nine years Mrs. Pier has had the honor of being the only woman Court Com-

rank among the best parliamentarians of any woman country. She is a member of the Delta Gamma. She has been appointed by the school board of Milwaukee one of the inspectors of the board of cooking. During the late war she volunteered to go to the front as a nurse, her medical training making her eligible. She was not ordered to the front, but was asked to do some work in her own city. This work she did not take, as she felt that there were plenty of others who could attend to the home work, and her practice gave her about six weeks.

Miss Harriet Pier has made a specialty of looking after the family estate. She has taken frequent trips into the lumber woods of Wisconsin, on estimating timber, employs an expert estimator and goes up and down the country, stopping at logging camps. These trips generally last about six weeks. Although she is the youngest member of the firm, people with whom she has business do not try to take advantage of her, as they find her attempts disastrous to themselves.

Mrs. Caroline Pier Roemer had one of the most brilliant weddings on record. The marriage ceremony was presided over by Mrs. Pier, as Court Commissioner, and every detail connected with the occasion was of the legal profession. The groom, John H. Roemer, was a young lawyer, a graduate of Yale, the bridesmaids, her sisters, were lawyers. The bride was given away by her uncle, Henry H. Johnson, a lawyer of Cedar Rapids, Iowa. The best man was L. R. Wilfley, who has a law practice at St. Louis.

This family of lawyers does not always work together. Each member has her own bank account and allows such indulgence as she feels she can afford. In the summer of '96 all went on a jaunt to Denmark, Norway and Sweden. The summer of '98 found them in England, and this winter they have located in Washington. As Miss Kate Pier's health has given away under the long strain of work, and her mother and sister are helping her recuperate in this most interesting city, the capital.

NELLIE PIER

## THE LYRE BIRD.

## A VENTRILOQUIST WHO MAKES ENOUGH FOR A DOZEN BIRDS.

[National Review:] The ground is hidden in a mass of jungle grass, sword grass and fern, all under a weight of moisture, and this forest is dark and cold. It is hilly country, and you hear the different birds echoing and deceiving you. The all high, piping sounds, save now and then when thud like a thunderbolt seems to strike the earth, a frightened wallaroo or wallaby who is leaping to listen, and leaping on again over the green of the earth.

Now, you hear a lyre bird before you. Does not more than twenty yards ahead, for the song, rise under cover of your gun, which with your hands you are holding before you. But that bird is a really ventriloquist, knowing how to pitch his song and send it in any direction. Never mind—he is not you move on toward him. Take heed to your gun and to the weight of your footfall. Should you of some rambling vine, or put down your foot, the lyre bird will gather up his music and you will hear him no more. You must stand still and wait, if needs be, half an hour for his appearance. When he is well on with it you may for his own excitement and the sound of his own song kill out all other sounds and he will not hear you on him.

He is disporting himself on a mound of vegetation five or six feet in diameter, which he has earthed around him. Around him are long grasses and ferns, through which he has made holes into which he can dart at will to his enemies. Above is one clear branch onto which he leap when instinct tells him he is safe from harm. He will perch and plume himself previous to wing flight to some other play or feeding ground. By every obstacle and pausing breathlessly whenever the singer lowers his note, you have managed to stand upon him. There! see his beautiful tail, bowing like over that mass of nodding grass as its own ties to the ground, and chatters and calls and songs he were addressing a multitude on the ground below. He is only imitating a tribe of black cockatoos (there were at least forty voices in chorus.) By rivaling half a dozen bellbirds, and the next instant is a long-drawn smacking sound which you may as the music of a falling branch or the call of his "cracker" (a tree climber.)

## WILLIAM J. STONE'S QUEEN.

[Washington Correspondence St. Louis Globe-Democrat:] When William J. Stone says the story that he came from the Kansas City delegation which came to Washington after the convention is made out of whole cloth, it settles it. The amount was not \$1,000, but \$1,000,000. That William J. Stone came all the way from St. Louis with a Kansas City delegation didn't swell his roll no one who knows him would moment assert. Mr. Stone has a widespread reputation as the most dangerous kind of a poker player. He have made his acquaintance across the kitty corner is baffling. He has only one characteristic which those who play against him can count. Mr. Stone's stances about the queen. If he gets two queen, he invariably stays in. His drawing is all the increase of queen. It doesn't matter most other cards of his hand are. He bases his game on the queen and goes ahead. Notwithstanding the low queen in a poker hand, Mr. Stone will die elsewhere rather than a queen. Those who sit against him in this idiosyncrasy in mind, and govern themselves accordingly. They believe that Mr. Stone's devotion amounts to fascination rather than to philistine.

[Chicago Post:] The Porto Ricans may gain a solution from the thought that in one way or another questions finally come back to the people for answer and the tendency of the people is to be just.



with brown hair and blue eyes, the latter characteristic being common to mother and daughters. All of these ladies attend receptions and teas and listen to the inane flattery of admiring friends as though this were the only aim and object of their existence.

## Come of Good Stock.

This family of women lawyers comes from the good old Puritan stock of which this country proudly boasts. The husband and father was also a lawyer. He was the late Colvert K. Pier, lieutenant-colonel of the Thirty-eighth Wisconsin Regiment, of the civil war. His great grandfather was a member of the Constitutional Convention of Vermont. His father was Edward Pier, the first white man to settle in Fond du Lac county, Wia. where he located in 1836.

Mrs. Pier does not claim illustrious American ancestry, but comes from a hard-headed Scotch-Irish race. She was born in Vermont and moved to Fond du Lac when 8 years old. She first became interested in law through the management of an estate which was left her mother, the mother agreeing with the daughter to look after the household if the latter would undertake the business of the estate. In this way she became accustomed to business transactions, and the old farmers for miles around formed a habit of dropping in to Mrs. Pier's office and consulting her on crops and various other vexing questions. For two years she held a position in one of the leading banks of

missioner in America. This gives her the same power as a judge in chambers.

Mrs. Pier pays attention almost wholly to Court Commissioner business, guardianships, trusteeships and the administration of estates. The younger ladies take all general civil cases, but refuse criminal cases.

Miss Harriet and Caroline Pier also attended the State University at Madison and graduated from the law school in 1891. All have been admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of the United States. Kate was admitted in 1894, on the motion of Senator Vilas, and was the twelfth woman to be thus honored. Caroline was admitted in '97 on Kate's motion, making No. 14, and Mrs. Pier and Harriet this year, bringing up the number to a full score. Miss Kate Pier for seven years has been pursuing a medical course, in connection with her law practice. She has found time to take up about two studies a year. At first she was admitted to the Wisconsin College of Physicians and Surgeons, through the courtesy of professors and students. This school has since been made coeducational. Miss Pier hopes, by her extensive study, to become an expert in the medico-legal lines in her profession.

## An Authority on Parliamentary Law.

She is not a club woman, in the strict sense of that term, but is a leader of parliamentary affairs in Milwaukee. She conducted a course of lectures before the club women of that city, and it is through her efforts that these women

## THE MAORI PEOPLE.

ONE OF THEIR NUMBER TRYING TO  
SAVE THEM FROM EXTINCTION.

By a Special Contributor.

THE Maori people, natives of New Zealand, are dying. About fifty years ago they numbered 139,000. Today they number 20,000. This alarming decrease means early extinction, unless stayed by almost superhuman effort. Yet one man has undertaken the salvation of his race. This man is Wherahiko Rawei.

For the past month Wherahiko Rawei has been in Southern California, telling the story of his people. It is one of human laws, sanitary and moral. It is also one of the survival of the strong. The decline of the Maoris began with the advent of Europeans to New Zealand. Before that they were strong and powerful, although savage. But they were not prepared to withstand the vices and diseases of the so-called civilized. That their degeneration may, to a great extent, be laid at the door of Europeans is evident from the fact that the Maoris found in the cities of New Zealand are without even the simple virtues of those who live in the native villages.

Wherahiko Rawei was born a savage. He believes himself but two generations removed from cannibals. Until he was 12, he ran about in his home town of Mangatapu-O-te-Au, wild, happy, half-naked and knowing no other life than that of the fierce, war-loving tribe of Ngatiapa. Then his life changed. He was taken by an English lady to the larger village of Wanganui, and sent to school. He was quick to learn. In eight years he was ready for college. His adopted mother sent him to Christchurch, in the south island of the two which form the greater part of New Zealand. He meant to be a lawyer. Instead he became a preacher.

His religion is a simple one—to help others. For several



GIRL OF THE NGATIAPA TRIBE.

years he went about as an evangelist, his one hope the uplift of his people. Then a scourge of typhoid fever spread over North Island. A young girl, whom Rawei had adopted and learned to love, fell a victim to the ignorance of a native doctor. As the man mourned over the child, who lay dead in his arms, it came to him that preaching the gospel to old men and women would not save the race. The children must be taught how to live.

Mr. Rawei and his bright, young wife, Hiné Rawei, took a small hut and opened just the smallest, simplest kind of a training school for little girls. Mrs. Rawei taught them to make plain little frocks, to take the place of the single-piece garment which has become unfit for them to wear, owing to change of climate and other conditions. She taught them also to cook their food properly and to keep the house clean. But the girls were sent home at night, to have the work of the day undone.

## The Beginning of His Work.

With money raised in England, a larger cottage was built on a hundred-acre piece of ground, and the girls are now kept day and night. And now there is a new need. Girls are only one-half of the problem. It would be a waste of time and money to teach the girls and send them back to be dragged down again to the level of the savage youth. There must be a home for boys, as well as a larger house for the increasing number of girls. That is why Wherahiko Rawei has come to the United States.

This Maori has a fine, sensitive face, and a manner that is beautiful in its simplicity. His skin is the soft brown of the Malay; his eyes are large and dark and expressive. Above his broad, smooth forehead is an erect, bushy mass of hair. His voice is low and musical. When he talks of his people, every word is a caress. He uses beautiful English, but now and then there is the faintest cockney twist in his accent. Perhaps it comes from a similarity of sound in his own language.

He sings in his native tongue, and his voice has the rich melody of the negro. The music does not remind one of tom-toms and the shrill reed instruments of most of the uncivilized races. It is sensuous and waltzy and full of rhythm. It is the music of people who love and hate, but in whose passion is not the ruling element. The words he sings may be sacred, substituted by him for the original ones, but the air itself tells of youth and spring and love.

As Wherahiko Rawei stands before his audiences, in Maori dress, with the dim, dappled light of the magic

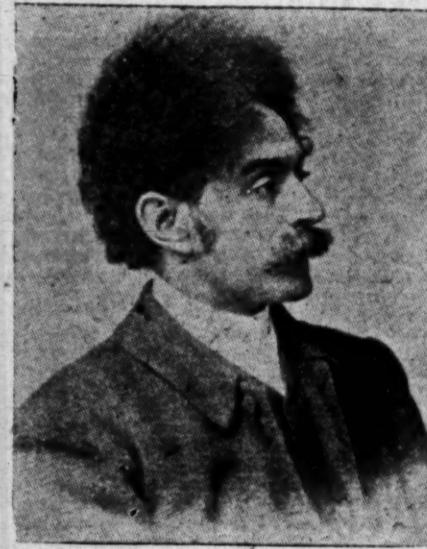
lantern upon him and a rich scene from Maori Land on the canvas behind him, there is something appealing in the feverish, eager manner of the man. The work he would do is such a big one.

## A Bit of Folk Lore.

The Maoris claim that they are not the aborigines of New Zealand. The claim is based on a bit of folk-lore, handed down from chief to chief, from father to son. The tradition runs that about eight hundred years ago Te Kupe, a priest, lived on an island called Hawaiki. He gave offense to the ruling chief and was forced to flee for his life. In a well-stocked canoe he went to sea, away from home and friends. He was mourned as dead. But one day he returned with wonderful tales of a new land, with deep forests, fire mountains, steaming lakes and huge birds. Te Kupe was now believed to be a 'god'. Seven large canoes were fitted out to take a party to explore the strange, new country. With plenty of food and water the adventurers set forth; and guided by Te Kupe, reached the island. Te Kupe's canoe, the Aotea, was first to touch the shore. Hence the Maori name, Aotearoa, for New Zealand; and the Maori proverb, "I kune mai i Hawaiki to kune kai te tangata"—"The seed of our coming is from Hawaiki."

This island of Hawaiki is supposed to be Hawaii. When Mr. Rawei stepped at Honolulu a few weeks ago, on his way to San Francisco, his belief in the tradition was strengthened. He found that he could easily understand the language of the Hawaiians. The chief difference is that the Hawaiians have "I," where the Maoris have "e." Instead of "Aloha" the heart-word of the Maori is "Aroha."

The handful of pioneers became a strong and powerful race, the different tribes living in comparative peace. The coming of the European was an evil day for the native. The early whalers and traders, none too squeamish on the side of right, broke faith with the savages. These avenged their wrongs after their own manner, by cruel and sickening murder, the flesh of the victims being shared among them. Many innocent suffered with the guilty. But the



WHERAHIKO RAWEI.

butchery was prompted by revenge rather than a mere thirst for blood. The white man who showed kindness to the natives was spared. The earliest missionaries were protected and treated as friends.

## Newcomers Brought Vices.

For more than a hundred years after the discovery of New Zealand by Europeans, the country failed to attract settlers. Then the "land fever" spread among some of the colonists of New South Wales. This disease often attacks most strongly the least scrupulous. The first large body of settlers to buy lands for a few trinkets and firearms was made up of the veriest scum of the earth, escaped prisoners, and the riffraff of all countries. They brought to the natives a knowledge of all the vices of civilization. The white man's weapons always attract the savage. Possession of them led to fierce and bloody tribal wars.

Between 1835 and 1840 the New Zealand Company of London, unauthorized by the government, began its wild operations, and more emigrants came. Many made the voyage to find themselves duped. Possibly no other British colony has been wound up in such a tangle of land claims, part of which never have been and never will be settled.

Then came the British government with offers of protection to British subjects and savage tribes, the latter to have their property rights maintained. The native chiefs were made to see in this a benefit to themselves and their people.

The Maoris have met the fate of all aborigines whose land the white man enters. Today New Zealand is a British colony outright, and the Maoris, pushed aside by the progressive race, are fast fading away. They are at peace among themselves. The once-coveted gun hangs on the wall of their houses, a relic of days that are gone. The ovens once kept hot, to roast the spoils of war, are now unused. The stockades which long ago surrounded every village are decayed and rickety.

The villages look like groups of fairly good cow sheds, with sides and roofs of dried grasses. There are no streets, much less sewers or sanitary arrangements of any kind. In every settlement there is one, or possibly several sheds much larger than the others. These are the wharepuni, or communal sleeping-houses, a menace alike to health and virtue. In these filthy, unventilated places from fifty to a hundred men, women and children herd together at night, each bringing with him a mat to lie on.

The entrance of the wharepuni is often richly carved;

also the rafters, supports and panels of the interior. Wood carving is the one fine art of the Maoris, and it is further shown in their food bowls, musical instruments, gods and canoe heads. Before the days of the European, the Maori had no written language, and the carvings on door posts and panels are historical data. The figures are usually grotesque and not unlike those seen on totem poles of the Alaskans. There is also much carving in conventional design, symmetrical and perfectly true, yet it is done without pattern or measure of any kind, and with the rudest of tools.

## His Country a Paradise.

Mr. Rawei pictures Maori Land as a paradise. It is a country of wonderful palms, and ferns that grow like trees, of beautiful rivers and lakes and waterfalls, of geysers and springs. And with all its wealth of vegetation, there are no wild animals, no snakes, no poisonous insects.

Into this paradise, with its almost perfect climate, the Europeans brought diseases, before unknown. The Maori's primitive and unsanitary way of living makes him an easy prey, although the death rate among Europeans is very small. Whisky and tobacco have aided in the work of degeneration.

Among the other evil influences for the destruction of the race is that of the Tuhungas, or native priests and prophets. They excite the ignorant and superstitious with weird, unmeaning incantations, and foster distrust between European and Maori.

The native marriage feasts and burials are scenes of wild excesses. When a Maori dies, men and women from near-by villages gather to mourn. If the dead was a chief, the body must be kept for two, possibly three weeks, without regard to the nature of the disease. Danger of contagion is increased by the baneful custom of the wharepuni. The visitors leave their tired hosts, after a month of celebration, to regret the food that has been wasted and the presents they have loaded on their guests.

Yet, after all, the Maori is capable of a high form of civilization. The typical Maori face shows a broad, high forehead, fine eyes, and a strong, straight or slightly



MRS. HINE RAWEI.

aquiline nose. The chin is firm and shapely, and only in the thick lips is the weakness of the race betrayed. Some of the women are very beautiful; but there is a sadness in the drooping mouth and large, somber eyes that only a smile can drive away. The faces of the old warriors show a fine intelligence, pride and a certain nobility of character, which is not hidden by the heavy tattoo marks in intricate, scroll patterns. For women, the style in tattooing is to have only the chin marked.

Both men and women are of noble build. The native dress is a single garment fastened on one shoulder and under the other arm, reaching a little below the knee. Arms and legs are bare. The garment is usually of native flax, woven in fancy patterns, but stiff and ungraceful. For ceremonial a cloth is made from the feathers of the kiwi, a strange, wingless, tail-less bird. The cutting down of forests is changing the climate, and leads to a mixed style of dress, half native, half European.

In three things the Maoris claim to be advanced beyond many other nations. They have equal suffrage, local option and a system of age pension. Women, as well as men, have a voice in the choosing of their chiefs. Each village decides the saloon question for itself. Old men, who have married and worked to the interest of their tribe, are allowed a pension after a certain age.

Such are the people that Wherahiko Rawei would save.

P. P.

## MOTOR-DRIVEN SURGICAL SAW.

A saw is being introduced for surgical purposes which is driven by an electric motor. The motor runs at 2200 revolutions per minute, developing in the neighborhood of one-tenth horse power. It is held in the hand of an assistant by means of a leather strap, so that it can be made to follow the hand of the surgeon who is using the saw. Attached to the motor shaft is a flexible spiral coil, encased in a braided sheath. This enables the utmost freedom of movement on the part of the operator, who holds the saw in his right hand. This machine is being extensively used in several large hospitals. Its great value has been manifested in severe operations, where the shock attending the use of the slower-acting hand-saw is so likely to prove fatal to the patient. The action of the saw is clean, smooth and extremely rapid. In the difficult operation of craniotomy it has been found of special service, and has made a good record in both this and resection operations. The whole apparatus weighs about twelve pounds, and is thus easily carried by the assistant, who stands near the operator.

## A TOUR IN FRANCE.

## SUGGESTIONS FOR A JOURNEY THROUGH NORMANDY AND BRITTANY.

By a Special Contributor.

ALTHOUGH Normandy and Brittany are no longer sacred to the elect, to the painter, to the writer of books, the architect, the ardent marcher out of the untraveled and the unfrequented, these beautiful provinces are still names only to many Americans, and France means Paris, or Paris and the Riviera.

In all Europe it would be difficult to find a place that more nearly meets the requirements for a summer outing, at once inexpensive, interesting and profitable, than just this corner of France, so accessible to Americans by means of the various steamship lines that touch at its ports.

Furthermore, the rare beauty of the country, the historical interest of the towns, the short distances, and the small amount of nerve force and wear and tear of precious cellular tissue involved, should make this little tour especially attractive to the overworked, to the invalid or semi-invalid who is unequal to the task of charging over Europe from one capital to another between May and October.

Circular tickets at a great reduction are issued by the French railways for tours through Normandy and Brittany that start from Paris and end there; or, the tour may begin immediately upon landing at one of the ports in Northern France.

Harve is one of the most convenient places from which to start, being the port farthest east in Normandy, and no retracing of ground traveled being necessary. Let us, then, start from Harve. As soon after landing as you can succeed in separating your luggage from the mass booked to Paris, you will confide yourself to a cabby, who may look as if he were too intoxicated to keep on the box, but who could be trusted to drive along a precipice, and who will deposit you safely at the dock of the little steamer for Trouville—a noisy, busy place, but you are soon out of it. In three-quarters of an hour you will have crossed the bay, and in another three-quarters or less, by rail from Trouville, you will find yourself climbing into the long omnibus of the Hotel Guillaume le Conquerant at Dives.

The inn, which was a posthouse in the days of the conqueror, is said to have been little changed externally. It

old church, sketchable, too, are the women, of a fine, strong type, and quite accustomed to be viewed with a critic's eye. A coach running from Villerville to Honfleur affords opportunity to see the country everywhere under perfect cultivation, like a vast garden. At Honfleur is an inn admirably placed on a high cliff overhanging the sea and sweetly rural, which bears the quaint name of Le Ferme du St. Simeon. Here, while resting under the shade of a great tree, looking channelward toward England, you may refresh yourself with your Shakespeare or your *Histoire d'Angleterre*, providing you have brought the book with you.

## From Dives to Caen.

The journey from Dives to Caen—for Houlgate, Villerville and Honfleur are only fittings—can be most pleasantly made in two hours or less by steam tram, in open cart, which will also take your luggage, through a beautiful country, and a part of the way along a little Hollandish dyke.

Caen is worthy as much time as the traveler can afford, being one of the most interesting towns in Normandy. Its history is intimately connected with the glory of William the Conqueror, under whom were built the two great abbeys, the noblest examples of Norman architecture now remaining. The streets of Caen are narrow, dirty, crooked and picturesque. The houses, many of them distinctly Norman, and the costumes of the Caenais are interesting studies in medievalism and the association of ideas. If the caps of some of the women were not suggested by the flying buttress, it may be flying buttress was evolved from the cap.

From Caen a day's excursion may be made to Falaise, where stands the castle, partially restored, which King William was born, and about which clings much of the aroma of the romance of history. The Norman roofs and timbered-houses, as well as the equestrian statue of King William, said to be the finest equestrian statue in France, are interesting and good material for the camera or sketch book.

Leaving Caen in the morning two or three hours between trains give an opportunity to see the famous tapestry at Bayeux, and a glance at the cathedral. St. Lo and Coutances may be passed by. One would not wish to seem insistent, but at Avranches the journey between Caen and Mont St. Michel should, if possible, be broken. Too many travelers pass Avranches, albeit Baedeker does star the view from what Hare calls the most beautiful, small public garden in France, and the delicious "Guide Conty," discreetly counsels such travelers as have two or three days at their disposal to repose themselves in the inns, so exceptionally reasonable, and to enjoy the air, so pure and life-giving. To the browser about in antiquity shops it may be of interest to add that there are shops in Avranches that might tempt a lover of old furniture to cable, if necessary, for a remittance.

Even a star in Baedeker fails to suggest the possibilities of the beauty of the view from the garden at Avranches.

## The Monastic Stronghold, Mont St. Michel.

"Come and worship," seems a command from Mont St. Michel, rising out of the sea, like a great carved idol in the distance. One's courage fails in approaching the subject of Mont St. Michel. To attempt to add a word to what has already been said about that monastic stronghold is far from my intention. I can but advise the reader to trail meekly after Mrs. Dodd up the steep steps of the Poulard Inn—the third of the series—and to follow out her suggestions after he gets there. Be it said in passing that by the time he arrives at the top of the first flight of steps he will discover that he has knees, and by the time he has reached the top of the second flight he will be convinced that he has a heart.

Mme. Poulard, the inn's hostess, is still a very handsome woman. To those who are in the great kitchen on time madame still appears in her graceful act of turning golden omelettes from the long-handled frying-pan, but she somehow conveys the impression of appearing before the public for a limited engagement only.

Dinan, on the Rance, a short journey by rail, is of sufficient importance to merit a visit. The chateau of the fourteenth century; ramparts of the thirteenth; promenades, known as the Grands and the Petits Fosses; a church of the fifteenth century, curiously interesting from the fact that one side of it is Romanesque while the other side is Gothic, are all of them well worth the effort to see. Timbered houses abound, their high, peaked roofs forming a jagged, fantastic skyline. The steep, narrow, tortuous Rue Jarzural is unlike any other street in the world, and should by all means be visited.

The trip down the river Rance from Dinan to Dinard and St. Malo is one of the pleasant things to do, preferably in the afternoon, because of the sunset effects. The beautiful little walled town of St. Malo, with its matchless views of sea and islands—on one of the islands Chateaubriand is buried—can be seen in a half day. Unfortunately, the inns at St. Malo are not well spoken of, so that it is better to stop at Dinard, on the opposite side of the river, or at Paramé, near by, which has lately become very fashionable.

St. Brienne, to the west, is interesting through having been the scene of the conflicts between the Chouans—Royalists—and the Blues—Republicans. At Guingamp, still further west, is the church of Notre Dame de Bon Secours, where the most important religious ceremony in Brittany takes place on the last Saturday in June. Morlaix is interesting in more ways than it would be possible to tell in a "suggestion"—chiefly for its picturesque situation; for its church of the sixteenth century; for its ancient houses, beautifully browned and ripened; for the various excursions in the vicinity.

## Quimper, in the Guenn Country.

From Morlaix we journey southward to Quimper, and the "Guenn" country. It may be charged against the author of that charming story, that the author did but scanty justice to Quimper. Most travelers will, I am sure, agree with me that Quimper is a delight, a pure delight, a place to captivate the eye and warm the heart. You can hardly become too weary from much going to and fro not to enjoy the view from your window at the Hotel du Parc. Along

the opposite side of the street runs the swift little river that cuts the town in half, and which is crossed by small Hollandish bridges. Beyond, stretches the esplanade, with its great trees, and beyond that the high tableland that shuts off the perspective like a green curtain. It is like a cool bath to your body to plunge them into that green mass. The town is most interesting, and the inhabitants objects of wonder to the painter, animated figurings to the traveler: short, heavily-braided jackets and baggy breeches, reaching to the ankle; on their heads broad-brimmed hats held on by an elastic under the chin. The women are immensely full skirts, tight black bodices, and in snowy collars and caps of elaborate design, which are the objects of their anxious care.

An hour by rail from Quimper is Pont d'Abé, a quaint and curious and very ancient town, where the costumes are peculiar to the place, although it begins to appear that this can be said of most towns in Brittany. Pont d'Abé is a town where time has not stood still almost from the Middle Ages, and perhaps, than any other place conveys the impression of medievalism.

Concarneau, the smallest walled city in France, is quaintly described by Blanche Willis Howard, in that no appeal of mine to the reader's interest is necessary. Life flows calmly on there, and any day the men or their daughters may be seen grouped about the great cross by the sea, shading their eyes with hands as they gaze seaward, looking for lover or brother or father, and you say to yourself, "X—'s picture at the last salon or at the Spring emy."

The women of Concarneau have not only an oval face, they have a color that tempts the wielders of the knife and the stub to desert their craft and take to the sea and the little tubs.

From Concarneau to Pont Aven by carriage is a long drive of an hour and a half. One wonders what the town was like before the painter in velveteens and a la mode the large-busted, small-waisted French woman in her lace and with a deal of lace in her parasol, descended it. Although the shriek of the locomotive has driven the song birds away, and although the people to their traditions, looking upon the intruder as something to be endured, but by no means to be imitated, the atmosphere must be changed by the endless procession of visiting tourists, for Pont Aven is one of the most interesting places, as well as by the artists who go there in summer. Another Picturesque Inn.

Had Mrs. Dodd increased the number of her inn and extended her tour into Brittany, the inn at Pont Aven would certainly have been added to her list.



CASTLE AT VITRE.

fortunate fourth. Like Mme. Poulard, Mlle. Julia is a woman with a genius for innkeeping, for making comfortable the weary and travel-worn—her image lingers in memory like a sort of apotheosis of hospitality, for she has not lived in an artistic atmosphere in her dining-room.

Quimperé, a beautiful, little nearby hill town, attractive enough to catch the traveler for a day or two. It is no stranger to the white umbrella, but the towns in the vicinity seems not to have been overdone. The inn at Quimperé is comfortable and the drives to the great forest may be extended as far as the eye can see. The castle, although the ruins of that famous castle have been scattered pretty impartially throughout the land, the traveler if interested in archeology should by all means visit Carnac and Plaugharnel before turning his face toward Paris, or in going back to Havre. The return journey to Paris is not to be broken at Rennes, famous as the scene of the Dreyfus trial; a bright, clean, prosperous town, fine shops and good hotels. One other stop should be made, namely, at Vitre, because of its fine castle, in process of restoration after the fire of 1870. Monsieur Violet-le-Duc. "I am tempted to tell the adventure that befell me on my return between Paris and Vitre" begins one of Stanley Weyman's fine stories.

From Vitre an excursion not to be missed is to the chateau of Les Rochers, for many years the home of Seignac, where many of her famous letters were written.

The return to Havre, or the trip to Paris, is a long tail, you may take it in sips or at a mouthful. Then also, the trip may be extended into Touraine by way of Tours, but this is another detail—or a branching off another "suggestion."

Aside from Mrs. Dodd's "In and Out of Three French Inns," Larned's "Castles and Churches of Medieval France" and Hare's "Northwestern France," will be found other practical Baedekers.

One final suggestion might be in keeping with this if not the letter, and that is an excursion to the Isles from St. Malo, and this, again, opens up a number of interesting books for consultation—and so on ad finitum.

These suggestions leave the reader free to make a tour as seems to him best.

CAROLINE B. DODD.

## THE ISLAND OF SULU.

### WHERE WIVES ARE BOUGHT BY WEIGHT AND COPPER IS ABUNDANT.

By a Special Contributor.

THE present insurrection has so concentrated the attention of the American public on the island of Luzon, that the many other islands, with their unknown resources, which constitute the Philippine Archipelago, have been overlooked. Islands that are known to be inhabited by savages and savage people; whose mountains and streams are reported to be fabulously rich in gold and other precious metals; whose forests are of the beautiful narra, mahogany and ebony, stretch far away to the south of Luzon, in a nearly unbroken chain, to within a few degrees of the equator. These unknown treasure islands offer most alluring inducements, to adventurous spirits, to solve their mysteries, to despoil them of their treasures.

There is an erroneous impression which is very general that the name Filipino embraces all the natives who inhabit the Philippine Islands. This name is only applied to the Tagals, the most powerful of the island tribes. They and the Viscayans, who inhabit the islands of Panay, Cebu and Negros, are the only educated and Christian natives in the entire Philippine Archipelago, and these two tribes are responsible for the present insurrection and have maintained it unaided to the present time.

The idea that the Tagal, or Filipino, is an ignorant savage, does great injustice to a people who are not only skilled in all trades, but many of whom follow the higher professions. They also make exceptionally good sailors, and those who follow the sea are known through the Orient as "Manila men," a name that is a synonym for good seamanship. The ignorant and illiterate classes are found as laborers on the plantations and in a miserable existence as river fishermen.

The Filipino has always lived with the Spaniards in the cities and on the plantations. Many have intermarried with Spaniards, and their offspring are known as Mestizos. These half castes comprise the wealthier class and are the leaders in the present insurrection. In the mountains of Luzon you find the Igorotes living in the same primitive state as when Magellan discovered the islands, centuries ago.

is the Southern Archipelago.

You also find the Negritos, a race of dwarfs, who have the black skin, woolly hair and facial characteristics of the African negro. But in the Southern, or Sulu Archipelago, you find a race of people who numerically are stronger than the Tagals, and who are essentially different in dress, language, customs and religion from any of the inhabitants of the northern islands. They are the bravest and most picturesque of all, and their island homes are either in tradition and fact than those that lie to the north. These are the Morros, whom the Spaniards found to be unconquerable, and whose Sultan and dattos have, as a consequence, always been royally subsidized. The American government has shown much wisdom in continuing this system, thus retaining the friendship of these strange people.

The name Morro, is a corruption of Moer, and was given them by the Spanish soldiery, who, after the expulsion of the Moors from Spain, were sent to conquer these fearless islanders. Their reckless bravery so impressed the Spaniards that they christened them the little Moors. Their religion is Mohammedan. Their official language is Arabic, though various Malay dialects are used as the means of communication between the lower classes. Their origin has been the subject of much discussion, but has never been definitely settled to the satisfaction of the many authorities, all of whom advance different theories to account for the presence of these strange people on their island homes.

Though small of stature, their erect carriage, fearless and quick, cat-like movements, impress one with the idea that they would make formidable adversaries, which impression is strengthened by the presence of the Morros looking kris, which every Morro, from early childhood, invariably carries with him.

Plenty of Copper That is Not Sought After.

As the dress is attractive and decidedly picturesque. The trousers of the men, which are worn skin tight, are made of the most gaudy cotton goods, usually of solid color, red and yellow seem to have a particular fascination, and both colors are popular.

Very often the Morro beau, puzzled as to which of his brilliant colors will show the shapeliness of his body to the best advantage, solves this momentous question by having his trousers made half and half. As he catches you his legs resemble shafts of yellow sunlight. In passing, you get a glimpse of his reverse side, that shines all the glory of a tropical sunset.

Around their waists are wrapped yards of vari-colored cloth, which supports their kris and serves as a receptacle for their betel-nut boxes. A short jacket, usually lined with green, the Mohammedan color, and a plain, well-fitting shirt completes their upper raiment. Their hats are made of straw, and resemble a Chinese pagoda. They are never worn, even by their Sultan. The turban is an evidence of office and is only worn by the Sultan and his dattos (chiefs).

The kris is their national weapon. The blades of some are wavy, others straight and two-edged, resembling somewhat the Roman sword. Many are inlaid with gold and silver, but ornamentation is never allowed to interfere with the effectiveness of the weapon. They never thrust; their style of fighting is cut and slash. The one difficulty I saw adjusted by this effective weapon resulted in the defeated one being buried minus an arm and his nose. The surgeon who attended the victor informed me that it was necessary to use over two hundred stitches to repair the partly dismembered body.

The Morros have a natural antipathy to walking or work-

ing. Every one owns at least one pony, and their women do all the manual labor. Their saddles are unique affairs. The frame, which is made of wood and padded with cloth, is shaped like the letter "u," and is made to fit the owner so that he is practically in a vise and cannot be unseated. The stirrups are simply a rope with a loop just large enough for the insertion of the great toe.

#### Women Bought and Sold by Weight.

They trade and sell their women the same as cattle, viz., strictly by weight. Beauty or wifely virtues count as naught in these transactions. If you wish to purchase a wife you will soon find that one whose weight is 150 pounds brings exactly one-half more than one who weighs 100 pounds. The average market price ranges from 40 to 75 Mexican dollars, although particularly thin ones can be obtained occasionally for 25. All inter-tribal controversies are settled by the kris, and many are the bloody battles that have been fought to settle the petty jealousies of the different dattos.

These are the people that the fortune-hunters, who are now flocking to Manila, will come in contact with. It is on their islands that the priceless treasures of the Philippines have lain undeveloped throughout the centuries of Spanish occupation. The Spaniard wronged them from the beginning and, as a consequence, their authority was confined to the seacoast cities, and they were compelled to subsidize the mountain chiefs, in order to live in peace even under the guns of their ships.

The Morro is friendly to all who treat him justly, but when wronged, he is a dangerous and unforgiving enemy. Great fortunes will no doubt be made in these islands, but only at the cost of many lives. It has ever been the custom of gold-seekers to violate all rights of the aborigines. They will find in the Morros a people who will resent the slightest injury by recourse to the sword, and who have not the slightest conception of fear.

When conditions are more settled and the Morro appreciates the difference between American and Spanish occupation, mining and timber concessions can be easily obtained from their dattos and Sultan. The American government has already recognized the legality of such grants on several of the islands.

It is from those who attempt to ignore the authority of these island chiefs that trouble will come, which will result in much bloodshed, and delay the development of the islands indefinitely.

I first became acquainted with the Morros on the little island of Sulu, and the insight into their character that I gained there was of inestimable value to me in my visits to the other islands inhabited by them. It is on this little island that the Sultan of the Morros lives. In name he is the supreme ruler of the entire Sulu Archipelago, but his authority is recognized only on a few of the smaller islands.

#### A Trip Into the Interior of Sulu.

I was told that it was dangerous to venture into the interior, but not placing much credence in the stories of Morro treachery and cruelty, that emanated from Spanish sources, I decided to find what the island contained. The reports of rich copper deposits in the hills were, however, my principal motive.

Leaving the city of Jolo, with a Morro boy as my guide, I started for the mountains, prospecting all of the many little streams we crossed. Within two miles of the city I found traces of alluvial tin and copper, and within ten miles had found a stream, the bed of which was nearly solid copper. With the half of a coconut shell I washed out several pounds of native copper within an hour.

My presence had attracted quite a number of natives, who watched my labors with evident amusement. When they realized what I was doing, one of them, motioning to me to follow him, led the way around the mountain to a stream on the bank of which was a crude forge. Pointing to the stream he said: "Tumbonga" (copper), and to prove his assertion, took his kris and dug up several nuggets that averaged about an ounce each.

#### Plenty of Copper That is Not Sought After.

I found that whenever the natives wished to make some metal implement, they came here, washed out their copper, melted it and hammered it into whatever shape they desired. They wash it out only when they happen to have some immediate use for it, and never have made any attempt at mining it. This copper, owing to its light color, was called by the Spaniards, "Morro gold." I sent some specimens to Singapore for assay, and later received a report that they carried nearly 10 per cent. of gold.

The capitalists to whom I sold my location maps, I have since learned, have obtained a concession from the Sultan to work the claims.

During the many weeks I spent among these people, prospecting, I was not only treated with uniform kindness, but was given every assistance in their power, to aid me in discovering new deposits. They are naturally suspicious of strangers, but when you once gain their confidence, they are very friendly and hospitable. This can only be achieved by being absolutely honest with them, and respecting their laws.

If you are searching for gold tell them so, and they will aid you. When you find it ask permission from the nearest datto to mine it, and for a small royalty such permission will be granted.

The island of Mindanao, the largest of this archipelago, is the richest island in the Philippines. I have bought gold from the natives at \$5 an ounce, and have seen thousands of dollars in nuggets that were found within twenty miles of the seacoast.

As these new possessions are explored and their resources ascertained, their richness will astound the world. The waters surrounding these islands contain the richest pearl beds in the world. Fortune has been realized from them, and they still contain priceless treasures. These southern islands are today practically unknown; the Spaniards, who have occupied them for centuries, have never ventured inland, but have been content to occupy a narrow strip of territory on the coast. The Morro is ready to accept the American as a friend, provided he comes as a friend and not a despoiler. They place but little intrinsic value on their mines and timber, and if the pioneer white men who go to those islands, recognize this and pay for their privileges, they will find a friendly people. If they do not, they will be compelled to fight for every inch of ground they gain.

H. LEE CLOTHWORTHY.

## CALIFORNIA'S GROWTH.

COMING CENSUS WILL ADVANCE THE STATE'S RELATIVE RANK.

By a Special Contributor.

THE growth of population of California is not of the mushroom nature, but is steady and lasting. California at present ranks twenty-second in population among the States, while among the cities San Francisco ranks eighth. Out of fifteen States that gained in relative rank by the census of 1890, only seven show greater gain than California since 1860. The twelfth census, which will be taken in June, will undoubtedly cause a readjustment, and result in a higher rank for her. In 1890 her population was 1,208,130; January 1, 1899, it was estimated at 1,408,130, a gain in nine years of 200,000, or more than 14 per cent. It is estimated that her population when the 1900 census reports are completed will exceed 1,500,000. A comparison of the growth of the fifteen States that made gains in rank in 1890 shows:

STATE.	Rank in 1860.	Population.	Rank in 1890.	Population.
California	36	379,994	23	1,208,130
Texas	33	604,213	7	2,235,533
Kansas	33	107,206	19	1,427,096
Minnesota	30	172,023	20	1,301,826
Iowa	20	674,913	10	1,911,890
Nebraska	39	28,844	26	1,058,910
Michigan	16	749,113	9	2,023,889
Colorado	38	34,277	31	412,198
Washington	40	11,594	34	349,390
New Jersey	21	672,035	18	1,444,933
Illinois	4	711,951	3	3,826,351
Wisconsin	15	775,881	14	1,686,880
Missouri	8	1,182,012	5	3,679,184
Arkansas	35	435,450	24	1,218,179
Massachusetts	7	1,231,066	6	2,238,943

In the thirty years covered by the tabulated comparison the population of the United States increased 31,178,929, from 31,443,321 to 62,622,250. This great increase of population was, however, so evenly distributed throughout the country that while all the States made large gains, only the fifteen enumerated bettered their rank appreciably with respect to other States. The country in June, 1890, as shown by the general enumeration for all the States and organized Territories, contained 62,622,250 people. Including 325,454 Indians and other persons in the Indian Territory and on Indian reservations, and 30,053 persons in Alaska, specially enumerated under the law, the entire population of the country was 62,079,766. In 1890 the population, exclusive of the Indian Territory, Indian reservations and Alaska, was 50,155,783. The absolute increase of the population in the ten years intervening was 12,466,467, and the percentage was 24.85. In 1890 the population was stated as 38,558,373. According to these figures the absolute increase in the decade between 1890 and 1890 was 11,597,412, and the percentage of increase was 30.08. The population on January 1, 1899, was estimated at 77,803,331. This year's census, it is thought, will show a population of about 80,000,000. The increase in ten years since 1890, taking 80,000,000 as a basis, is therefore 17,377,750, or nearly 22 per cent.

Conceding that California at present has a population of 1,500,000, her increase in ten years is 29,870, or more than 24 per cent. The population of the State, together with the increase and relative rank since 1860, is as follows:

YEAR	Rank	Population	Increase
1860	26	379,994	287,000
1870	24	560,247	180,253
1880	24	864,694	304,447
1890	23	1,208,130	343,455

This year's census, the taking of which will begin June 1, promises to be the most thorough one ever undertaken by the government. The returns of enumerators on population will be the most comprehensive ever made, for they (the enumerators) will not be so cumbered as heretofore. This year the enumerators will be restricted to inquiries relating to population, to mortality, and to the products of agriculture and of manufacturing and mechanical establishments, whereas in former years a large variety of subjects were inquired into. In San Francisco, it is probable enumerators will only be required to obtain population statistics, while special agents will look out for the other subjects. The work of enumeration will be much simpler than ever before, and consequently California and other States may expect surprising results. One certain result will be that a large and substantial increase in the population and wealth of California will be reported.

It will be several years, if the slowness of compiling returns, which has been a notable feature of past censuses, obtains this year, before definite results will be made public. California, however, has no fear of the outcome of the work, for all past predictions as to the State's growth are being fulfilled.

G. D. MORRIS.

#### PORTABLE SEARCHLIGHT.

A handy searchlight is now made which can be moved about by one man, while showing all the essential features of the large projectors. The arc is in the focus of a Manganin mirror, having a diameter of seven inches. The lamp can easily be brought in or out of focus, so that the beam of light may be diffused or concentrated, as may be desired. The total weight, if the searchlight is made of aluminum, is fifteen pounds; in brass, it is twenty pounds. An effective beam is developed at a distance of half a mile. The light will be a valuable adjunct to a fire department or for lighting the river front in docks during loading or discharging cargo, etc., in mining work, military field service, life-saving stations, etc.

## THE PARENT TREE.

HOW THE NAVEL ORANGE CAME TO  
BE PROPAGATED.

From a Special Correspondent.

WASHINGTON (D. C.) March 26.—A visit to any of the departments of the government is at all times instructive, and in many ways interesting, from a reminiscent as well as a historical point of view. Next to being present upon the ground at the time when history is being made, a subsequent examination of places and conditions at the theater of events gives one a more lasting as well as a clearer impression of the development, growth and progress of the different departments of our government.

This is especially true of the Agricultural Department, which, in comparison with the War and Navy departments, attracts very little attention in times of excitement, when foreign complications make it necessary to be always prepared for any emergency. In this department the old saying that "small beginnings often make great endings" is forcibly exemplified in many ways.

It is here that so many of our rare fruits and flowers were first propagated in this country, and from here sent broadcast throughout the land, adding greatly to our prosperity and pleasure.

It was here that I met William Saunders, the Scotchman, who imported our navel orange tree from South America. Mr. Saunders has been connected with the Agricul-

A FEW PALMS  
FOR PALM SUNDAY.

By a Special Contributor.

PALM Sunday is the sixth Sunday in Lent, and the first in Holy Week. Although to the fashionable world Lent is merely a time for cessation from gayeties, there are millions to whom it has a deeper significance. On Ash Wednesday they have received the mark of the cross upon their foreheads, with ashes of burned palm. Today at Catholic churches are given out bits of leaves "from the Holy Land," blessed by the priests. These are taken to the homes as something sacred, and are perhaps a mute appeal for holier living. Palm Sunday has been observed since the fourth century in eastern churches, and since the fifth century in those of the West.

The early Christians copied the Egyptians in using the palm as an emblem of victory. Hundreds of martyrs of forgotten names lie in their forgotten graves with palms upon their breasts, indicating the spirit's victory. The apocalyptic vision was of "a great multitude that no man could number, of all nations and tongues and peoples, bearing palms in their hands." Old sayings oft repeated were, "Let him who has won bear the palm," and "Not without labor can the palm be won." And we say that happy days are "palm."

The palm is mentioned by the oldest historians. Indian corn came in with young America, and the potato is a modern article, but the palm was in business in the time of Herodotus, "producing oil, wine and honey." Ancient

wood. The logs, tough, spongy and fibrous, against the enemy's cannon. The two hundred British ships poured shot and shell "in one blaze and roar" upon the fort. The logs received missiles without splintering or dislodgment, while the colonists within returned hot shot to the enemy. In memory of this complete victory, South Carolina transplanted the palmetto upon her official seal.

As its name indicates, the Sabal Mexicana is Mexico. The Washingtonia was found by Jesuit priests in the early days, and was used to decorate the around the adobe missions. There some of stand, fifty commemorating the reign of Spain in the Pacific. Washingtonia is now grown abundantly in gardens and parks in our semi-tropical climate, and successful potted plants in conservatories. It also transplanted to many gardens of Southern Europe.

The other arborecent or tree palms in the United States are all of tropical species.

Although the palm is a tropical plant, it is as far as 42 deg. N. lat. and S. to 38 deg. There are thousand species, fifty genera and five well-marked.

From the many useful varieties we may safely assign

greatest value to mankind the date, Palmyra, sago, nut and rattan palms.

## The Date Palm's Sacred Office.

The leaf of the date palm was the one carried in triumphal entry to Jerusalem, and the one borne on Palm-Sunday. At Bordighera, near Mentone, Mediterranean, the contract to supply St. Peter's other churches in Rome with palm leaves is a strong incentive for men to grow the date in a locality where it is barely hardy.

In a wild state the date forms an almost impenetrable jungle. When cultivated, as it is in Egypt, Arabia and neighboring countries, it becomes a noble tree. In Egypt it is an important article of revenue, since government taxes each tree. In 1880, figures showed 2,000,000 of them registered for taxation. The date fruit from 8 years of age to a full 70, bearing from 400 pounds of fruit annually. From the leaves are manufactured baskets, brushes, mats, coverings for roofs of houses, and utensils without number. Cordage from the leaf fiber, a starch is made from the trunk furnishes timber for buildings.

The Palmyra is the principal one of two species in the genus borassus. It is found in tropical Asia, the other species is in the central part of Africa. But in tropical Africa, referring to the abundance of the says: "And the borassus everywhere." And St. Paul, in "Darkest Africa," uses almost the same expression. Palmyra derived its name from the ancient city of Palmyra, meaning City of Palms; so it is always spoken of as the capital. It is the chief support of the people. It is not only "wine, sugar and flour" but serves as flour, coal and cotton. A kind of flour is made from its kernels; its fiber is burned; and clothes and paper are made from its fiber. The fruit grows in clusters of fifteen or twenty, the size of an ostrich egg, while some are "as large as a man's head." Since from the Palmyra's fruit a wine is made, it is quite possible that one of the clusters was buried into camp by the two Israelites as "grape-chol." The wood is especially valuable in Ceylon, as it is too tough chewing for the white ant.

## The Uses of the Sago Palm.

The sago differs from those mentioned, in that it is plucked its life work after death. The tree is cut soon as it shows signs of blossoming. The tree is cut into convenient lengths, which are split in half. Pith is scooped out, making a hollow trough in which the pith is pounded and water-soaked into the sago flour. Every part of the tree is utilized. Even the leaves bring forth mushrooms, and are the home of the "edible" white ant. There is a historical sago palm in the United States. It is at Tudor Place, Georgetown, a large offshoot of a palm that was part of Boston's famous "Elm." It stands in the Tudor Conservatory in winter, and in the lawn in summer. It belongs to Martha Washington's grand-daughter, and was 11 years old when Lafayette visited Tudor Place. It surely deserves to be the Daughter of the Revolution.

The rattan is a climbing palm. We have a species of it in the United States. It is a palm that is almost everything, from bedding to sieves and nets, and the "wash-lady" burns them for potash.

The cocoanut palm is found on the islands between the Indian and Central Pacific oceans; also in America. It is conspicuous as a Samoan product. Stevenson sang its praises. There is a saying among the natives that "the attributes of the cocoanut are like those of a book." The tree is crowned by numerous feathers, ranging from twelve to twenty feet in length. The leaf is so large and tough that the natives use it as a paddle, or spear or arrow. The leaves are almost everything, from bedding to sieves and nets, and the "wash-lady" burns them for potash.

The nut is a valuable food, and cocoanut oil is known to commerce. Ten choice nuts will produce a pound of oil. The best oil is used for cooking, or for lamp oil; the inferior sorts are used for illumination.

The oil is used for soap—soaps for the stands for cleanliness, as the date for gilding.

Next to "what we shall eat" and "what we shall come" comes "wherewithal shall we be clothed"—always the native of the Orient. Clothes are the best of troubles. Dressmakers' bills, with items of crinoline and silk lining, never lightens his back. But something to shield him from the burning sun, he must have. Parare—to keep off, solare—to shield from the sun—that is the palm's most gracious mission. In the fierce sun in the face, lifting her hands (palms) to the sheltering earth, she stands knee deep in the sand.

One of the most noted shade palms is the talipot, which has leaves from thirty to fifty feet long. A traveler wrote: "Twenty men were sheltered under one leaf."

To literally sun-burned lands, where "shade and streams" were heaven, "everlasting fire" was an Icelander perhaps a more terrible place of torment than the fireless, shelterless and eternal cold.

MARTHA MARTIN



MR. SAUNDERS AND THE ORIGINAL NAVEL ORANGE TREE.

cultural Department for over forty years, as Superintendent of the Gardens and Grounds, and Horticulturist, in Washington.

In 1868 the then Secretary of Agriculture, Hon. Horace Capron, received a letter from a lady living at Bahia, a little place near the Atlantic Coast in South America, in which she mentioned, among other things of interest, a variety of orange tree that produced a seedless orange of fine flavor, which grew in that place. Mr. Saunders thinks the lady was the wife of the English Consul, but is not sure.

Shortly after this she sent him two of these trees, at his request, and he planted them in the botanical hothouse here in Washington; one of which is still alive and flourishing. From this one tree come all of the product of what is known as the Washington navel orange trees, which are so well and favorably known in California.

While in Washington, in 1871, Mrs. Tibbits of Riverside, Cal., requested Mr. Saunders to send her something novel in the fruit family, and he thereupon mailed her two budded trees, which she planted at her home at Riverside. Since that time hundreds of these trees, all budded from the original here in Washington, have been sent to different parts of California and Florida, but these two were the first trees propagated and shipped from their lone South American mother. This lone tree from Bahia has produced the finest variety of orange known in the world, and is destined to supersede all other varieties now produced. While many of these trees were shipped to Florida, it has been found that the climatic conditions are not favorable, as the trees do not fruit satisfactorily.

Although Mr. Saunders is a man nearly 78 years of age, he is still hale and hearty, and looks the picture of health as he stands in his greenhouse, with one hand resting on the tree which he imported with so much difficulty, and the product of which has had so much influence on the development and prosperity of Southern California.

F. A. W.

Egypt used it as the emblem of life after death. The Hebrews, on their long, weary journey from Egypt to Palestine, never forgot the rest and refreshment of the camp at Elim, where there were "three score and ten palm trees and twelve wells of water"—food, drink and shelter from the heat. A noted single palm, corresponding to the "lone tree" of every prairie State, was the "Palm of Deborah," where all Israel presented its wrongs to the prophetess and judge. The earliest grants of land in Ceylon were written on palm trees; but a royal edict, 1200 A.D., inscribed on a rock, directs that all future grants shall be engraved on copper, for safety from the all-destroying white ant.

Before the invention of printing, monks were the bookmakers and bookbinders. In Buddhist monasteries paper was made from palm leaves. Books were written with a steel-pointed stylus, on leaves from the talipot, Palmyra and cocoanut palms. The book leaves were pierced with two holes and cords run through—a fashion we copy in calendars and other ephemeral books.

Three North American Palms.

The flora of North America claims but three palms, the Sabal palmetto, Sabal Mexicana and Washingtonia. The largest is the tall palmetto, sometimes called the cabbage palmetto, because its terminal bud resembles a cabbage and is cooked for food. When the bud is removed, the tree dies, yet the southern negroes are so fond of the "cabbages" that they burn down the trees to get them.

The palmetto grows near salt water, from North Carolina to Florida. Its wood is much used in the construction of wharves, as it withstands the attack of the teredo. During the war of the revolution—June, 1776—the palmetto took part in a memorable fight. Fort Moultrie, on Sullivan's Island, was the principal point of defense in Charleston Harbor. It was, in fact, the strategic point of the whole southern coast, protecting it from the landing of an army and the co-operation of the British men-of-war. This fort had walls sixteen feet thick, built of palmetto

## THE ORATORIO.

### SOMETHING ABOUT ITS ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT.

By a Staff Writer.

THE oratorio, that noblest conception of music, was doubtless evolved from the mystery, or miracle plays, of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. As the drama, to the Greek presentation and beyond, so the oratorio in its development has been so closely interwoven with the character of its progenitor, that there seems to be no clearly-defined breaking away, indicative of a marked period of birth.

The mysteries, or miracle plays, were representations, by characters and narrators, of historical incidents and parables of Holy Writ, of allegorical subjects illustrating some moral or spiritual truth, or of the lives of the saints. The first presentations of the miracle plays are hidden in obscurity, yet we know that such performances were given in France as early as the twelfth century, while William Frits Stevens mentions a monk of Canterbury, who lived during the reign of King Henry the Second, and died in 1191, who wrote many miracle plays. The mystery performances became very common throughout England, Germany, France, Italy and elsewhere during the fourteenth century. The choirs of St. Paul's regularly gave such performances at that time, in London, under ecclesiastical superintendence. While the miracle plays of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries did more to familiarize the multitude with scriptural history and gospel precepts than could have been possible by simple narration, and were in favor with the clergy and even upheld by Luther, they later became tainted with irreverence, vulgarity and even indecency, finally culminating in their abolishment by the state in some countries, and their falling into disrepute in others. A notable exception has been handed down through the ages in the "Passion of Our Lord," as presented by the ministry at the Oberammergau performances every decade. These are given in the genuinely devout spirit of the early miracle plays, and have not suffered the death of their degenerate type of centuries ago, because of the sincere, pious devotion of the Ammergau people, who secured special government permission to continue their representations in their village home in Upper Bavaria.

It would be a difficult matter to say to what extent music entered into the composition of the early miracle play. We know that cathedral and church choirs gave performances of the mysteries, and that the "Passion of Our Lord" was a popular subject for musical setting. S. Filippo Neri—1535—not the Venetian organist, Philippe Neri of a century later, engaged poets to put scriptural history into verse, which he would have set to music. These compositions were performed with religious drama, delivered between the different parts of the works. They took place in the oratory (chapel) of the Church of St. Maria di Vallicella, and the productions themselves became known as "oratorios" because of their association with the place of presentation. The term finally became accepted throughout Europe as the distinguishing title of the sacred musical compositions of this character.

Curiously enough the first examples of true oratorio and true opera, in the modern acceptation of the term, were presented in the same year, 1600, and in the same country, Italy, when "Rappresentazione," a sacred music drama by Peri, was given in Florence, and "Euridice," an opera by Cavalieri, was performed in Rome. The former, which was given in church, called for a stage, scenes, action, costume and even dancing. The music was assigned to solo, chorus and orchestra, the latter hidden from the view of the audience. It may be of interest to mention that the most noted production of an oratorio, "Les Noces," by Caesar Franck, lately given in Europe, and also just produced in America, in some respects is similar to this early work of Peri. It calls for a stage within the church, a hidden orchestra, and other features analogous to its ancient prototype.

The first oratorios of real, intrinsic worth, were those of Corelli, who, indeed, is called the "father of oratorios." He wrote many beautiful sacred works, which were much admired by Handel. He was the teacher of Scarlatti, who in his turn improved the form of the oratorio, and gave the aria a definite artistic structure. Scarlatti, a young Italian, produced a single oratorio, in 1676, and stamped him a genius who likely would have had marked influence on the development of music had he not died when hardly more than a youth.

The year 1704 saw the production, in Germany, of two works on the subject of the "Passion of Our Lord," one by Händel Menantes, and the other by Händel, that established the oratorio as one of the grandest of art forms, and proved influential in elevating the tone of German music.

Händel's oratorios stand peculiarly alone in their sublimity, dwarfing to comparative insignificance those of his successors and standing exalted during the 150 years or more that have elapsed since his last works were presented to the world. His first oratorio was written Germany in his young manhood, in 1704, and his second, wholly differing from its predecessor, was produced Italy, four years later. Neither are representative of great sacred works which have given him lasting fame. In his Italian production, Händel devoted his talents, in one exception, wholly to opera and other forms of composition, till in later years he again returned to music and produced the inspired works which will carry his great fame through posterity. He wrote twenty-one oratorios, eleven being of purely sacred character, five of which ("The Messiah," "Israel in Egypt," "Samson," "Judas Macchabeus" and "Solomon") still find favor. "The Messiah," his most popular work, was commenced August 23, 1741, and was finished the 22nd of the following month. The mechanical process of writing the manuscript alone in that short time would be a prodigious task. The work was first performed in Dublin, under

Handel's direction, in April, 1743, and was first given in England, at the Covent Garden Theater, in London, March 23, 1743, followed by numerous successive performances. Handel himself considered his greatest work to be "Theodora," which was produced in 1750 and performed at Covent Garden. It is now quite forgotten.

The sacred works of John Sebastian Bach are totally different in character from the oratorios of Handel, and while sublime in conception, of great emotional depth, and unapproachable construction, they have not within them the element of popularity that stirs the soul of the people as Handel's oratorios do. For a half century they lay quite forgotten till Mendelssohn brought the "Passion Music" to the attention of the world.

From Handel and Bach there was no commanding figure in oratorio till Haydn, in his old age, rose with his two immortal works, "The Creation" and "The Seasons." In Haydn's sacred compositions, he introduces more elaborate accompaniment and greater orchestration than did his predecessors. Beethoven wrote one oratorio, the "Mount of Olives," a fine musical work, but one that has been the subject of criticism on account of the unusual treatment of the text. Spohr wrote a great oratorio when he gave the world his "Last Judgment." He also composed a number of other sacred works, less known to fame.

Coming to the great modern writer of oratorio, Mendelssohn stands in many respects the greatest intervening figure between Handel and Bach, and our own time. His "Saint Paul" and "Elijah" are peerless examples of beauty, emotional depth, and dramatic intensity, in sacred setting. "St. Paul" was finished in Leipzig, in 1836, and performed for the first time at Düsseldorf, followed by performances in England and elsewhere. Its success brought Mendelssohn many honors.

"Elijah," written ten years later, is stronger dramatically than "St. Paul." The name part in it is given greater prominence than is that which is assigned to the great teacher in the earlier work, making it in this respect also the more interesting. It is one of the greatest masterpieces of sacred song, and in dramatic intensity and untiring interest is probably the greatest musical work ever cast in sacred mold.

Other oratorios of popularity and worth by modern composers, and which have greatly enriched the fields of sacred music, are Gounod's "Redemption" and "Mors et Vita" (Death and Life), Costa's "Eli," Sullivan's "Prodigal Son," "Light of the World" and "Woman of Samaria," Barnby's "Rebekah," and oratorios by Macfarren, Bennett, Ouseley, our own Horatio Parker, and others.

The oratorio has been an incentive to the higher cultivation of music among the peoples of the world probably as no other force has been. For its production the finest singing societies in the world have been organized, and have given their best efforts to its presentations. Few cities of pretense but what have their oratorio societies, (call them by what name they may) and these same societies, even outside the limits of strict oratorio work, are often the means of fostering and developing the musical life of their respective communities, besides assuring the responsibilities of securing and supporting the most desirable and worthy musical attractions—orchestral, instrumental, and vocal—procurable.

FRANK H. COLBY.

### MEN OF NOTE.

Gen. Lew Wallace is to sail shortly for the East, where the scene of his next historical novel is to be laid.

Gov. Wells of Utah was for five years a reporter on the staff of newspapers in New York and San Francisco.

The Czar is an accomplished whistler, and sometimes performs variations on national airs for the entertainment of his intimate friends.

Josiah Johnson Hawes, the oldest photographer in the world, has just celebrated his ninety-second birthday in Boston. He is still at his work.

William Gregory, the Republican nominee for the Governorship of Rhode Island, was a mill operative in his youth, and is now a mill owner.

Dr. Samuel Smiles, author of "Self Help," has just suffered, in the loss of his wife, the heaviest affliction of his old age. He was 87 last December.

Henry Clews, the millionaire banker, is something of a mathematical wonder. He is a lightning calculator, and can do fabulous sums by a rapid process of mental arithmetic.

Of the fifty richest persons in the United States only five owe their fortunes to copper, silver or gold mines. They are J. B. Haggard of California, Mrs. George Hearst and John Mackay of San Francisco, and W. A. Clark and Marcus Daly of Montana.

Admiral Sampson recently stated that he believed a young man's chances in the navy better now than at any period of history, whether he enter as a common sailor or Annapolis graduate. The admiral, however, is strongly in favor of preparatory training.

Lieut. C. H. Sleeper of Shanghai, China, has recently sold a collection of postage stamps to Kellar & Co. of that city for \$50,000. The collection contains about thirty million stamps, more or less, of various denominations and years of issue, and about 100,000 postal cards.

The Rev. Dr. Maunsell Van Rensselaer, who was at one time president of Hobart College, and who was a direct descendant of the first Van Rensselaer who settled in this country, died at Lakewood recently after a brief illness. Dr. Van Rensselaer was born in Albany in 1815.

The Rev. M. Lafayette Gordon, M.D., a missionary of the American Board, now on furlough from Kioto, Japan, has been invited by the Hawaiian Evangelical Association to take charge of the work carried on in Honolulu for the more than fifty thousand Japanese now in the islands.

The death of ex-Governor John A. Bingham of Ohio leaves ex-Governor and ex-Secretary of the Treasury George S. Boutwell the last of the managers who conducted the prosecution of President Johnson in the impeachment proceedings. The other managers were Thaddeus Stevens and Benjamin F. Butler.

## THE DATE OF EASTER.

### A REVIEW OF THE CONDITIONS ON WHICH IT DEPENDS.

By a Special Contributor.

HERE has been some discussion in various papers this year as to the right date for keeping Easter, arising from a misunderstanding of the rule for fixing the date. This rule has been in use since the first ages of Christianity, and is the result of most careful calculations. There is no doubt that "from the very first there was a yearly festival in memory of the resurrection of Christ. But the Jewish Christians naturally wished to keep it at the same time as they had been accustomed to keep their feast of the Passover, while the Gentile Christians preferred to keep it on Sunday, the first day of the week. This difference of opinion caused much inconvenience and serious divisions among Christians for more than three centuries. In fact, it was one of the subjects in dispute between St. Augustine and the British church at the end of the sixth century. The question had been thoroughly debated in the Council of Nicaea in the year 325, and settled in favor of the Sunday observance of Easter, and that practice gradually became universal. The four points settled by the council were, that the 21st of March should be taken as the vernal equinox; that the full moon happening upon or next after the 21st of March should be taken as the full moon of the month Nisan; that the Sunday next after that full moon should be Easter day, and that if the full moon happened on a Sunday, Easter should be observed on the following Sunday. This last point was decided upon, no doubt, in order to avoid the possibility of Easter being observed at the same time as the Jewish Passover. This object, however, has not always been secured; and this year the two festivals will almost exactly coincide.

The rule for finding Easter, as printed in the English Prayer Book, is based upon the decisions of the Nicene Council, and is as follows: "Easter-day is always the first Sunday after the full moon, which happens upon or next after the 21st day of March, and if the full moon happens upon a Sunday, Easter day is the Sunday after."

Now, the first full moon after the 21st of March does happen this year on a Sunday, April 25, at 1:00 o'clock in the morning, Greenwich time. Therefore, if the rule meant exactly what it seems to say, Easter Sunday would fall on April 22, and not on the 25th. And this is the point on which the discussion has arisen in the papers. But the real meaning of the rule has been explained in a note printed in the American Prayer Book, which reads: "But note that the full moon, for the purposes of these rules and tables, is the 14th day of a lunar month, reckoned according to an ancient ecclesiastical computation, and not the real or astronomical full moon." And so Saturday is the 14th day of the lunar month, and therefore Sunday, the 15th, is Easter day. If Easter had depended upon the exact moment of a full moon, much confusion would have arisen this year. For, according to local time, the moon will be full at Rome at about 1 a.m., and in New York about 8 p.m. on Saturday, and by Pacific time at about 5 p.m. on Saturday. So that in this country, we shall rightly keep Easter on the 25th, even according to the real full moon; but if that had been the guide, Easter would have been a week later in Europe.

But we sometimes find good Christian people are shocked to think that a Christian festival should be regulated by the moon. They seem to forget that the Christian church has a history, and that it grew out of the Jewish church as naturally as the tree grows from the seed. If they will read the twelfth chapter of Exodus, they will find that the month Abib, or Nisan, which is nearly the same as our April, was to be the beginning of the sacred year; and that on the 10th day of that month the Pascal lamb was to be taken, and on the 14th day it was to be slain in the evening and eaten the same night.

This was the origin of the Jewish Feast of the Passover, which was appointed by God to be a perpetual memorial of the deliverance of the Jews from Egyptian bondage.

Then we find from the New Testament that Christ is the true Pascal Lamb; that He was slain on the 14th day of the month Nisan, which day the churches observe as Good Friday, and that He rose again from the dead on the first day of the week, which we observe as Sunday, and once a year as Easter day. And it seems to be in harmony with the teaching of St. Paul that the church keeps this queen of festivals—"Christ, our Passover, is sacrificed for us, therefore let us keep the feast." I Corinthians, v. 11. Many devout Christians, however, grieve that the festival is not kept in the spirit of its institution—just as many thoughtful people in this country are beginning to regret that Memorial day is not kept in such a way as to do honor to the memory of their brave and faithful fellow-citizens.

The universal observance of Easter has probably done more to keep the fact of the resurrection of Christ before the world than any other single institution, exactly in the same way as the yearly celebration of the Fourth of July keeps the fact of the Declaration of Independence ever before the minds of the people.

G. R.

### BIRD MIGRATION.

Leverett M. Loomis expresses the opinion that bird migration is a habit evolved by education and inheritance, which owe their origin and perpetuation to winter, with its failure of food. In a careful study of the migrations of California water birds, Mr. Loomis finds that the Shearwaters of Monterey find their position and shape their course by landmarks, and the fact that these same birds are often bewildered in a fog, shows that they have no mysterious superhuman faculty for determining direction. He considers that the young are guided from the place of their birth to their winter abode by the older birds, and that the presence of young alone in a locality does not prove that they are migrating independently of the adults, which may either have continued their flight or are migrating further off.

## OUR ANCESTORS.

WHAT A FAMOUS AMERICAN NATURALIST SAYS ABOUT THEM.

From a Special Correspondent.

WASHINGTON (D. C.) April 2.—A new story of man's descent, or ascent from the lowest life forms is the substance of an interview which I had recently, at the Smithsonian Institution, with Dr. Theodore N. Gill, recognized today as America's most eminent naturalist. Newspaper readers have not been presented heretofore with this great savant's original views as to the processes by which humanity has gradually raised itself from worms, fishes, reptiles, amphibians, pouched animals, hoofed beasts, lemurs, monkeys and apes. Moreover they have never yet had painted for them such a graphic picture of the much-heard-of "missing link" as was portrayed for me during this conversation.

"I understand, doctor," said I, "that you have arrived at many distinctly original conclusions concerning evolution and the tracing of man's ancestry back through many life-forms lower than the ape."

"Yes, I am more extreme than most evolutionists in many of my views along these lines."

"You really believe then that the human race sprang from a stock akin to the apes, as we see them today?"

"I believe that man has had the same past history as the modern ape—the chimpanzee, gorilla and orangoutang. We have part company with these relatives of ours only within a recent geologic period, not further back than the Miocene. If we could resurrect our remote ancestors we would have before us animals no more distinguishable from the chimpanzees and gorillas of today than they are from each other or than they are from the orangoutang. The differences between us and those apes, so far as morphological or structural conditions are concerned, are much less than between them and the Old World monkeys of Asia and Africa, and are very much less than between the apes and the New World monkeys—those of tropical America. It is true that we have diverged greatly from the apes in external appearance and in certain features, but those differences are more superficial than real. I mean that we agree with the Old World apes in all of our bones, their number and general appearance; in our teeth and in our brains. Especially do we agree with them in the absence of a visible tail. We have more of a tail than they have. Their vertebrae in this region are broader and more differentiated, but ours more nearly approach a tail-like appendage."

"But is not the human brain sufficiently superior to that of the ape to leave a decided gulf between the two species?"

"It is true that man differs remarkably in brain, so far as size is concerned. But that difference is only a quantitative one. In the relations of the parts to one another and the grooves and convolutions there is a fundamental similarity."

Differences Between Man and the Ape.

"What, then, are the principal differences between man and ape?"

"Of course there are numerous differences of detail. Almost all of man's bones are readily distinguishable from those of the ape's, but so can the bones of each ape species be distinguished from those of another. The salient differences between man and ape are to be found in the abbreviations of the upper and the amplifications of the lower limbs of the former. These are coordinated with differences in size of teeth and form of skull. Such changes could have resulted in a short time, geologically speaking, and in response to external conditions and environments."

"How are they probably brought about?"

"We will suppose that some of our ancestors found that they could use their fore-limbs to a better advantage than their teeth, in combat with their neighbors. Now, the teeth of apes are not those of carnivorous animals, but are primarily for grinding food, fruits especially, or reducing it to pulp. They have large canine teeth and corresponding gaps for their reception in the opposite jaw. But these canines are retained for warfare simply and for that reason are more developed in males. After our ancestors found their arms more efficient for warfare than their teeth, there was a reduction in the latter—in the canines first. This was in accordance with that law of nature providing that when there is little use or disuse of an organ or part, its reduction or atrophy will ensue. Consistent with that reduction of the canines was the closing of the corresponding gaps in the upper jaws and in time the uninterrupted rows of teeth in man. The reduction of the jaws was coincident with that of the teeth as was that of the muscles actuating the lower jaw. As a result of this reduction of muscles, the ridges of bone, supporting them—ridges so characteristic of adult apes—likewise disappeared. While these changes were in progress greater intelligence was being developed and the brain was consequently increasing in size. The culmination of all these changes would be the skull and brain of man. Only in such characteristics do we differ physically from apes."

"When man's ancestor had limited himself chiefly to his upper limbs for purposes of defense, or other uses, and had taken to life on the ground, the necessity for long arms, characteristic of apes, disappeared and, in accordance with that law of reduction from disuse, his arms became shorter and thus more efficient for general uses. Coordinate with his abandonment of arboreal life and with his use of his hinder limbs, only, for walking and sustaining his body erect, was an increase of his thigh bones and the muscles of his legs. Thus the proportions of the limbs characteristic of men."

The Ancestors of the Ape.

"What are your notions as to man's ancestry still further back, than the ape-form—in fact, as far back as you can see with your mind's eye?"

"It is conceded by all good naturalists that the apes

form a distinct family and that their ancestors were essentially like the present monkeys of the Old World. Although they must have been distinguished by characters which would have separated them from either of the sub-families now representing the tailed monkeys of the Old World, they, in turn, must have resembled those of the New World. They again must have been derived from forms like the lemurs of the present day and more especially from forms like the tarsier, now to be found in our Philippine Islands. The differentiation of our stock from these forms must have been commenced some time during the Eocene period of geology. These lemuroidae animals again were most nearly related to forms no longer living and which have not lived, in fact, since the Eocene. They were neither carnivorous nor ungulate (hoofed) animals, in the present sense of those words, but combined the characters of both. These, in turn, can be traced further back in the earlier Eocene period to forms that would be essentially like marsupials (pouched animals), but different from any now living. Still further back we would have found the ancestors of the last-named in forms that structurally agreed with the modern Australian duck-bill or duck-mole, as it is variously called, and with the ant-eater of that same island. These primitive animals had a very peculiar sternum or breastbone and a number of accessory bones like those of reptiles, but different from any found in higher mammals. They had also a small brain with the cerebral portion much smaller in proportion to other parts than in any of the familiar mammals. In fact, their brain approximated to a reptilian condition. They also had eggs of considerable size oviposited and hatched outside the body as in the case of the duck-mole of the present day. These forms were the lowest of mammals and, outside of mammals, their ancestors appeared to have been certain reptiles and amphibians (animals living both on land and in water) of the Permian epoch of geology. During the Carboniferous period the reptiles and amphibians were but slightly differentiated from each other. In the preceding epoch the amphibians were developed from fishes.

"These fishes, ancestors of the mammals and of course of man, were very different from any of our modern forms; but among our living fishes the nearest approximation is to be found in the polypterus or bichir of the Nile and in certain other fishes of Africa, South America and Australia. To go further back we would be confronted with a vista of interminable length. It is only necessary to add

less developed in size than in the ape. The bones are essentially the same in man and ape."

"How would a living 'missing link' have appeared? Could have seen him in his time?"

"In general, as an intermediate form he would depend upon the stage of his transition. In an early stage he would be bow-legged, with legs short and arms long. In a later stage his arms would be straighter and better developed. The 'link,' if all its hair had been shaved off, would be the black skin of the African. The change from black to white was probably due to selection, as well as to climatic cause. That difference between man and ape which is marked in adults is reproduced in the young of the two that the resemblance between a young ape and a young negro is really great."

"Among American naturalists, are you about the best?"

"I have been associated in my time with Cope, Leidy, Baird and many others of that school, all gone now. Perhaps it will be my turn before I am still feel young and vigorous."

Dr. Gill is a member of about seventy scientific societies here and abroad, in nearly all of which he has offices. He has been a member of the National Academy for thirty years and on the death of Prof. Silliman succeeded him to the presidency of the American Association. He holds the chair of zoology in the Columbian University and has had conferred upon him the degrees of A. M., Ph. D. and L.L.D. Prof. Baird called him "the next of American naturalists," Prof. David Starr Jordan to him as "that master of taxonomy," and Prof. G. F. Goode, in one of his books, mentioned him as "the erudite and philosophic of American naturalists." His scientific works have been dedicated to him. A number of fishes bear his name in the scientific classification.

JOHN ELFRETH WATERHOUSE

## CURIOUS HERMIT

## OF LOS GATOS

By a Special Contributor.

PETER JOHNSON, or "Old Pete," as he is known to the world, called, lives in the hills above Los Gatos, California, a year, collected in 5-cent pieces on the streets of Los Gatos. January from about five hundred people in Los Gatos. In silence he is called the "nickel-a-year-man."

Of course it takes Peter quite a number of days to earn his yearly nickel-tribute, but regularly on the first of every year he starts out on his tour, walking a great distance and supported by an old oak stick. In silence he lives until the next year is begun.

This odd character was born and raised in a little New England, surrounded by wealth and a host of friends. He received a good education, graduated with honors from one of the leading colleges. He fell in love; and his love was reciprocated. He was in the seventh heaven of delight, but the day of doom came, his country called him home, and Peter, like the brave and patriotic boy, responded to the call and fought valiantly as a four-year-fighter, who were in at the finish.

During three of the years he and his lady responded, but in the fourth their letters went unanswered. Finally there ceased to be any letters to go at all. Peter Johnson returned home he found his wife dead and buried for over six months.

This disastrous and unexpected news was such to him that it killed all the manly ambitions that he animated and encouraged him, for all his thoughts and ambitions had been wrapped around her who was his wife; but she, being dead, nothing in life worth living for.

So he became a wanderer upon the face of the earth, uncaringly allowed himself to become a vagrant to and fro with the seasons, like the leaves, for no other purpose than simply to exist.

He came at length to a little town in Indiana, Hecla, situated just above the point where White and Kosciusko mountains come into conjunction. met an old man named Henlig, who was making a living by collecting a penny a year from certain regulars just as he himself is gathering nickels in California. It was here that he got the idea; and a few months later when he came to this State, he proceeded to do his own modest way.

He says that Henlig is known all over North America, and that it takes him 300 days out of the year to cover his route of collections, so extensive is the territory which pays him his penny income. His 36,000 pennies compose his total gathering of the annum.

Peter is 65 years old and his hair is snowy. His picturesque stoop and queer stories make him a favorite among the children, who are sure to wait against the day of his coming. He refuses to eat or clothing or anything else than his one coat, scrupulously adherent to his bargain, and would be looked upon as a tramp, or as one who is more than his due.

He has a wonderful memory and has a happy faculty of remembering every face that he sees from year to year; and also the relationships of them, and some little scrap of their personal business affairs—just enough to ask them about the sake of a moment's friendly chat; and he talks of stray news from other parts of the country, being in the thing of a walking directory of that particular place. He is very obliging in the matter of carrying from one house to another as he goes his rounds.

[New York Mail and Express:] Kentucky will never enjoy the blessings of permanent peace and quiet until it indulges in fewer Governors and more



DR. THEODORE N. GILL.

that our more remote ancestors were soft-bodied forms extremely different from anything now living, but resembling the lancelet—a skull-less, fish-like vertebrate, now living in the sand of the seashore in temperate and tropical regions—and the tunicate (sea squirt)—now found attached to stones and shells. Man's further ancestry is lost in an indefinite and innumerable series of worm-like animals belonging to the earliest period of our earth's history."

The Cradle of the Race.

"In what part of the world was the cradle of the human race—the place where man developed from the ape-form—probably located?"

"Man may have originated in Asia or in Africa; it is the more likely in tropical Asia. His relations were there. Although his nearest relatives now living are the African chimpanzee and gorilla, there lived in India an ape of the same kind and probably nearer in the line of our ancestry than any of the African species. Apes and other highly-developed mammals now regarded as characteristic of Africa were probably late-comers into Africa, in a geologic sense."

"We constantly hear rumors concerning the finding of the 'missing-link'—between man and ape. Where is he most liable to be found?"

"The 'missing link' will probably be found in Asia and possibly is now represented in the skull and teeth of the creature called 'pithecanthropus,' lately dug up in Java. It would be useless and unscientific to expect to find the 'missing link' in Europe, not to mention America, for man must have obtained his manlike shape before wandering into northern regions or outside the Old World. It would require considerable skill to recognize the 'missing link' if found."

"By what characteristics could you identify his skeleton?"

"By a brain-case less developed than in man of the present time, but more so than in the ape; by an absence of the ridges and crests in the skull, supporting the muscles of the lower jaw; and by teeth, especially canines,

## Stories of the Firing Line + + Animal Stories.

## O'Malley's Haversack.

DURING an advance in Manila recently one company had to lie down at the side of the road for shelter from the well-directed volleys of the insurgents. One of the privates had dropped his haversack in the middle of the road away back, and, after the company had lain down, he calmly stood up and walked down the road toward the lost haversack. He made a fine target for the insurgents, and the bullets rattled around him pretty lively. "Come back here, O'Malley," yelled the lieutenant of the company; "you'll be killed." "Well," replied O'Malley over his shoulder, "I might just as well be killed as have Otis a runnin' me up hill and down dale and comin' to me house ivy mornin' and a-sayin', 'O'Malley, why don't you pay the government for that haversack?'" Then he calmly walked on, and got the lost piece of property, and, as he came back and sat down just in time to sweep a volley of Miners, he threw the haversack on the ground and said: "And when he does come tomorrow to my house, I'll say, 'Otis, my little man, you're wrong, I never lost no haversack. There's your bloody potato bag. Take it to the government with me comin' ona'."—[Chicago Tribune.]

\* \* \*

## When Tracts Were Tramps.

A ARMY officer tells this story: "One of my chaplain friends was on an army transport, going South with men and men from various regiments. The officers were playing cards in the cabin from morning to night. When Sunday came the chaplain took a good supply of reading matter from his cabin, and was on hand with it as the breakfast table was cleared off and the officers were getting ready to play cards as usual. Stepping to the head of the table, he said, good-naturedly: 'Gentlemen, tracts are always today and it's my deal.' 'All right, chaplain,' the others responded, 'give us a hand.' The books and prayers were given out. No cards were played that day. The chaplain had his opportunity unhindered, because he showed tact in his way of presenting his case."—[New York Tribune.]

\* \* \*

## Jabe's Change of Heart.

ABE MATHIS, of the Thirteenth Georgia, was a good soldier, but one day, when the Confederates were retreating from the field of Gettysburg, Jabe threw his musket on the ground, seated himself by the roadside and exclaimed, with much vehemence:

"To be dashed if I walk another step! I'm broke down, can't do it."

And Jabe was the picture of despair.

"Get up, man!" exclaimed his captain. "Don't you see enemy are following us? They'll get you, sure."

"Can't help it," said Jabe. "I'm done for. I'll not walk another step."

The Confederates passed along over the crest of the hill and lost sight of poor, dejected Jabe.

In a moment there was a fresh rattle of musketry and a second crash of shells. Suddenly, Jabe appeared on the crest of the hill, moving like a hurricane and followed by a cloud of dust. As he dashed past his captain, the officer called:

"Halt, Jabe! Thought you wasn't going to walk any more?"

"Thought?" replied Jabe, as he hit the dust with renewed vigor. "You don't call this walking, do you?"—[Brooklyn Eagle.]

\* \* \*

## John Francis Dunn, Bugler.

ONE of the greatest boys in the British Empire is John Francis Dunn, bugler of the First Battalion, Royal Dublin Fusiliers. He was wounded at the battle of Colenso December 15, but was one of the first to cross the Tugela River, losing his bugle in the fight. On his return England he was summoned to Osborne, where the Queen intended to him a silver bugle, inscribed: "Presented to John Francis Dunn, First Battalion, Royal Dublin Fusiliers, by Queen Victoria, to replace the bugle lost by him in the field of battle at Colenso on the 15th December, 1879, when he was wounded." His companions thought he would probably be more afraid to face the Queen than the enemy, but he stood firmly to his guns and came with flying colors.

The Queen asked him about his health, and whether he was fully recovered from his wound, and seemed to be pleased with the frank and manly manner in which the soldier acted, and accepted with evident pleasure the portrait of himself which he presented to her. In the room where the little fellow had to wait—and, according to one account, this was in the basement of the palace—was surrounded by servants from various departments, who were all anxious to see and speak to the young soldier. Then ladies from other parts of the building came and sought their birthday books, which the bugler was asked to sign against the date of his birth, July 14; and before long came to appear before the Queen he had held in the basement on his own account.—[New York Times.]

\* \* \*

## "Under Fire" Means.

THE following are extracts from a letter from a sergeant in the Seaforth Highlanders, dated December 10, says London Telegraph:

The Black Watch in front made an attempt to charge position, but we had to retire and simply run for it, enemy blazing at us all the way and cropping our legs like skittles from their splendid positions. There was nothing for it but to lie down and pretend to be dead, and this I did about 5:30 a.m., till, I suppose, 6 a.m., the sun pouring down on me all the time, and not a drop of water all day, and dare not stir hand nor foot, expecting every minute to be my last. I could hear

all around me, but I daren't so much as look up to see who they were. Shots and shells were going over me all day from the enemy and our side, and plenty of them striking within a yard of me—I mean bullets, not shells—and yet they never hit me.

"I believe some of the fellows lost their heads and walked right up to the enemy's place, singing till they dropped them. One youngster lying close to me, said he would make a dart for it about 3 p.m. I tried my best to persuade him not to, but he would go. A couple of seconds later I could hear them pitting at him, and then his groans for about a minute, and then he was quiet.

"About this time the sun began to get fearfully hot, and I began to feel it in the legs, which were now very painful and swollen, because I was parched with thirst. Most of the wounded round me had ceased groaning by this time. As it began to get dark I managed to wriggle my body through the shrub further back, and after I had been at it some time, on looking up found myself right in front of another intrenchment of the enemy. They sent a few rounds at me, but they struck just in front and ricocheted over my head. After a bit, it getting darker, I got up and walked by, and there was nothing but dead Highlanders all over the place."—[Chicago News.]

\* \* \*

## Fired on the Reading Circle.

IN COMMON with a number of other organizations the Woman's League at Lyle, Kan., has begun the systematic collection of literature to be sent to the soldiers in the Philippines.

Numerous letters have been received from the soldiers in the Orient, begging for something to read. Many instances have been cited where books and papers sent out to members of a regiment have been carefully kept and read in turn by almost every member of the command, and then exchanged with other regiments, so eager has been the demand for literature. Eugene Ware, the Kansas poet and lawyer, sent a dozen copies of "Ironquill" to the Kansas regiment and it is fair to presume that two-thirds of the members of the regiment can recite one or more of Ware's poems. Copies of the daily papers received were treasured with care.

Capt. Clarke of the Kansas Regiment relates a stirring incident following the receipt of a bundle of copies of the Star, received while the regiment was stationed in the trenches at Caloocan. The papers did not reach the firing line until after dark, and soon along the Kansas line candles stuck in bayonets furnished the eager soldiers an opportunity to read the news from home. The rebels, noticing the unusual illumination, opened fire and in a twinkling out went the lights, and casting the papers aside, the Kansas practically worked their Springfield rifles until the rebels were silenced, when the reading circle again resumed operations, not to be again molested during the night.—[Kansas City Star.]

## ANIMAL STORIES.

## Lord Baltimore.

A CORRESPONDENT of this magazine contributes the following: One beautiful morning in the fall I started from Duluth with Dr. G., who had invited me to accompany him on a duck hunt. A third member of our company being Lord Baltimore, a fine specimen of Chesapeake duck dog, and an interesting acquaintance he proved to be.

At the early morning breakfast I noticed that he pushed aside the most meaty part of his repast, and on asking the doctor if anything was the matter with him, was answered that I had better keep watch and see, and when later we started for the cars I noticed that our canine companion picked up the remaining portion of his breakfast and carried it with him, taking it into the baggage car and depositing it where he was to stay. "You see," said the doctor, "that Lord Baltimore has been on these hunting trips before and he quickly learned that we did not usually reach our destination until late in the afternoon and that he got hungry before getting there, so he is always careful now to carry a lunch with him."

The following morning we were located on passes about a beautiful chain of lakes in Eastern Minnesota, where some friends had been waiting for us to join them. Our trio were near together, Lord Baltimore having as his assistant a kind of a mongrel animal who had arrived with the earlier members of the hunting party. All the morning the birds had been flying well, both dogs being kept busy at hard work, while quite a mound of birds were piled up to our credit. Later, when the flight had nearly ceased, we lay down on a pile of rushes and nearly fell asleep, when there arose such a great ki-ki-ing and howling that we both sprang to our feet to see what the matter was, and discovered that the other dog had stolen a duck and begun to devour it. When Lord Baltimore discovered his actions, he gave him a most thorough whipping as a reward for his bad breeding and dishonesty.

\* \* \*

## A Very Knowing Dog.

D. EDWARD G. BLAIR, of the Estill apartment house, No. 2018 Broadway, has a dog which gives apparently convincing evidence that he understands not only suggestions made to him, but appreciates to an extent conversation going on about him.

This dog is a Scotch collie of the "Artist's Model" type, and his name is "Mac," this being an abbreviation for Macgregor, by which name he was originally christened. Mac is nearly 5 years old, and he came into the possession of Mr. Blair when he was quite young. Of course, he does all the usual tricks, but he does them at a suggestion, and not, like most dogs, at a command.

A few evenings ago Mrs. Blair was telling a visitor about

a pair of sabots she had. Mac was lying on the floor apparently asleep. Without changing her voice from the ordinary conversational tone, she said:

"Mac, I wish you would fetch me one of those wooden shoes. They're on the hearth." The dog arose instantly, went to the fireplace and returned with one of the shoes, placing it in his mistress's lap. The shoe was examined by the visitor.

"Take it back, Mac," said Mrs. Blair, "and place it beside the other one." The dog obeyed.

"Mac," said Mrs. Blair, "it's chilly in here. Close the doctor's office door." Although there were two other doors in the rooms, yet Mac closed the right one.

"Go into the office," said Mrs. Blair, "and fetch the waste paper basket." The dog returned in a moment with a basket half full of torn newspapers and paper boxes. As he walked across the room the basket tipped and a part of its contents rolled out on the floor.

"That's careless," said his mistress, "pick them up." The dog went from piece to piece and placed each carefully back in the basket. Mac showed that he knew every room in the house, for he was sent to every one of them in turn and brought back what he was sent for.

"Mac," said Dr. Blair, "my satchel is on a chair in the hall. I wish you would take it to my office."

The dog went directly to the place indicated and performed his mission.

Although Mac has had the best of rearing, he has an aversion to taking a bath. While he was still within hearing some one suggested that a bath would do him good. The dog got up, looked at the one who had made the suggestion in a grieved way and left the room. During meals Mac, on request, informs the servant that it's time for another course. He also announces to the cook that all are ready for dinner. It has been the dog's habit to bring the doctor's slippers to him every night. The other evening, Dr. Blair wanted his satchel in which he carries his surgical instruments.

"Mac," said Mr. Blair, "I want the satchel tonight, not the slippers." Although it was the first time that the order had ever been given and the dog had been in the habit of bringing in the slippers, he did as he was told.

Mac nearly always accompanies Mrs. Blair on her drives, when he does most of the driving. It only requires a suggestion that the horse is a bit slow for Mac to draw the reins tighter and make the animal trot. A few days ago Mac was in a large department store. In order to test his knowledge of words a nickel was wrapped in a piece of paper and placed in the dog's mouth. "Go get 5 cents' worth of candy," he was told. The dog immediately went to the candy department in another part of the store. He stood on his hind feet and deposited the money on the showcase. The candy girl gave him 5 cents' worth of taffy. This incident is considered remarkable, as the dog did it, not as the result of training, but on account of simply being told.—[Kansas City Star.]

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## A House Cat That Prevented a Holocaust.

TOOTSIE is a two-year-old black cat that saved scores of lives at 1 o'clock yesterday morning by alarming the occupants of the tenement at No. 350 East Twenty-third street, when a fire started in the building.

Tootsie is the property of Mrs. Lizzie Langheim, who lives on the third floor of the tenement house. She found her in her kittenhood, wandering cold and hungry on Division street. At Mrs. Langheim's suggestion the newcomer was named Mike. But a year later, when Mike began the task of raising a large family, the disconcerted Mr. Langheim promptly changed her name to Tootsie.

The fire started in the Langheim's kitchen, by the explosion of a lamp. Mrs. Langheim failed to hear the noise of the explosion, but the wails of Tootsie aroused her. She in turn notified the tenants, who made for the street in short order. All escaped without help except Mrs. John Downing, an invalid, living on the fourth floor. She was carried to safety by Councilman John J. Downing, who rushed to her assistance from the saloon across the street.

After the firemen had put out the blaze, Mrs. Langheim made a search for her pet. In despair she sat down on the charred mattress of her bed, when out from the springs, with a plaintive mew, crawled Tootsie. As she had gone in head first, her fur from shoulders to tail was a total loss.

Mrs. Langheim said last night that some wicked boys had once tied a bunch of firecrackers to Tootsie's tail, and that ever since she has had a horror of fire and smoke.—[New York Correspondence Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

\* \* \*

## Waits for His Dead Mistress.

IF YOU were to enter the yard separating the front and rear tenements at No. 432 Pearl street, New York, at almost any hour of the day, you would see perched on the peak of the roof of the shed a tiger cat, lean and hungry in appearance and with a wild look in its eyes. It measures fully thirty inches from nose to tail and its head is ridiculously large for its body.

If you try to approach it it will scamper away whining piteously, but it always returns to its place on the roof.

He is "Peek-a-Boo," whom the detectives found guarding his mistress, Mrs. Catherine Taylor, February 22, 1899, who died a few days later from her husband's maltreatment and exposure. Patrick J. Taylor, her husband, protested that he poisoned her with paris green, but a post-mortem showed that her death had been from other causes. He was adjudged insane and sent away.

"Peek-a-Boo" refused to leave the tenement, and from that day to this has crouched on the peak of the roof in front of his mistress's window, waiting for her return. Different families in the tenements have tried to take him in, but no one can approach him. They bring him food every morning, but he will not eat when any one is about.—[Chicago News.]

## IN DARKEST AFRICA.

THE STORY OF A PROSPECTOR'S MOST INTERESTING JOURNEY.

By a Special Contributor.

[Continued.]

THE Matabele interpreter was an exceptionally bright fellow, who had served in the family of a Scotch clergyman for some ten years or more. "Had I better risk it alone, Mengive?" I asked, eyeing him sharply. He appeared thoughtful, but finally nodded his head. "Yes, sahib," he said, "I think it will be safe to go alone. However, you may take some of us as far as the outer huts, without offending his hospitality, I think."

If I had expected to find anything approaching grandeur about the place which, I had reason to believe, guarded the gateway to a mysterious El Dorado, I was very soon undeceived. The village was composed of some 400 huts, or zeribas, made by leaning a number of poles toward a common center, at an angle of perhaps 55 deg. above a horizontal, the spaces between being filled with leaves and dried mud. The roofs were formed of thatched jungle grass, and the whole presented a most miserable appearance, which was augmented by the fact that the interiors were reeking with filth and vermin, as the open spaces in the walls disclosed. Even the Matabeles I had brought with me appeared disgusted, and exhibited a lofty contempt for their less enlightened cousins, which was very amusing.

In the center of the collection stood a hut somewhat larger than its fellows, and more substantially built. The walls were of mud and grass, the roof being constructed of mimosa and cypress branches. This was evidently the residence of the King, and toward it I was marched "in state," while the dirty natives lounging about the huts drove the blow flies from their eyes and watched us listlessly. At our heels a collection of mangy curs fought among themselves and yelped discordantly.

Arrived at the door of the royal abode, there ensued the usual amount of formality, consisting of numerous pertinent and impertinent queries as to who we were, what we wanted, how many there were of us, where we were traveling from and why we were traveling at all. These queries were propounded by a giant native, who was evidently the right bower of His Majesty, and were answered by my interpreter. Finally the giant withdrew, and in the course of time reappeared and signalled us to enter.

## A Visit to a King.

While the exterior of the royal hut was somewhat pretentious, the interior proved to be on a par with the miserable zerbabs surrounding it. The walls were formed of mud and dried grass, while the ground was partially covered with dirty kheddo hides, some of which, judging from the odor of the place, were in the last stages of decomposition. In fact, the stench was so nauseating that my stomach rebelled and I could hardly keep from vomiting. At the farther end of the hut, seated upon a pile of buffalo and leopard skins, sat His Royal Highness, fat, dirty, hideous, with huge, white upper teeth protruding from his thick lips, through the lower of which was thrust a spike of ivory. Like his followers he was almost nude, the exception being a girdle of woven grass, partly covered with monkey skins. As I approached the "throne" he attempted to look into my face, but after one brief, nervous glance, he glued his eyes upon the interpreter who accompanied me.

I shall not attempt to repeat verbatim the "interview" which followed. It will perhaps be sufficient to relate that His Highness informed me he was the great and only Mambunda, King of all the western tribes of the Karemias, enumerating his countless titles chieflly, and ending by demanding presents for himself and household. The latter were promptly handed him, and then the interpreter stated the object of our journey, requesting information regarding the twin peaks and their surroundings, as well as the royal permission to visit the locality. At this the old fellow remained very thoughtful for some minutes. At last he explained that, while there was absolutely nothing at or beyond the Unea Marjis, (two Kings) to tempt the white man, a legend of his race forbade that he permit any but his own people to journey there. I suggested that the interpreter offer more presents, but the old fellow was obdurate, and for a time it appeared as though we were in for trouble. Finally, the interpreter mentioned the lion whelps we had at the kafila, and the royal eyes brightened eagerly. Baby lions! Oh, yes, for the possession of such treasures, so much coveted by every African monarch, he would grant us anything—even permission to visit the forbidden land and the Unea Marjis. But he would ask one more favor of the white chief, and if that was granted he would not only give the desired permission, but would dispatch a small company of his best warriors to guide us to the place. He then explained that for months past his village had been much annoyed by a pair of man-eating lions, which had taken up quarters in the neighboring mountains and had preyed almost nightly upon his flocks of sheep and beppo, occasionally going so far as to waylay a man or woman, as a change of diet. If we would make a great hunt against these marauders and destroy them, he would assist us in every way to reach our destination.

While I did not fancy the idea of remaining over a day, even though the consideration was a possible brush with a pair of man-eating lions, there appeared to be no other way of settling the matter, and at last I reluctantly promised to spend a day hunting them. When I returned to camp and explained the matter to Ulandi, the old fellow was silent for a time, and finally remarked:

## A Startling Proposition.

"It is true, sahib. As you say, we must make at least a hunt for the beasts. But, sahib, if you are anxious to start for the Breasts of a Woman on the morrow, why can we not hunt the lions tonight? Surely, it will be as easy to find them now as in the light of the sun."

"How—what?" I repeated, "surely you would not advise

making a night hunt for lions! For leopards or panthers, it might be done, but for the king of beasts—well, hardly."

"I have done it," he replied. "Tonight there will be a full moon, and if the sahib will take along six of his best hunters, he will learn it is not so hard to find and kill the lion by moonlight as he supposes. Trust to me, and you will not be disappointed, sahib."

It appeared to me at first to be the essence of foolhardiness, and I would not hear of it. However, as the sun descended lower and lower into the western horizon the idea seemed to grow in favor. Why should I not trust the judgment and common sense of old Ulandi? Surely, during the five years he had been in my service I had never known him to commit a foolish or foolhardy act. And if others had hunted lions by moonlight, why shouldn't I? I determined to try it, at any cost.

When I informed Ulandi I would accompany him upon the proposed night hunt his face lighted up with a smile. "Very well, sahib," he replied. "I would advise that you ask the King of the Karemias to send some of his warriors, to show us where the lions have their lair, and also request that he furnish us a small sheep. We should start as soon as possible, as it will soon be dark."

The matter was finally arranged, and an hour before sunset we left the kafila, en route for the home of the man-eaters. In addition to Ulandi, I had taken six of our best hunters, two Somalis and four Matabeles. We were accompanied by four Karemias, one of whom led a half-grown sheep. According to the Karemias, the lions were supposed to make their home in a dense growth of bush jungle, about five miles from the village and some distance up a narrow cañon, which penetrated into the mountains. As we made our way in this direction the Karemias regaled us with blood-curdling stories of the prowess of the game we were after. The village had named the lion Bass Akarin Rajal (murderer of many) and the lioness Ejel Habi (evil one,) and from all accounts they merited their titles. When they had first appeared in the neighborhood the natives had mustered up courage to attack them, and a great hunting party, composed of thousands of warriors, had started on the hunt. This great party had met the lions in the mountains, near their lair, and after a decidedly one-sided battle, in which twenty-three natives were killed, the others had returned pell-mell to their village, where they had since remained, preferring to lose their sheep rather than their lives.

## Rather Discomforting Stories.

Such was the story of our guides, and it did not tend to increase my confidence in our undertaking, which the Karemias appeared to regard as the height of madness. When we had progressed some four miles over the rough ground they pointed ahead to where the dry river bed we were following made a sharp curve around the base of a mountain, and informing us that on the opposite side of this we would find our game, beat a hasty retreat in the direction of the village.

Slowly we continued along the cañon, keeping a sharp lookout for any sign of the lions, the natives having informed us that the pair invariably used this route when descending into the valley in search of food. Soon we arrived opposite a large boulder which projected from the side of the ravine, the flat top forming a kind of shelf, about fifteen feet above the river bed. Here Ulandi stopped, and, after a careful inspection of the rock and surroundings, stated that we had best make it a place of ambuscade, where we might lie in wait for our game. As the outer surface of the rock was nearly vertical, it required an effort to reach the top, which was finally accomplished by digging our hatchets into the crevices along the most favorable side. We had first tied the sheep to a large cactus plant near the base of the rock, and when we had scaled the side of the cliff and reached the surface of the rock we seated ourselves and carefully examined our guns, to make sure they were in perfect order. While our position gave us a decided advantage over the game, we were by no means free from danger, as the slanting side of the rock was not so steep as to prevent a lion, unless badly wounded, from climbing to the surface. In fact, the lions which infest the mountains of the Eastern Congo and Lower Abyssinia are able to scale the rocks like mountain sheep, as I had learned once before, much to my discomfiture.

As we waited in silence the twilight slowly faded into a shadowy dusk, which in turn gave place to complete darkness, so intense we could hardly distinguish the outlines of the river bed at our feet. Soon the first rays of the rising moon threw a faint, shimmering blaze over the heights above us, which gradually increased in brilliancy until I could have read a book by its light, although at a distance of 100 yards it would have been impossible to distinguish between a sagebrush and a lion. For at least an hour we sat waiting, listening intently, and straining our eyes in the uncertain light in hopes of discovering some sign of the lions. At last it began to look as though we were going to be disappointed after all.

"Is it possible," whispered Mengive, the Matabele, "we are going to hunt in vain tonight? I am afraid, sahib."

## Startled by the Roar of a Lion.

"Hush," interrupted Ulandi, lifting his hand, warningly; "you hear that, sahib?"

"That," was a long-drawn, meaning sound, which seemed to issue from the thick undergrowth farther up the cañon, and was followed by a series of most diabolical sighs, something like the sounds made by a choking horse; these were followed by a series of low, deep, growling roars, which gradually increased in volume until the very mountains seemed to vibrate, when they died away in a hundred little echoes. The "Murderer of Many" was leaving his home!

After the first series of roars a creepy silence ensued, in which we hardly breathed, while all eyes were intently studying the bushes to our right, vainly trying to detect some sign of life. Even the very crickets and night birds had ceased their chirpings, while the poor sheep, which had been bleating piteously at intervals, crouched silently on the ground. For some time we sat, straining our eyes and ears, on the alert for a first sight of the game, when a slight movement from the Zulu caused us to glance in his direction. He pointed silently up the ravine, and a second

later I could distinguish the sound of footfalls in the bushes. Little by little the sound grew more distinct, and at last I could make out the forms of two lions which were yet at least 100 yards distant, slowly toward us. As they approached I could hear the growling gait of a lion.

I was soon able to discern that the lions were in our favor, and moved along with slow, silent steps, while we crouched lower on the rock and noiselessly our guns. When they had arrived within, perhaps, 50 yards of our rock, the sheep, no longer able to bear its terror, gave a frightened bleat. Instantly stopped, the lion giving a subdued growl, which was answered by a snarling whine from the lioness, crouching low in the bushes. For a moment the lion remained still, and then, with a growl, began to creep toward the struggling sheep. He was striving to break the cord that held it so firmly. As the lion approached I could see the phosphorescent glow of his eyes, which became more brilliant as he crept nearer. When he had come within five paces he crouched for a spring, but a moment later arose to his full height and began to crouch, evidently suspecting a trap. The lioness followed him cautiously forward, and seemed to be about to attack the struggling sheep, disregarding the caution of her mate. As I did not want to sacrifice the helpless animal at my companions and whispered instructions to the Somalis to fire at the lion, and the lioness, adding that they should fire at my gun. A second later the lion turned his head (not to permit a head shot,) I pressed the trigger.

## A Death-dealing Volley.

The eight reports rang out almost simultaneously, were followed by an angry roar from the lion, giving a frightened shriek, and for a moment completely obscured our view. When it cleared we saw the lion was making slowly off, staggering as she went, in order to reach us, a dangling foreleg showing at least one of our bullets. Quickly reaching point blank at his head, just as he had come to a standstill to see him tumble to the ground, although on his feet in an instant. He had apparently recovered from this unequal contest, however, and staggered mate, which had already disappeared in the bushes, the others had by this time succeeded in recharging and gave him a parting volley, but with no effect.

It would have been sheer madness to have followed the wounded lions into the brush, and a fire of dry brush, and spent the night where we lay. Daybreak we took up the bloody spoor and saw the carcasses of both animals, lying but a few stone dead. On examining the carcass of the lion, that one ball had pierced its shoulder, splintering another had entered its mouth and penetrated the brain, while two others had wounded it slightly about the heart. The lioness had one ball through the lungs, through the throat, just back of the lower jaw.

## ART 2.

[To be Continued.]

## WHITCOMB RILEY'S HOAX.

[St. Louis Globe-Democrat:] The "David Leonainie" hoax, the latest sensation in literary circles, was a commercial sign painter in Indiana, poor in merit and claims of village merchant on high bridges and barns. His signs were always original and unique, displaying poetic ability and the later characterized his work in the literary local newspapers there appeared at least poems of real merit that failed to attract much attention. Riley made an energetic struggle, but the world was not interested in him and hope invariably turned to ashes. Still he gave up.

One evening, while sitting in a village tavern with some genial companions the merits of Riley and poets and the power of a reputation in the world, Mr. Riley was induced to write a poem and under the name of Edgar Allan Poe, wrote "Leonainie," the first stanza of which reads:

"Leonainie—angels named her,

And they took the light

Of the laughing stars and framed it

In a frame of white."

"Leonainie" was published in the columns of the Dispatch, August 2, 1877, representing that it was written on the fly-leaf of an old Almoe book signed "E. A. P." It was given out that the book containing the poem was found in an old Almoe book, brought West some years before. It was a clever imitation of Poe's penmanship, at once attracted national attention, and a general sensation. The wild, weird style was commented on by the leading poets and critics of the country. The Kokomo Tribune, a rival of the real author on the part of the literary and West, who denounced Riley as a fraud and the merest doggerel. The criticisms soon gave up.

Riley's friends were appalled by the abuse their favorite, firmly believing that he was himself, who was not greatly disturbed by the ruse, proved his theory that it was an important factor in successful literature. Riley gained his point in securing a reputation, the attention of the public, and from that time was secure. The "Leonainie" episode was though his transcendent genius might finally forced its way to the front.

## GOOD SHORT STORIES.

Compiled for The Times.

## A Maine Man's Valuable Rooster.

"NOW, my rooster's the most reg'lar feller you ever see. He crows four times in the mornin' and then right on the dot of 4:30 he jumps down off the perch and walks out into the yard. He's the biggest rooster in town and to make him heavier I've got half a pound of lead in bracelets round each leg. That's part of an invention. That's how that rooster helps to do some of the work round my place.

"He starts doin' the chores. Allus when he goes out through the door he flies upon a bar that I've put there such a way that he's got to light on it.

"I allus put the feed before the horses, cows and pigs the night before and then h'ist up a boardin' that runs the whole length of the tie-up. This makes a partition between the critters and the feed boxes. Well, when the rooster out early foddler time steps on the bar, it sags and pulls a coul. The coul pulls out a pin that holds up the boardin'. Down drops the partition through a slit in the floor and there's the mornin' feed right at hand. Critters can start right in on their breakfast reg'lar at 4:30. I ain't got to git up and go molly-whackin' round the barn till after I git my breakfast.

"But that ain't all of it—no, sir. I have an alarm cord pitched onto that heavy boardin'. When it goes down plump, it pulls the clothes off the bed, another coul yanks and scratches a match and sets the kitchen fire a-goin', another coul opens the water faucet in the sink so that we can have fresh water for the coffee, opens the kitchen door so the dog can go out—in fact, all the little chores are all done by that old rooster, before I'm up and have my pants on."

And you will please recollect that Mister Ezra Totman has 497 other inventions.—[Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

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## Explaining His Failure.

THERE is a man about Washington—you see him at the Capitol, at the hotels and at some of the clubs—who used to be famous and influential, but is now without money or influence, and lives on loans that from time to time he is able to secure from more fortunate friends. The other day he asked a certain Senator for \$20, whereupon the latter said:

"Tom, you have been borrowing money from me for twenty-five years, and you have never paid me back a cent. How long do you propose to keep it up?"

"Until you get me something to do," replied the borrower, frankly.

"That is impossible," replied the Senator. "You ought to understand that a man of your record cannot obtain an office and should go to some place where people don't know you and seek employment."

"I don't understand it," replied the borrower, bitterly. "Everybody seems to be down on me and to stand in my way. When I first knew you, Senator, I was way up at the top of the heap, and you were a friendless and unknown man at the bottom. Now you are at the top and I'm at the bottom; and I can't understand how it has happened. It certainly isn't my fault."

"Ah, Tom," said the Senator, kindly. "It isn't your fault; it's your misfortune. An inscrutable Providence gives you a mind which is unable to tell right from wrong, and you have been a blank poor guesser."—[Washington Correspondence Chicago Record.

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## Senator Cockrell's Introduction to Champ Clark.

SENATOR COCKRELL of Missouri is one of the Senatorial landmarks at the national capital. Although he has been in public life for a long time, he has never thrown away either the habits, clothing or personal bearing of the honest countryside from which he sprang. Once, at a political gathering at Sedalia, the Senator was standing apart from the crowd in one of the hotels. A member of the Committee on Entertainment saw him and concluded that he was not being properly looked after.

"Would you like to get acquainted with some of the prominent visitors?" the polite committeeman asked.

"I don't care," said the Senator quietly. "Who's that big man over there with the smooth face?"

"Why, that's Champ Clark," said the committeeman; "would you like to meet him?"

"If you please," the Senator returned.

"Mr. Clark," he said, "I want you to know a gentleman who has expressed a desire to know you."

Clark looked at the speaker in astonishment.

"This is the Honorable Champ Clark of old Pike, one of the most prominent Congressmen; Mr. Clark, Mr. ——"

"Cockrell—Senator Cockrell," said the other. The committeeman sought to turn the joke, but it was on him.—[Philadelphia Post.

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## Automatic Recommendation.

T SOMETIMES takes a diplomatist to write a "recommend," which, while it satisfies the recipient, fails to satisfy the one who gives it to recommending, which really recommends. I was reminded of this the other day on reading the following:

A Devonshire clergyman was lately compelled to dismiss a clever gardener who used to purloin his fruit and vegetables. For the sake of his wife and family he gave him a character, and this is how he worded it: "I hereby certify that A. B. has been my gardener for over two years, and that during that time he got more out of my garden than any man I ever employed."

This reminds me of a recommend of related significance with which a well-known citizen of this town is said to have equipped his coachman, on parting with him. This coachman, so the story goes, was a capital driver, skillful in taking care of his horses, and very obliging. But, alas, he was handicapped by an inordinate fondness for alcoholic stimulants. Time and again his master winked at his

shortcomings, then he expostulated with him, then he threatened him and, finally, the day naturally arrived when he discharged him. The next morning the coachman turned up at his late master's house and calmly inquired, "Would you mind, sir, giving me a bit of a recommend?" The gentleman drew a long breath, thought a moment and said: "Yes, I'll write you something." Then going to his desk he composed the following, which the coachman took with profuse thanks:

"To whom it may concern:

"This is to certify that the bearer, James —, has been in my employ for several months. He is a first-rate driver, thoroughly understands how to take care of horses, and is a model of good nature. I take pleasure in adding that during the time he was in my employ there were several occasions upon which I found him sober."—[Mail and Express.

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## Sermon Helped Him.

A CERTAIN popular minister of a Highland parish preached the other day on the duty of unqualified truthfulness, and was a little surprised to receive a visit from a parishioner next day who was well known to the gaugers as a maker of "sma" still whisky. "I have come to thank ye for your sermon yesterday," he said. "I will aye speak the truth after this." "I am glad to hear you say that," said the minister. "Ye see," continued the other, "this morning I got a visit frae a gauger. 'Has ye any whisky here?' he asked. 'Oh, ay,' says I, 'nae doot I has some whisky.' 'And whaur is it?' 'Under the bed,' says I. Well, what dae ye think? I tell naehting but the truth, and the cratur' never so much as poked his stick below the bed, though he looked through every part o' the house. I'm thinkin', sir, ye're quite right; it's aye best to tell the truth. I maun thank ye for yer sermon. It has done me good."—[Denver Post.

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## A Doubtful Compliment.

GOV. SHAW of Iowa had amusing experiences with newspaper men during a recent visit down East. "One reporter," he said, "referred to me as 'a dapper little old man'; another said my clothes didn't fit me, and that I was 'no orator, according to classical standards,' but the funniest compliment I ever received was during the campaign last fall in my own State. After I had made a speech before a crowd that had gathered to hear a debate between Jim Weaver and myself, an old farmer pushed his way through to where I stood, grasped my hand, and said, with every indication of sincere admiration:

"'Governor, that was a fine speech—an excellent speech! Do you know, you remind me very strongly of Abraham Lincoln in your powers of illustration! Of course you are a better-looking man than Lincoln was.' Then stepping back and taking another look at me from head to feet, and evidently intending to emphasize the compliment, he added: 'But not much, either!'"—[Omaha Bee.

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## Mal de Mer a Bond of Sympathy.

THE only marital difficulty that Victor Herbert, the composer and director, and Mrs. Herbert ever had occurred, as related by Mrs. Herbert to some Washington friends, during their honeymoon, while crossing the Atlantic. It was brought about by sea-sickness. The composer was sick and Mrs. Herbert was also ill. Their illness took the form of intense irritability and morbid sensitiveness. Each movement of the ship produced a groan from them, and each noise on board the vessel an indignant protest. They tried to sympathize with each other, but their voices lacked sincerity.

At the end of the third day the composer, after recovering from a lurch of the vessel, said:

"Dear, I have one favor to ask. Don't speak to me again on board this ship until we reach shore, or I will throw myself overboard."

"My dear," answered Mrs. Herbert, with her first sigh of relief since embarking, "thank you, I've been wanting to ask you that same favor myself all day."—[St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

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## Interfered in the Family.

SOUTH SIDE young man walked into a Thirty-first Street confectionery store to purchase some candy the other evening. As the woman behind the counter was waiting upon him he noticed a girl of perhaps ten years enter the store. The newcomer was hatless, her shoes were out at the toes, and she shivered under the scant folds of a thin shawl. The child looked at the tempting candy display with such a yearning look in her eyes that the heart of the young man was touched. When he came to pay for his candy he put two 25-cent pieces into the woman's hand instead of one. "Why," exclaimed the woman, "what is all this for?" "Oh, give the girl some candy with the balance," said the customer, with much compassion in his tone. "Get out of here, you loafer!" exclaimed the woman behind the counter.

"I guess I can take care of my own children without the help of fools like you." And the young man gathered up his quarters and his candy and hastened out of the store without venturing another word.—[Chicago Journal.

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## What He Knew About the Transvaal.

A QUAINt little story concerning Mr. Chamberlain, which, if it be not true, has at least originated from some one who has studied the Colonial Secretary and his ways pretty closely, is being told. It is said that one day lately Mr. Chamberlain was engaged in conversation with a friend in a well-known London hotel, when a young man approached him with a diffidence that bespoke a great desire to exchange a few words with the great man or be snubbed in the attempt.

"May I speak with you for a moment, Mr. Chamberlain?" he asked.

"Certainly," was the ready reply, and the politician rose from his seat.

"I cannot say it here," said the young man, glancing nervously around and leading the way to a remote corner of the room. Arrived there, he spoke his important communication in Mr. Chamberlain's ear.

"I am on the staff of the —, and I should esteem it

a great favor if you will tell me what you think of the present situation in the Transvaal!"

Mr. Chamberlain started, looked sharply at him, and then, in his severity softening into pity for the young man's simplicity, he said:

"Follow me!"

Leading the way like a man requiring still greater secrecy for what he had to impart, he walked through the dining-room into a passage, down some steps into the reading-room, into the drawing-room and finally into a remote and curtained dark corner, where, after a hurried glance around to make sure there were no eavesdroppers, he whispered in the young man's ear:

"My friend, I really don't know anything about it!"—[Chicago News.

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## Milking the Cow.

I WENT out to milk that cow of mine last night," said the old-timer, carefully nursing his arm, "and here before you are the remains. I'll forget myself and assassinate that cow brute some day. As I said, I went out to milk her, and she behaved all right, with the exception of wrapping her tail around my neck and then unwrapping it. This didn't last, however, and she inserted her hind hoof in the pail and looked around to see if I liked it. In a sudden spell of madness I yanked up a neckyoke and hasted it at her and missed her and knocked over a row of chickens. Then I got excited and landed on her face with my right and unjoined every joint in my body. She, the cow, then became agitated and stood up on her hind legs and run me in the haymow. I remained up there, occasionally telling her she might go some place if the sulphur agreed with her health, until my wife came and chased her off. Tonight I shall hog-tie her, blindfold her, and with the assistance of a club, milk her, gosh darn her, to a finish."—[Deadwood (S. D.) Pioneer-Times.

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## He Hired the First Woman Stenographer.

SAYS Thomas G. Shearman, the Brooklyn single tax advocate and lawyer, who probably was the first lawyer in this country to engage a woman stenographer and typewriter.

"It was in 1878, when women made their advent into the typewriting business. There were a few women engaged in mercantile houses to do stenographic work only and transcribe notes in long hand, but I think I have the honor of being the first lawyer in the country who engaged a woman with the combined qualifications of stenography and typewriting. That was twenty-two years ago. She was the daughter of a wealthy friend of mine, full of ambition and enterprise.

"I took the young woman as a stenographer and taught her typewriting myself. Before I engaged her I asked Grosvenor F. Lowrey to give her a trial, but Mr. Lowrey did not want her. Twelve months after, Mr. Lowrey came to me and urged me to release her.

"About a year later my protégé went West, where she worked for \$20 per week from 9 to 4 in the day, and earned another \$20 for evening work. This particular young woman is now in France, the wife of her last employer.

"At that time the men in the business snickered when they heard of 'a woman typewriter.'—[New Orleans Times-Democrat.

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## Explaining His Failure.

THERE is a man about Washington—you see him at the Capitol, at the hotels and at some of the clubs here—who used to be famous and influential, but is now without money or influence, and lives on loans that from time to time he is able to secure from more fortunate friends. The other day he asked a certain Senator for \$20, whereupon the latter said:

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"That is impossible," replied the Senator. "You ought to understand that a man of your record cannot obtain an office and should go to some place where people don't know you and seek employment."

"I don't understand it," replied the borrower, bitterly. "Everybody seems to be down on me, and to stand in my way. When I first knew you, Senator, I was way up at the top of the heap, and you were a friendless and unknown man at the bottom. Now you are at the top and I'm at the bottom; and I can't understand how it has happened. It certainly isn't my fault."

"No, Tom," said the Senator, kindly. "It isn't your fault; it's your misfortune. An inscrutable Providence gives you a mind which is unable to tell right from wrong, and you have been a blank poor guesser."—[Washington Correspondence Chicago Record.

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## Why He Broke the Leg.

I REMEMBER a distinguished public man who has risen high in the service of the State relating to me a little experience of his own. On the day on which he first entered a certain government office as a junior clerk he was the witness of a scene that filled him with amazement. An elderly man who was seated at another desk in the same room suddenly rose from his seat, dragged his chair to the fireplace, and, seizing the poker, attacked the offending piece of furniture with what seemed to be maniacal fury. When he had broken a leg off the chair his passion seemed to be exhausted. He flung the damaged seat into a corner of the room, and, getting another chair, calmly resumed his work as though nothing had happened. My friend on leaving his work that afternoon ventured, with the hesitation of a novice, to ask another clerk who had been a witness of the scene what it meant. "Is Mr. X—subject to attacks of this kind?" he asked. "Mr. X—!" was the response. "There was nothing the matter with him. You see, one of the casters had come off his chair, and the treasury won't replace casters; they will repair nothing less serious than a broken leg. So he broke one of the legs, and now he will get the caster put on again." This story is not merely *ben trovato*—it is absolutely true, and it throws a flood of light upon treasury methods and traditions.—[Sir Wemyss Reid in Nineteenth Century.



# Scenes in War and in Peace--Current

MRS. POTTER PALMER ARRIVES IN PARIS, AS COMMISSIONER TO THE EXPOSITION.



Mrs. Potter Palmer, the brilliant Chicago-woman, who has just arrived in Paris, is a United States Commissioner to the Paris exposition. She is the only one of her sex appointed as a member of the International Commission for the exposition. The ability she displayed as president of the Board of Woman Managers in the Columbian Exposition won her the place.

TAILOR MADE GOWN FOR SPRING.



A useful and stylish gown for the season is of mastic ladies' cloth. It is severely simple and elegant, being untrimmed, save for two bands of a lighter shade of taffeta which are applied to the skirt. The sleeves show the bell cut, which is becoming more popular every day.

JAPAN'S DIPLOMATIC REPRESENTATIVES AT WASHINGTON



Here is a snapshot, taken at the Japanese legation. The threatened clash in possible attitude which the United States would assume, make busy days for the assistants.

CROWDS DAILY VISIT JOUBERT'S RESTING PLACE.



Since old Gen. Piet Joubert has been laid at rest, crowds are daily visiting his place of burial, which is covered with wreaths and flowers. Now that he is dead, a discussion is already springing up regarding his leadership, some claiming that his place will be easy to fill and that he was far from being the mainspring of the war.

ROUNDING UP BARKLY WEST MALCONTENTS.



When an Africander who comes under the head of "rebel"—that is, a British subject who has taken up arms with the Boers—is captured, his treatment is not gentle. He is made to "hold up" his hands in true American style, to prevent treachery. Experience has taught the English soldier that members of these prowling bands on the border are hardly to be trusted.

# Events of the Day Pictorially Presented.

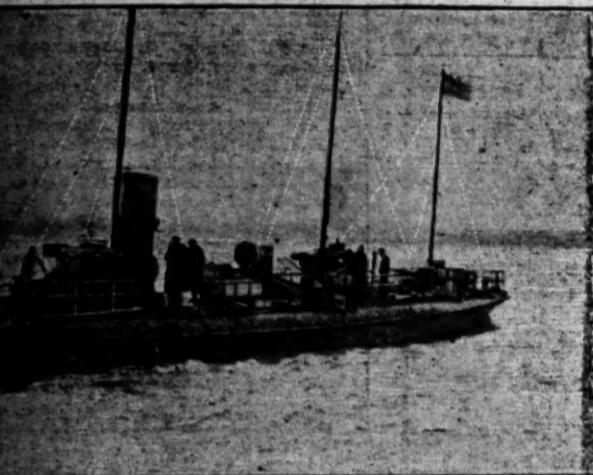


THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH AT THE FRONT.



Following the example of his distinguished ancestors, the Duke of Marlborough has taken the field. He arrived only recently at Cape Town and dispatched a telegram from there stating that he has been ordered to the front to join Lord Roberts in the Orange Free State.

AMERICA'S "MADE IN GERMANY" TORPEDO BOAT.



Boat purchased in Germany just before the beginning of the war with Spain, has not proved to be very fast. In fact, sailors who are supposed to know, declare that the boat has a speed of the slowest one made of this boat, and was photographed during one of her recent trials.

—HE WAS ACCUSED OF BEING HEAD OF THE CONSPIRACY TO MURDER GOEBEL.



John L. Powers, brother of Caleb Powers, the ex-Secretary of State, on trial last week for complicity in the Goebel killing, a determined young Kentuckian, whom Col. T. C. Campbell, of counsel for the prosecution, charged with being the head of the conspiracy.

FIGURING IN PUERTO RICAN DEBATES.



William E. Mason, Senator from Illinois, has figured extensively in the debates on Puerto Rico. Throughout the discussions of the tariff questions relating to that island he has been exceedingly active and has spoken at length on the subject several times.

A CHARMING NEGLIGEE.



A dainty room-gown is made of white dotted swiss, trimmed with insertions of narrow embroidery and a wide edge. A deep sailor collar with a border of the wist embroidery falls over the shoulder, and in a jabot in front. The gown is slightly confined at the waist with a white satin ribbon.—[From Freud.]

## Current Literature. Reviews by Adachi Kinnosuke.

## FICTION.

A Tale of London Society.

EN looked at "Nancy Noon"—that was some four years ago—it was whimsical with the eccentricity of tangled hair. It had, however, that rare thread in it called originality—some critics said, "daring or ginality." Moreover, it reminded some of the writings of Meredith and of Carlyle. So, men stopped long enough to notice the name of the author—Benjamin Swift. Then came from the same pen, "The Tormentor," "The Destroyer," "Siren City," and it came also to be known that Benjamin Swift was really the pen name of William Romane Patterson, son of a Glasgow physician, a graduate of Glasgow University, who is now in London, after a long tour in Europe that he might make his acquaintance with the foreign languages—a young man of 29. And before us we have his latest, "Dartnell."

It is the story of a husband who is, to his wife, a mystery. There is one thing in Sir Charles Dartnell, the husband, which shows him to be a manly man—he makes a consummate and most satisfactory ass of himself when he really falls in love with his wife. As for Lady Dartnell, she once—in the early legendary days of their wedded bliss—loved her husband. And therefore she thought, and doubtless she was right in so thinking, that she had done her duty in the matter. Whenever—but, of course, a wife must be a beautiful and charming woman—a wife finds her husband a mystery, and to whom it is impossible for her to make herself understood, then, according to the kindly order of things, there hove up a gallant who thinks that love justifies everything. Right or wrong, he is a rather interesting party to a certain sort of yarn spinners. And in this story, the name of that interesting personage is Lord Odney—an ambitious aspirant for political fame, young, fascinating to women, and whose future is thought to be brighter than the adjectives of a society paper, which is saying a good deal indeed. And the scene of the tragic-comedy is London. There is a liberal sprinkling of political—at least, that is what the author meant them to be, I am sure—episodes kneaded into the social Babel. The suspicious husband—whose faith in the fidelity of his wife's virtue is a nervous and almost childishly-ridiculous pendulum—spies upon his wife. A masked ball—which the wife gives in the absence of her husband (that is as she thinks)—and then the crisis. Lord Odney, like another manly man, in spite of all the dazzling promises of his intellect, and the fame which was almost his, makes a perfect fool out of himself. Of course his public career is utterly ruined by the shameful discovery of his love for Lady Dartnell. Still, she loves him very much—and divorce court is open—and that is such a consolation, in truth much more than he really deserves.

The story is slight—you would indulge in glittering rhetoric when you call it a plot—the theme is commonplace, and one of those things which ought not to be dragged out of a decent grave of the French classics. The prose of the author, however, is very smooth, only—well, those pious devotees of literature who enter into the paradise of ecstatic dreams (I believe dreams come after sleep) through the refined pages of W. D. Howells, ought by all means read this story. Of course this story is infinitely superior to "Silver Wedding Journey" and its sisterhood. This is hardly 186 pages long, and surely you do not want to see greater virtue than that in a book of our latter day, do you?

[Dartnell. By Benjamin Swift. Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago. Price, \$1.25.]

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The Fourth Volume of the Haworth Edition.

It includes the poems of Charlotte, Emily, Anne and Patrick Brontë, but the "Professor" is the chief of the contents. A rather pathetic book is the "Professor." I mean in its history as a book. The first of her serious attempts and last to see the light. And the saddest thing about it is that the publishers were not the party which was at fault in this case. Charlotte wrote it at the age of 30. She does not solicit the indulgence on the plea of first attempt, therefore. As she says herself:

"A first attempt, it certainly was not, as the pen which wrote it had been previously worn a good deal in a practice of some years."

This romanticist, at a certain period of her literary life, had nestled very close against her heart, a dream which was properly that of the realist. And the "Professor" was the expression of that dear dream. But she came to find out very soon that there was something else besides her ideal to satisfy. And so we have from her, in her own preface to the book, a confession—the confession which has a very sad ring in the ears of the artist.

"In the sequel, however, I find that the publishers in general scarcely approved of this system, but would have liked something more imaginative and poetical—something more consonant with a highly-wrought fancy, with a taste for pathos, with sentiment more tender and elevated unworldly."

Compared to "Jane Eyre," or "Villette" or "Shirley," this story is colorless—that is just exactly what she tried to do. Her pen was in the bond of education, and naturally it lacks the charm of that freedom, if a trifle extravagant in some portion of her Villette, of richly-colored fancy of hers.

Pathetic, also in another sense, this book, perhaps more than any other work of hers, emphasizes how limited her domain of art was, how single-hearted was her muse.

A very highly-interesting bit of literary relic it is, with all that. And as useful to the traveler on this hard road to fame as the white skeletons on the desert to the bewildered camel feet of the caravan.

[The Professor. By Charlotte Brontë. Harpers, New York. Price, \$1.25.]

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A Spiritualist in the Middle West.

Middle West, a century ago—such is the time and scene of the story. And the chief character—I mean the charac-

ter after whom the book is named, and who, to my way of thinking, is by no means the principal actor in the tragedy—was once a Quaker, Enoch Willoughby by name. Quiet and intense—reminding you very much of the religious frenzy of monsoon-washed sun-fevered Hindoo devotees—Enoch did not possess spiritual enthusiasm; the religious zeal completely possessed him. And as for his wife, a spirit possessed her much more completely than Enoch himself.

And strange experiences come to them. They dwelt amid the Quakers—the people who have rocks where so many other religious people of the day have a fashionable, and the most conveniently, flexible, rubber-like faiths. An accommodating combination of circumstances, in other words, which makes for the production of many an entertaining page of fiction.

Lyddie—the character, if not more important than that of Enoch, upon which the book dwells with a kinder and more reluctant solicitude—lives with the Willoughbys—she is the sister-in-law to Enoch. Very fair she was, and moreover—for hers was the partiality of fate—she had a good head as well. Still she was a girl, a mere girl, and it came to her very natural and without trouble to lose herself, more or less, and as the time went apace, in the spiritual atmosphere of the household wherein she dwelt. Then, there stepped into her life William Olney Price. The order of things is a sarcastic thing. He loved her; and she said that she could not love him. And that, as you well know, is the way in which a certain girl confesses her love for a man. A man, if he knew anything of what he was about, would try to bridge an ocean much sooner than to change the Quaker faith of William's father—that wretched family difference! And that was the reason why Lyddie said what she said and felt her love for Olney wax stronger. As for Olney, he was desperate—like a decent and healthy lad—and had no head nor time to think of aught else but his passionate love for her whom the community despised as a little spiritualist. But of course love conquers. Lyddie becomes reconciled to Olney's father. And after marriage Lyddie drifts back—as is so often the case with the majority of excellent women—into the

portions of the book. As you see then, it is rather—and—

Only one may be pardoned in wondering how to pass that the thrilling, reader-enslaving grip which longed to fiction in the goodly days of yore has (as it would seem to the readers of George W. Steveson) and the letters of the Brownings and of Stevenson) into the pages of biography and history and especially a certain class of autobiographies; and on the other all that solemn, yawnful, martyr-like dignity and distinction which were expected to have this mitigation between the covers of serious works have out and taken possession many hundred pages tempting (as to cover designs and the publisher's statements are concerned) work of fiction.

But, then, I am such an ingrate. This book is a refreshing rest from the eternal historical romances of day.

[Enoch Willoughby. By James A. Wickenshner. New York. Price \$1.50.]

## RELIGIOUS.

A Collection of Wise Sayings.

It has a very large title, this very small booklet, a collection of great sayings of the wise and the great and deep themes. These quotations, properly fitting, are not the answers to the stupendous question "What is God, man, soul, religion, right living, etc.?" but they are suggestive remarks about the problems which never cease to trouble man's brain. Most quotations are taken from the oriental literature, the Rig-Veda, Bhagavad-Gita, Krishna's Sermon, Lao-Tze, Confucius, Upanishads, etc., and also from some of the great philosophers, such as Plato, Kant, St. Anselm, Swedenborg, etc.

Some of these three-line sentences give the true essence of centuries of philosophic efforts, the true best metaphysical thoughts of half the world, example, this from Kant:

"Act always so that you treat all humanity, whether in your own person, whether in the person of another, as an end and never as a means."

I am just indulging in a dreamy sort of wonder, ever, and wonder how many of those who may not sentence would realize its significance? Perhaps the best definition, after all the chaos of words on that one can find, of the Moral Law. Without the understanding of the law sin is a mere word and the trade jargon of a somber fancy. As the matter of volumes, and hundreds of them, and as thick as that of a certain matter-of-fact gentleman, have been on the history of the evolution of this definition. Who know, this volume—a random collection of many and stupendous sayings of the great—would be a good reminder.

[Answers of the Ages. Herbert S. Stone: Price 75 cents.]

## HISTORY.

Another History of the Spanish-American War.

The author waited long enough to gather all the able materials on the subject—his faith in the official reports is very orthodox. And now that all the good from the actors of the battlefields and the witnesses have been given us, and, as well, the vivid life-like reports by those who know how to use the pen and understand the art of words, the author brings to us a compilation which the author is pleased to call, "a history"—"a history," as he implies in his preface—and which is the thing for a school text-book that ought to delight the heart of a certain sort of pedagogues, who love to upon their pupils as so many little naughty sinners in inquisition.

Because the author wrote about the battle of San Juan Hill in eight pages, he seems to be happy in the use of his power of condensation and conciseness. He crammed—just like a typical school text-book of a century ago—with the dry bones of dates and names. A man read the book—the most exciting portion of the book is the battle of San Juan Hill—three times. And he can retain anything like a definite outline of a picture, ought to be heartily congratulated for the strength of memory. If, therefore, those fortunate ones who have the works of Davis and Roosevelt, for example, should their temper over some of these pages, you need not be surprised.

But we are told (by the author) that "the narrative sailors, soldiers, and correspondents who took part in and who described what they saw, are not history." Then, too, the author claims for the book that "is based upon a study of all the available first-hand documents," both American and the Spanish.

[History of Spanish-American War of 1898. By H. Titherington. Appletons: New York. Price \$1.50.]

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Jacob A. Riis.

[The Bookman:] Jacob A. Riis has written a book, "A Ten Years' War," a sequel to "How the Half Lives" and "The Children of the Poor," telling us and what has not been done toward the relief of conditions these described.

"I am a reporter, a police reporter," says Mr. Riis, "ever he begins to deliver a speech or lecture. No one thinks that is all he is. And he is right to have trade, for it has served him well. He suffered himself misery of poverty and homelessness in city and country so that he began to know by experience. But the that made him a newspaper man sent him into the for news, completed his knowledge, so that he was personally soaked with facts and the flair for his subject before he set out to write about it as a general editor. Then he came up, not as an amateur, a sentimental



JACOB A. RIIS.

[From the Bookman.]

writer or a student, but as a reporter; he had a taste for it all, he has sentiment, he is a student, and he cannot let things be. But the best of it was that when he opened his lips it was to sing, just because the numbers came.

After all, however, it is the man, not the reporter, who is doing the work, and an interesting man he is. A Dane by birth, a carpenter by trade, he came to this country when a boy of 18, worked at all sorts of jobs until he had learned the language. Then he became editor of a subsidized political weekly in the neighborhood of Brooklyn, but he attacked the ring which owned the paper, and though they were amused as well as astonished at first, they finally discharged Mr. Riis. The New York Tribune took him on as a reporter, and one dark, snowy night, on a characteristically-mad rush to the office with news, he ran into the editor and knocked him into a pile of mud and ice. For that he was promoted to police headquarters, where, in the pursuit of motives, he fell upon the causes of crime, learned more and more, and finally wrote his first book, "The Other Half," as he calls it briefly, which turned out to be news to the first half.

It was news because it was read. Mr. Riis is no artist, but he can tell a story; he has an unconscious sense of the picturesque and sentiment. His sentiment sometimes hurts a story, which would be better told offhand; but the sentiment has kept him from becoming a cynic. For the rest, Mr. Riis brought from Denmark his preference for the chunky Saxon words, and the haste of journalism would have kept him style direct and easy if his character had not predetermined all that. He has always stuck to journalism, and is now at police headquarters for the Sun, for which he has reported for ten years or more. The photograph which we herewith reproduce is, in Mr. Riis's estimation, the best he has ever had taken.

#### LITERARY NOTES.

The famous "man-milliner," Worth, is brought to life again in Richard Whiteing's "Fashionable Paris," in the April Century.

The Engineering Magazine presents, as its April leader, an interesting illustrated account of the Cape-to-Cairo railway, by John Hartley Knight. Mr. Knight gives a synopsis of the growth of the conception and the progress of the work so far completed, with a sketch of the projected line, the country through which it is to run, and the prospects based upon the returns of the railway working to Bulawayo. Another subject of leading current interest is treated by George A. Burt, in his brief comparison of the Panama and Nicargua Canal projects in their constructive features, cost, convenience of navigation, and maintenance expense. E. K. Scott contributes an illustrated description of the Jungfrau electric railway.

The April number of the Critic has for its frontispiece a portrait of Mme. Emma Eames. This is an accompaniment to an article on the opera season by Richard Aldrich, which is illustrated with portraits of Mme. Calvè, Sembrich, and Nordica, and M. Alvarez. This number of the Critic is conspicuous as containing the opening pages of a novella by Th. Denton (Mme. Blanc) called "At Cross Purposes." It is a story of misunderstandings, and shows, as only a French woman who has visited the United States could show, the striking difference between the French and American point of view in certain interesting matters.

Photo A. Hearst—and I am sure there are very few indeed who deserve our sincere attention and respect more than this lady—is the subject of an article in April Ainslee's Magazine. Her connection with the University of California forms a great part of it. Of all who are building monuments unto themselves, whether in the temple of fame or in the grateful niches of the hearts of posterity, there are none, I dare say, who can congratulate himself or herself as a whit wiser than Mrs. Hearst. All day to her, say we now—not such a vast number of us at present, perhaps. A century hence the singers of songs with her name will doubtless be multiplied a hundred thousandfold.

We have had Kipling's wood people, Thompson's wild animals, and now Charles G. D. Roberts comes forward with some forest creatures who have the hearts and interests of men, and who win us as no other humanized beasts ever have. Mr. Roberts differs from his fellow-authors in giving us a novel instead of detached tales, and his "Heart of the Ancient Wood" appears in the last (April) New Lippincott. His chief character is Old Kroff, the Bear, who becomes part of a deep woods household, and protects the mother and daughter who people the remote cabin. There is love, pathos and tragedy, but the grandeur of the ancient wood pervades all. The plot is ingenuous, and the characters are real people, even the beasts.

Robert Buchanan pays his respects to Sir Walter Besant on the Hooligan question in the Kipling controversy, and does it very effectively, in the article entitled "The Ethics of Criticism," reprinted in the Living Age, for March 24, from the Contemporary Review.

In view of newspaper agitation concerning certain dramatic productions in the metropolis, A. C. Wheeler's article on "The Unsavory Drama," in the current number of Harper's Weekly, is of some timely interest. No American writer is, perhaps, so familiar with the stage in this country as Mr. Wheeler, whose pseudonym, "Nym Crimble," has appeared on the pages of many of our leading papers.

The special features of the Review of Reviews are an article on the work of the Hampton Institute, by Albert Shaw; a study of "The Great Steel Makers of Pittsburgh," by Julius Moritz; a paper on "Publicity; A Remedy for the Evils of Trusts," by Prof. J. W. Jenks, of the Industrial Commission; a discussion of "The Constitution and the Territories," by Prof. Harry Pratt Judson, of the University of Chicago; "The Rhine-Elbe Canal; A Feature in German Politics," by Prof. James Howard Gore; "Japan's New Era," by R. Van Bergen; "The Warlike Policy of the Dowager Empress of China," by William N. Brewster; and "Wasteful Methods of Fire Insurance," by Louis Windfuhr.

Dodd, Mead & Co. announce for publication during the year, Lucas Malet's new novel, "The Gateless Barrier." Lucas Malet, as is well known, is the nom de plume of Mrs. Harrison, the daughter of Charles Kingsley.

## HELPED MAKE HISTORY

### A TALK WITH PRESIDENT GRANT'S ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

By Maj. J. A. Watrous, U.S.A.

Two men who were members of Gen. Grant's Cabinet are still living. They are George S. Boutwell of Massachusetts, who was Secretary of the Treasury, and George H. Williams of Portland, Or., who was Attorney-General. I had a pleasant talk with Judge Williams recently. He told me many things about Gen. Grant which deserve to be given to the public. First let me tell something about Judge Williams. He is a native of New York, where he grew to manhood, was educated in the public schools and admitted to the bar. At 21 he went to Iowa and practiced his profession. In 1847 he was elected Circuit Judge. Not long after Mr. Pierce became President, in 1853, Judge Williams was appointed Chief Justice of the Territory of Oregon, Stephen A. Douglas, a personal friend, having requested the appointment. President Buchanan reappointed him in 1857, but not being in accord with some of Mr. Buchanan's slavery ideas, he tendered his resignation and resumed his law practice, becoming a Republican.

In 1864, Mr. Williams was elected to the United States Senate. It was Senator Williams who drew the reconstruction bill and had charge of it in the Senate. President Grant appointed him a member of the joint high commission which negotiated the treaty of Washington, and soon after his duties in that connection ended, selected him as Attorney-General.

When Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase died, Gen. Grant found great difficulty in selecting his successor. Great pressure was brought to bear to promote one of the Associate Justices. Gen. Grant desired to do that, but was not long in discovering that while he would greatly please one of the justices by such a course, he would seriously displease all of the others, and their friends, and the idea was abandoned. It was finally decided to name Roscoe Conkling, who had recently been elected to the Senate. Senator Conkling declined. There were two or three Cabinet meetings, largely devoted to discussing candidates for Chief Justice. One of these meetings was held without the knowledge of the Attorney-General. Gen. Grant settled upon Judge Williams, and his name was sent to the Senate. "I knew nothing about it until my name was sent to the Senate. It was my greatest surprise," said Judge Williams. "The next day, when I met Gen. Grant, I said, 'Mr. President, I am under many obligations for your kindness in this matter.' He replied, 'It was the proper thing to do.'"

#### Judge Williams's Appointment.

The history of that appointment is very interesting. As will be remembered, the Senate did not act upon it. The desire of many Senators to see an Associate Justice promoted was a marked factor in preventing prompt confirmation, but there was a still greater factor. Mrs. Williams was a talented, beautiful woman; she was a leader in Washington society; few equalled her, and none excelled. This distinguished society leader, while very popular with a large element, was unpopular with an influential element. That element consisted of the wives of some Senators, Representatives, judges and other high officials. Mrs. Williams greatly surpassed these classes. It was a thorn in their sides to have her the wife of a Cabinet Minister; what would it be when she was the wife of the Chief Justice? The pill was a very bitter one for them. The idea of this lady from far-away Oregon, the backwoods, as they said, ranking them! It must not be. And they united, almost as one, in the most bitter warfare upon Judge Williams that has ever been known at the national capital. Every newspaper that opposed the Grant administration made it its special business to traduce and besmirch the Attorney-General, Grant's choice for Chief Justice. And every Republican paper that could be reached by the pressure, which was most powerful, joined in the loud baying. The Senate hesitated. Some of its members clamored for a different appointment. The delay and the wholesale and vicious attacks had a most depressing effect upon Judge Williams. He finally said to Gen. Grant, "This bitter, cruel, unjust opposition is too much for me; I cannot bear it any longer; I want you to withdraw my name." "I will do so, Mr. Williams, if you insist," said the President, "but I do not want to. I am prepared to stand by you to the bitter end." "No, Mr. President, please withdraw my name; the tension is too great, the load is too heavy," was the Judge's reply. The name was withdrawn.

That Judge Williams made a serious mistake in asking the President to withdraw his name, is undoubted. The tide had begun to turn in the Senate; the attacks of the press and of society leaders had disgusted many of the Senators. Several Senators went to Judge Williams and expressed regret that he had withdrawn, telling him that it was only a question of time when he would have been confirmed. "After my name had been withdrawn," says Judge Williams, "other Cabinet sessions were devoted to selecting a Chief Justice. Many names were suggested. Caleb Cushing of Massachusetts was chosen. The appointment was referred and there it remained, as mine had. Cushing's famous letter to Jefferson Davis, in which he virtually sympathized with the Confederate President, was printed. That settled Mr. Cushing; the Senate would not confirm.

It finally dawned upon the President that it would be necessary to select a dark horse. Some one suggested Morrison P. Waite of Ohio. He seemed to fill the bill as a dark horse candidate. Not much was known about him by any one outside of Ohio. He had visited Washington only once, and had never had a case before the Supreme Court. President Grant asked me to telegraph him, asking if he would accept. Of course he would, and did, and he was appointed and confirmed."

Not long after that Judge Williams tendered his resignation as Attorney-General. For a time he practiced law in Washington and then returned to Oregon and resumed his

law practice, interrupted in 1864. A movement was set on foot the year of a Senatorial election, over twenty years ago, to return Judge Williams to the Senate. A majority of the Republicans were favorable to his election, but the Republican minority united with the Democrats and elected John H. Mitchell. Since then Judge Williams has been besought by parties and individuals to consent to the use of his name for various offices of honor and trust, but has invariably declined.

#### Talks About Gen. Grant.

I know that millions would listen, as I did, with deep interest, to what this distinguished ex-member of his Cabinet said about President Grant, if they had a chance. Let me give them a chance to read what he said:

"Was it Gen. Grant's habit to take an active part in discussing questions which came before the Cabinet?"

"If the question was one which should be settled by the head of a department, the general would refer the matter to that Cabinet Minister. In a question like the inflation bill, for instance, Gen. Grant always listened attentively to the opinions of the Cabinet, now and then asking a question or suggesting an idea. That bill passed, as you remember. After a prolonged session of the Cabinet, when the question of veto or no veto was discussed from every standpoint, Gen. Grant closed the meeting by saying, 'Gentlemen, it is my plain duty to veto that bill; I shall veto it.'"

"Did the President generally approve of the acts of his Cabinet officers, in the management of their respective departments, and did he appoint to office the men recommended by Cabinet officers?"

"Generally, yes. Gen. Grant was very good in the matter of appointing men recommended by the heads of departments. He never failed to appoint any one that I recommended, and I cannot recall more than an instance or two where he failed to comply with the requests of other Cabinet officers. He did not always approve of our actions. I refer to one case, without using names. A Federal official had been found guilty of embezzlement, was tried, convicted and imprisoned. He had many influential friends and they besought the President for pardon. Grant referred them to the Attorney-General and in every instance I reported unfavorably. At last the wife of the prisoner came to my office and pleaded that her husband be liberated. She was a beautiful woman, refined, highly educated and intelligent, and her appeal was the most pathetic that I ever listened to. It was a hard task to do, but I had to say to the lady, 'I cannot help you; your husband was guilty, and if I favor a pardon for him, how can I refuse others whose offenses were not as great as his?'

#### When Grant Yielded.

In those days Gen. Grant had a rule that no woman seeking pardon for friends should be admitted to his office, but by some means this lady reached his room and made her plea. When he said he did not see how he could comply with her request, she fell upon her knees and with tear-sprinkled cheeks, begged the President to give her back her husband. "If not for my sake, for the sake of my children; for the sake of an unborn child." That day Gen. Grant sent a note directing me to take the necessary steps to pardon the man, and it was done. When I met him I said, "Mr. President, you made a mistake in that case. That man was an embezzler; it was a perfectly clear case. He ought to have remained in prison."

"Mr. Williams, I know it was a mistake; I know the man was guilty; I know he ought to have been kept in prison, but what is a man to do when such a woman falls upon her knees and pleads that her life and that of her unborn child depended on my saying yes." There was a sign of tears in the President's eyes as he said it.

"Was Gen. Grant cordial, jovial and friendly with the Cabinet?"

"At times, very much so. When there was any important work to do at Cabinet meetings, the general always gave close and serious attention. When we met and there was nothing to do, I have known him to talk for two hours, and most entertainingly. Usually at these social gatherings he would talk of the Mexican and civil wars and the men he served with, but never about things that he did. He frequently told us of great movements made, by Sherman, Sheridan, Thomas or Farragut; or by Lee, "Stonewall" Jackson or Longstreet. He was always very cordial in greeting Cabinet members, but the class that was most warmly greeted was his old comrades of the Mexican and civil wars. Those he met with both hands extended to grasp the two hands of each visitor."

"How did the savage newspaper criticisms affect Gen. Grant?"

"I guess no one could tell. He never used to say anything about them, and he did not care to listen to any one else talking about them; but he was a sensitive man and I have no doubt that some of the harsh things wounded him deeply."

#### Industrial in Peace as Well as in War.

"I know, Mr. Williams, that Gen. Grant was a most industrious man in the field, as a commander. Did he carry his habits of industry to the White House?"

"He certainly did. He was a tireless worker. If there was anything that the President had to do, he always did it at the earliest possible moment, and the best: he knew how. He very seldom called upon a stenographer to help him in his correspondence, and never in the preparation of his state papers. Whatever he prepared was in his own handwriting."

"Did Gen. Grant evince much interest in the campaign of 1872?"

"Apparently none. The night after election I was with him. While all others in the room were greatly excited and pleased as the reports came in, Gen. Grant sat in his chair as unconcerned as if it was a matter of no moment."

"It may be interesting to give the names of all the men who served in the Cabinet during Grant's two terms:

Secretary of State, Elihu B. Washburne and Hamilton Fish; Secretary of the Treasury, George S. Boutwell, William A. Richardson, Benjamin H. Bristow and Lot M. Morrill; Secretary of War, John A. Rawlins, William T. Sherman, William W. Belknap, Alphonso Taft, J. D. Cameron; Secretary of the Interior, Jacob D. Cox, Columbus Delano and Zachariah Chandler; Secretary of the Navy, Adolph A. Borie and George M. Robeson; Postmaster-General, John A. Creswell, James W. Marshall, Marshall Jewell and James N. Tyner; Attorney-General, E. R. Hoar, Amos T. Ackerman, George H. Williams, Edwards Pierrepont and Alphonso Taft.

## Graphic Pen Pictures Sketched Far a-Field.

### A Turn in the Wheel of Fortune.

A DECADE or two ago it was the pretty fashion for adventurous young people who had just been married to take walking tours along the white roads of France or through the green world of Northern Italy. The bicycle killed all that. Now, in turn, the automobile has superseded the wheel.

W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., has been telling friends in Paris about the joyous jaunts that he and his bride, who was Miss Virginia Fair, took in the south of France on their honeymoon. They started from Nice and journeyed to Biarritz and back again. It was a three-week's trip, for they traveled as pleased them best. Here they would stop at a wayside inn, stable the automobile, and spend a day or two living the life of the peasants, and then they would journey on; now and then their machine, with the inevitable contrariety of inanimate things, would break down. Three times this happened. Then, if Mr. Vanderbilt could not tinker it up himself, the young couple would push the machine on to the next town. All these adventures, and many others, should be pleasant to remember in the days when they "go no more a-roving." For, after all, the best of life is looking back.—[Vance Thompson's Letter in Philadelphia Post.]

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### A Floral Miracle.

"THE most magnificent floral effect I ever saw in my life," said Robert N. Wilson of the Morgan Line, "was in Texas. They have a flower there called the rain-flower, the botanical name of which is the cooperia. It usually blooms three or four days after a rain. I was through the country to look after some land for a friend, and the thing that struck me in that particular locality was the utter barrenness of the whole landscape. There was a low piece of land, of ten acres or more, that was covered with low, black vines that were decidedly uninviting. Four hours later, after a heavy thunder shower, I passed this piece of land, and it was absolutely covered with what seemed to be the prettiest flowers I had ever seen. It was one enormous bouquet, and the fragrance from it was almost intoxicating."

"I could scarcely believe the evidences of my own eyes, but there it was, what seemed to be an unsightly waste transformed as if by magic into a bower of bloom."

"I made inquiry of the natives and learned that once in a long time the rain-flower bloomed in a few hours after a rain, though ordinarily the blossoms did not appear for three or four days, and then usually came in the night."—[New York Commercial.]

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### A Horse Charged With Dynamite.

WHILE a gang of laborers were excavating to make telephone cable connections at New Rochelle last week, three sticks of dynamite, which were not needed, were stored in a small bag of oats in one of the carts for safe-keeping.

At noon, when the horses were fed, the dynamite was forgotten until the men saw that one of the horses was munching the oats in the bag containing the dynamite. Then a panic ensued. The men looked on from a safe distance while the horse, blissfully ignorant of danger, munched on. The three sticks of dynamite went the way of the oats. The driver, apprehensive of indigestion and consequent expansion, left the horse standing alone for four hours, and later drove him very slowly and gently to the stable.

The horse still lives. He is a fractious animal, and in the past the butt end of a whip, applied to his ribs by a muscular arm, was needed to make him haul his load properly. Now he is being treated like a child, and the whip lies forgotten in the bottom of the cart. He remains in his stall and does nothing but eat and sleep. His owner is a discreet man.—[New York Correspondence Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.]

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### Gave Her Cloak to a Beggar.

PASSERS-BY on Broad street, the principal business thoroughfare of Elizabeth, N. J., last evening turned to look again at a strikingly handsome and richly dressed young woman. About her shoulders was a heavy, warm-looking golf cape.

She came to an old woman, who sat crouched on the curb, playing a wheezy accordion and shivering with cold. The tin cup that she appealingly held out for alms was empty.

The young woman paused, then deliberately took off her rich-looking cape and placed it tenderly about the thin shoulders of the aged beggar. Then taking from her purse a \$5 bill she put it in the tin cup and passed on.

The generous acts were observed by those persons who were near, and an effort was made to learn the identity of the young woman. One woman urged her to accompany her home, that she might get some covering to take the place of the cape and avoid catching cold.

The almsgiver declined, and said she could get home without fear of cold.

Stirred by the noble action of the stranger, a collection was taken up for the old beggar. It was responded to generously, and she was started to her home, which she said was in Newark, with a pocket full of small change in addition to the money she had received from the young woman.—[New York Journal.]

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### Feasts in South America.

"THERE is no part of the world," remarked an experienced traveler in the lobby of the St. Charles last evening, "where luxury is carried to more fantastic lengths than in South America. In Rio, Montevideo, Santiago de Chile, Lima, Buenos Ayres, and a lot of other cities you will find people of immense wealth whose lives are devoted solely and singly to the pursuit of pleasure. They stop at nothing to gratify the most extraordinary caprices, and their whole round of existence is a feverish and un-

flagging pursuit of a new sensation. I was present, some years ago, at a bachelor dinner given by a young aristocrat of Santiago de Chile, as a farewell to his cronies on the eve of his marriage. It was the most extravagant and spectacular function I ever attended. With every course the host introduced some surprise. For instance, when the fish was served, a curtain was drawn at one end of the room and we saw a stage set with a startlingly realistic sea scene; a lugger tossing on the waves and the men on board hauling in a net. It was as good a piece of stagecraft as I ever saw in any theater. A bear's head was brought in by a crowd of servants dressed as wild Indian hunters, and the iced were served by girls costumed as oriental dancers. As a finale there was a grand ballet on the stage which had been used for the sea scene. There is no telling how much the dinner cost, but it was gotten up without any regard for expense.

"One of the residents of Montevideo has a subterranean dancing hall, which is famous in that part of the world, but which, strange to say, I have never seen described in print. It is fully sixty feet under the surface of the ground and is reached by a great iron cage similar to those used in mines. The sight of such a superbly decorated and brilliantly illuminated apartment after a descent of the dark, grimy shaft, is indescribably startling. The owner of the estate is an eccentric nitrate millionaire, who spends most of his time in Paris."—[New Orleans Times-Democrat.]

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### A Queer Spot in New York City.

HERE are some queer spots in this city, unusual places that one would not dream existed in the metropolis of the Western Hemisphere. One of them is "Sunken Village," which is bounded by Sixty-second and Sixty-first streets and Central Park West. It consists of eight shanties situated on a tract of land about fifteen feet below the level of the surrounding streets. A high board fence encloses the "village" on all sides, and behind it the villagers eat and sleep, work and play, live and die, undisturbed by the gaze of the curious.

The shanties were constructed of boards, but they have been patched and thatched till but little of the original material of which they were built remains. Just how long the shanties have been there no one seems to know. In the days of the old Bloomingdale road the "village" was proportionately as far from the city as Mount Vernon is now. In those days the settlement contained inns and restaurants of various kinds, and driving parties gathered there to pass a merry evening undisturbed.

The city grew apace, and in taking a mighty leap passed over "Sunken Village" and forgot that it had been left behind. The surrounding country was filled and graded, but "Sunken Village" remained at its original level. Fine residences, the abodes of wealth and refinement, were erected all around, but the residents of "Sunken Village" paid no attention to them. They went their way, and the towering homes of luxury cast no shadow upon their hearthstones or in any wise influenced their lives. Most of the shanties have been handed down from father to son for generations, and those who occupy them pay only ground rent to the owners of the property, and this suffices to pay the taxes. As a class the dwellers there are Ishmaelites; they have but little intercourse with others, neither do they wish the outside world to intrude itself upon them. They are contemptuously spoken of by even the very poor of other West Side districts as "squatters" and "gypsies."

But the "Sunken Villagers" do not care. They go calmly on in their own way. Once in a while there is a fire, a fight, or a suicide in the "village." Then the outside world will notice it for a moment and then forget all about the place. But such an event furnishes the villagers a topic for weeks and months. Many years ago Messrs. L. and S. Wormser purchased the tract of land on which the "village" stands and have been holding it till they could sell at the price at which they value it. That price has never yet been offered, and so "Sunken Village" still stands, an alien to the times, an alien to its surroundings.—[New York Times.]

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### Most Valuable Stamp in the World.

IT IS of interest to stamp collectors to know that the most valuable stamp in the world is one lately discovered—a one penny postage Mauritius, for which recently £1000 was paid in London. W. H. Beckitt bought it from a stamp dealer, who placed a value of £1500 on it at first.

It will be of further interest to know what prices have been paid for stamps of this class, which are very rare and are at long intervals on the market. A Mr. Tapling, whose collection is now owned by the British Museum, paid £800 for a "one penny postage" in 1882. In 1890 £300 was asked and obtained for a two penny stamp of the same class, at the London Exposition. In 1893 Stanley Gibbons paid for a pair of unused one and two penny stamps £60. In 1897 Jules Bernichon paid £49,000 for a pair of these stamps in Paris.—[New York Herald.]

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### Easter Celebrations in Roumania.

"C HISTOS a inviat"—"Christ has risen"—is the greeting of high and low, young and old, on Easter Sunday; and you reply with piety, "Adevarat a inviat"—"He has risen indeed."

To answer in any other way would stamp one as the most sacrilegious of heretics.

They are a religious people, indeed, these Roumanians, in their little land, full of quaint and interesting traditions, brought down intact through many centuries. To prepare them for Easter their church rituals impose a long and severe period of purification of soul and body, so that their mental participation in the Savior's sufferings and the joy over His resurrection may be pure.

For seven weeks the pious Roumanians will not touch any kind of meat; neither will he partake of milk, eggs, nor will he even use dishes that have been contaminated by them. All this time he lives on fish and vegetables, and

in the last week before Easter Sunday it is even sinful to eat fish. What wonder that on Sunday morning when the bells announce Christ's resurrection, the people should run home as fast as they can, and devour with relish the good things which have been prepared for the long awaited feast!

As descendants of Trajan's legions, who conquered land, ancient Dacia, in the year 103, the Roumanians of today speak one of the most Latin languages, and naturally have many of the Latin characteristics. They are very fond of being Latina. Nevertheless, they are not Catholic; all the other Latin nations, but belong to the Greek Orthodox Church of the Orient.

The Orthodox Church originated with the great schism of the year 1054, when Pope Leo IX of Rome sent his legate to Constantinople, then the capital of the Eastern Roman Empire.

Ever since a sharply defined antagonism has existed between the two churches.

Unlike the Roman Catholic, the Orthodox Church, among other rituals, prescribes triple baptism, long fasts and other external formalities, which are rigidly observed. It dismisses the doctrine of Hades, the confirmation, the fission, etc., and permits the priests to marry. It has no saints' mural paintings in the church, but banishes sculptural images from it. There is no universal language, like the Latin with the Roman Catholics, nor have they adopted the Gregorian calendar, so that in reckoning they are twelve days behind us. In words, like the Greeks and Russians, they adhere to the Julian system.—[George Julian Zoinay, in Frank Leslie's Monthly.]

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### Fast-Sailing Steamships.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago The Engineer of London, recognized authority on all matters pertaining to ship navigation, made the prediction that the crossing of the Atlantic Ocean, by a steamship, at the speed of twenty-five miles an hour, was one of the things impossible of accomplishment. At that time the Atlantic had never been crossed by a screw steamer at as high a speed as fifteen miles an hour; the Cunarder Scotia, the last of the big steamers, never doing better than an average of four and three-quarter knots. Therefore the prophecy of the Engineer was not at all a wild one. But today the steamers that have reached the speed of twenty-five miles an hour, and others are in course of construction which are expected to surpass it. The fastest liner of today has more than an average of twenty-five miles. Huge engines and powerful propellers, mighty power of propulsion, have forced her through the rough seas of the Atlantic at an average speed of twenty-one, which is a fraction over twenty-six miles in the best distance of the Southampton-New York route is 3000 miles, which she covers, on the average, in 5 days and 17 hours, considerably over twenty-five miles an hour for the trip; her mighty engines—that throb, thumping down below—revolve about eighty times per minute, about six hundred and seventy-two thousand revolutions to cross the Atlantic.—[Fritz Morris, in Frank Leslie's Monthly.]

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### A Salt Lake in Texas.

ABOUT three hundred miles southwest of Houston, in Hidalgo county, is now claimed to be one of the remarkable salt lakes in the world. This lake, which contains 788 acres of pure salt, is surrounded by a wild growth of dense thickets. The salt is three or four feet deep in a crystal form, and the water is a brine of unusual strength crystallizing with great rapidity.

But few people outside of the State know of the existence of this lake; in fact, nearly all Texas maps and although it has been known to be a source of supply for local consumption over two hundred years; wagon trains moving in the Southwest to and from Brownsville, during the civil war, handled the salt; in fact, it was the supply that Texas had to draw from during that period.

The property on which this lake is situated consists of a tract of seventy-one leagues of land, originally known as "La Nona de San Salvador del Tule," and claimed to have been granted by the government of Spain about the year 1798 to one Juan José Balli.—[Philadelphia Record.]

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### Pugilistic Alligators.

TRAINED alligators are an innovation. The professional trainers have gotten as far as seals, which are musical instruments, but there is no record that the matter which reposes beneath the skull of an alligator ever responded sufficiently to the inspiration of human efforts to show any intelligence, until Dr. Howard Purcell tried it.

Dr. Purcell has just returned from a trip to Florida, brought with him three or four baby alligators. He worked untiringly with them until he has taught them the number of tricks, which seem almost impossible, who considers the apparent lack of intelligence on the part of the subjects. In his Mill-street house he has a large window, and here the alligators are displayed. They have been taught to do flip-flops and turn somersaults and to play on tiny boxing gloves for a festive encounter. One is named Sharkey and the other Jeffries, and their passages are never eagerly watched by scores of Bristol people, who have never seen a real prize fight.—[Philadelphia Record.]

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### A Colossal Statue Projected.

A PROJECT is being discussed in Naples for the construction of a statue of Christ of such colossal dimensions that may be distinctly visible from every part of the bay. The site first proposed was on the hills of Castellammare, but this it is objected that the statue would not stand on the horizon, the mountains behind being too lofty. Now top of Camaldoli is proposed, in the grounds of the monastery, but, though it is true that this is a point which may be seen from any part of the bay, it is not visible from the city itself.—[Chicago Tribune.]

## THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

By Kate Greenleaf Locke.

The housekeeper of "The House Beautiful" will answer any question and clearly-stated queries addressed to her in care of the Times; and where she may not have been clearly understood on any particular point, will answer privately and make necessary explanations. A number of inquiries already received will be answered next week.

A Pretty Bakersfield House.

**M.** C. Y. says: "I have a dining-room, 10x14 feet, paper in two shades of green and silver in an oriental design. The floor is covered with a Turkish rug in two shades of light blue and white. Its furnishings are: A heavy dining-table and four chairs, a sofa and rocker, all of oak. The only pictures are a portrait, framed in light wood, and an orange painting, also in light wood frame. The one window has a green shade. I have a pair of white Swiss, ruffled curtains, which, when hung to touch the floor, are turned over about a foot at the top. How can I fix this window? It is very narrow, what will broaden its looks? The arch going into the bedroom is six feet wide, and as yet I have nothing there; what would be nice, and what color? At the arch leading into the hall I have rope portieres, the arch in four feet wide. What color shall I paint the woodwork and doors? My music-room has two windows, which are both narrow; I have two pairs of fine lace curtains; how shall I shape them? When hanging to touch the floor they are turned over about two feet. A Turkish rug, with green background and dull colors, covers the floor. A light wood upright piano, covered with a blue velvet cover, embroidered with white, and a piano stool, upholstered in blue, and oak bookcase, with curtains of oriental silk, a music stand, table, rocking-chair, straight-back chair and jardiniere stand, are all in this room. It is papered with blue and white paper, what color would you paint the woodwork? Also, please tell me how to paint the woodwork for a bedroom papered in blue and white, having oak furniture and plain matting on the floor."

Your dining-room, as described in your letter, presents to my mind a very charming combination of blues and greens. These colors used together, if both are of the right shade, are extremely effective. As your walls are green, I would hang, outside of my white Swiss curtains, others of a blue, which matches the rug. If you can get these in a heavy raw silk they will be what I have in mind, but you will probably have to compromise on India silk, lined with satin. A jute in the same dull blue would make a good curtain for your six-foot arch. Unless you prefer a Bagdad. To make your window look wider, have your curtain pole cut long enough to extend a foot beyond the window-casing on either side. Your thick curtain can then be hung just over the window-casing, and your Swiss ones (on a separate, small rod underneath) will come in front of the glass. Cut these off so that they will extend in a straight line from the rod to the floor, then gather back the front edge so that you can tie it tightly to a hook at the height of the sill. This will let it fall in a little ruffled cascade below the string. Your silk ones should be gathered back with the same heavy silk cord. As your paper is green and silver, and your carpet blue and white, I think, for once in a way, I would recommend a white paint, with touches of silver. If the silver is used with taste and discretion, you will find the result very handsome. If you do not like the silver, use plain ivory white for woodwork and doors, and have silver knobs and hinges. I would advise you also to set your lace curtains to fit the windows of your music-room. If they come only to the window sill, let them fall straight and slightly full in front of the glass, if they hang to the floor, catch them back. In my music-room I think I would have the woodwork painted to match the piano you designated, music-stand, table, rocking-chair, etc. You say these are red, polished; could you not have your woodwork stained or painted the same red and polished? For the blue and white bedroom, use plain white paint.

## Some Important Points.

L. B. G. wishes advice in regard to tinting and papering the walls of her reception-hall, parlors and dining-room; also advice as to carpets or rug and draperies for the same. The rooms are well lighted, but the dining-room is back of hall, and has only the afternoon sun. The woodwork is Oregon pine, the mantels white pine, and furniture oak. There are folding-doors into the reception-hall from parlor, also between the back parlor and dining-room. Draperies are to be bought for these doors, also for the bookcase and fire screen, window-seat in back parlor and easy corner in the hall. The dining-room is furnished in oak, and the whole effect of the house is light and cheerful, but there is too much sameness. She wishes to give it a richer appearance.

It is well to obtain a light and cheerful effect in a house, indeed, it is of first importance, but there is always danger of making it also colorless or fady. To avoid this and enrich the entire result, I would use good, strong tones in my papers. As your rooms are quite large, and you have not yet in them the profusion of Turkish rugs and oriental draperies which render plain walls most effective, I would advise you by all means to use handsome wall papers, softly but richly toned. These need not necessarily be very expensive, but must be selected with an object. Suppose, for instance, that you make your parlors flowery. Conventional designs require much more elegant furniture and a greater profusion of it than flower designs. A principle is involved just here which I would like to put plainly before my readers. It is that charm, style, artistic effect, depend upon a perception of just such facts as these. A small house, with low, ceiled walls, looks well in plain colors—stiffness is to be looked out for and avoided. Large airy rooms, which are to be very fully and richly furnished with many cabinets, pictures, curios, etc., to be put against the walls, also look best with walls

done in plain coloring. Finely-carved old mahogany furniture, colonial shapes, French mirrors, bric-a-brac, and furnishings, which suggest the rococo styles of Louis XV or XVI, should always have the room papered with the richest light papers, having white and gold arabesques or appropriate figures in delicate tints, or the walls should be paneled and tapestried, or decorated with mural paintings. When these things come to be generally considered and fairly recognized there will be fewer conglomerate and disappointing effects in expensive and inexpensive houses. To come now to our flowered walls. There are many rich and beautiful flowered papers brought now which do not remotely suggest bedrooms. I have seen the most beautiful pink roses (each perfect enough for a water-color study) in satin-striped paper, which, if put on the walls, would lend the room a distinct charm, even if there were no furniture in it. My advice is to use some such paper as this on your parlors up to the picture mold and above, and over the ceiling have a kalsomining in plain pink. Select for this the exact shade of some leaf in your roses. Let it be soft and yet deeper than a tint. Your woodwork requires something stronger than a tint. Use some pretty silk, having shades of old rose and delicate pink in it for your bookcase and screen, and some material in old rose for your seat in back parlor, putting on it cushions in the differing shades of pink, and by all means one of a white ground, with pink roses on it. If you cannot find a piece of silk for this, I am sure you can find a cotton. Upholster your stuffed chairs, also, in the old pink brocade. For door curtains, I would use the green of stem or leaf of the rose, in jute or velours. For accessories, this room should have one or two light stands, holding glass bowls of pink roses, and a lamp shade of pink roses. Having done this much for harmony, you can introduce anything else into the room that you care to use there; you will find the scheme serviceable and cheerful, and not too dainty. For the reception-hall, which opens into it, I would use the cold green of the rose stem, making it a little stronger than the jute curtain. Upholster your hall seat in green corduroy. You could have these walls plainly kalsomined, it is a somewhat cheaper finish than paper, and would lead beautifully into the parlors. Your dining-room could also be kalsomined, and as it is not a south or east room, I would have it yellow. Select carefully a shade of yellow which goes best with oak. My impression is that jonquil yellow accords with oak. Lay a jonquil blossom on an oak table, and decide if you like the two colors together. If you do not incline to pink and old rose in your parlors, you could use the scheme I have given you in a flower of some other color.

## A Ramada or Spanish Arbor.

**P. E. L.**: You say that you wish to make a shade on the southern exposure of your house, and yet you do not care for an awning there. Why do you not build a ramada (pronounced ramatha) along this south side? When vines are trained over the beams of these picturesque Spanish porches they make sufficient shade to be very delightful, and yet they do not darken the rooms within, as an awning or a covered porch does. The real and original ramada



is, as perhaps you know, a rustic arbor built of brush over the entrance to many of the old Mexican adobes in this country. They have heavy poles laid at wide intervals across the beams, supported by the uprights (these are often the trunks of saplings,) and over these the primitive settler of Southern California frequently laid brush thickly, thus forming a rustic porch. I saw one in Santa Monica Cason, some years ago, which was built in this way. It was a very large one, and extended, ten feet wide, along the entire front of the whitewashed adobe. A superb old grapevine was growing thickly over it, and



huge bunches of grapes hung down between the lattices. When I saw the beautiful sun porches, or roofless porches, which many of our handsome houses now have throughout on their south side, I recognized them at once as adaptations of the Mexican idea. The latticed and pillared effect, when wreathed with Gold of Ophir roses, is a thing of beauty never to be forgotten. My illustrations show a ramada which is newly finished, and one thickly covered with vines. The stripes on the pillars in the first one are made by the shadows of the beams overhead.

## A Room in Violet Burlap.

**M. S. C.**, Los Angeles: I quite agree with you that a violet room is at all times a difficult matter. Of course there are many pretty wall papers which have clusters and branches of violets on a cream white ground, but to get a smooth sweep of violet on your walls is another proposition. I have thought of a combination, however, which would, I am sure, embody your idea of clear strong violet on your walls, and would make just the unique artistic room you ask me for. In the first place, your woodwork

must have the black oak finish (in other words Flemish oak.) Have a molding running around the room just the height of a chair back. That would be about three feet from the floor. Have a smooth finished burlap put on the wall up to the molding. This can be painted by any good calsoiner a rich, clear violet, with water-color paint. On this he can also stencil for you a pattern of fleur-de-lis in gold. These should not be gilded solidly, but outlined and touched with gold on the high lights. I would make them about eight inches long. And have the rather narrow elongated sort, they are more artistic looking than the other kind. You have seen old-fashioned drop earrings, I've no doubt, which suggested this figure. Cover your dado with these figures at rather wide intervals; I think you can get in about three rows between your baseboard and chair mold. Now above this and up to your picture molding stretch self-colored burlaps of the sort which has rather a rough or tufted surface. The nearer this canvas approaches a cool gray the prettier it will be with your violet. From the black oak picture molding and on over your ceiling use again the smooth burlaps in the same shade as the wall, and around the frieze have stenciled tall gold and purple fleur-de-lis, as if they were growing up from the molding. A few touches of purple, in with strong gold, should make an exquisite effect. The ceiling must be plain except in the center, where I would have a central design from which to suspend the light. This should be of the elongated or conventionalized fleur-de-lis, four or six, running out from the central point. The fixture or lamp suspended from this should be of bronze, as should be all of the fixtures in this unique room. The bronze you will find is a good medium for bringing together these colors and tones. Do not be discouraged about finding a man who will do properly this stencil work. I know of half a dozen ordinary painters and wall paper hangers who could do it satisfactorily under your direction. And even if you had to employ here a fresco artist, how much better it would be to lead him along artistic lines than to let him run riot after his own fashion, in covering your ceiling with pink, blue and white clouds, a peacock blue trellis work and deep, deep pink roses. Your burlap you will find also is very inexpensive, and I think you will have enough in hand, after decorating your walls, to buy a few beautiful Turkish rugs and several fine pieces of mahogany furniture. Or, better still, the rush-bottomed, Flemish oak furniture, will tone in perfectly with the design of this room. Against your windows use sash curtains of fine white lace net, with a front-like border running across the bottom, and for a hang drapery, your burlaps with stenciled purple and gold fleur-de-lis covering the material. These should be lined with violet silk. You will find that rare objects of Japanese work will acquire double value when placed in this room. It is peculiarly fitted for Japanese bronzes, coppers, oxidized silver, lacquer-work, etc. Imagine in such a room an immense bronze jar holding real white and purple iris, white and purple violets or the beautiful and decorative flowers and leaves of the French artichoke. I do not know if this artichoke will grow well in the house, but if you could have one growing in this room the grayish foliage, with your purple and burlap walls, would be stunning in effect. This is a good wall against which to arrange foreign weapons, etc. A group of carbon prints, in strong black and white, in black frames and richly colored oil paintings in heavy gold frames will look well in here. In fact, the room, if correctly carried out, would have infinite possibilities of beauty. You can use the extremely cold green of the sword-like leaves of the iris plant for cushions, table cover, door curtains, etc. Small bits of turquoise blue, as in cloisonné, will also show out delightfully, and certain yellows (the shades that appear in pansies,) but red you must strictly abjure.

## A Beach Cottage.

**M. S. L.**, Los Angeles, writes: "I would like to ask your advice about a beach cottage which I intend to build in about two weeks. I have planned to have four rooms and in place of having doors between the first two I think it would make more room to have curtains and a screen between them. How would you finish the walls in the inside? I want it built on a rustic plan. What would you advise for the floors? I do not want carpet. If I paint them, what color would you advise? What color would you paint the furniture? I have a few wicker chairs, a steamer chair, camp chairs and oak chairs, small tables, etc. I think it would be a good idea to have a cosy corner in one corner of the front room and the couch would go well here. What material and color would you use for couch, and what other objects would look well here? What would you use for curtains between front rooms and at the windows? I have some fish net and shells. How could I use them effectively? What plants would look well on my veranda? How would you finish the house on the outside?"

There are a few facts about building a house and fitting it up for the seashore which it is well to consider. Color of course is of first importance to beauty. Nothing is prettier by the sea than clear blue and white. Another thing is to select colors which do not readily fade, and another thing is to obtain, without sacrificing refinement, an air of easy unconventional comfort. I like your scheme for a rustic house, and should think that brown would be the color to most fittingly carry out the rustic idea. Blue and white striped awnings would be beautiful with the rustic brown. Blue and white striped camp chairs on your porch mingled with cushions or hassocks of Tujkey red. Red geraniums blooming in pots will also add much to the gaiety and charm of such a little place, and I should think you could readily induce nasturtiums to run over your porch. They do well in the moist sea air and you could plant them in pots on your porch floor, then train them up over the house. Why do you not have your walls finished in the tongued and grooved redwood? You can break this with a candle shelf running around the room about five feet from the floor. Paint your doors, candle shelf, window frames, etc., a dark, clear green. Use blue and white Japanese or Chinese calico for window curtains, chair cushions, etc., and paint your furniture also this pretty green. You will find that the blue and white goes most beautifully with it. Use dark blue denim for door curtains. Have your floor stained and polished a dark brown and get a blue and white rag carpet rug for center. Upholster your couch with blue denim and put on it pillows of the calico with one of yellow silk or turkey red. You will find your redwood walls working into this scheme perfectly. Drape your fish net against the wall in the corner over your couch. Hang a fish basket, rods, reels, etc., against it. I would have the outside of my house finished with stained shingles. You know that a shingle stain always lasts much better in the sun than paint.

## Woman and Home—Our Wives and Daughters.

### FASHIONS FOR CHILDREN.

GOWNS ARE MADE AS VARIED AND ATTRACTIVE AS THE GROWN-UP CONFECTIONS.

From the New York Sun.

FASHIONS for children are quite as varied and attractive as the grown-up confections this season, and as the cotton fabrics are prettier than ever before, there is no reason why the little ones should not be prettily dressed, even with the expenditure of very little money. Simplicity should be the golden rule for children's dress, and yet the season's tendency toward extravagance is alarmingly evident in this department of fashion's fancies. Hats, coats and gowns are elaborated with stitchings and trimmings of various kinds to a price out of all proportion to the size. It is the price of these made-up garments that surprises you more, perhaps, than the abundant trimming; but there are no ends of dainty, simple things for children, and there are simple models which can be easily copied at home.

For little girls up to 8 years of age, there is the same little gathered waist with a belt and short puffed sleeves worn with a guimpe. A bertha frill of lawn, pique or embroidery finishes the neck, and the skirt is in straight breadths hemmed, tucked and gathered into the belt. The skirt partially gored and tucked around the hips half way down and matching the waist is a very good style for a child of 8 years. The full waist, made with a sailor collar effect sloping down in front over a tucked white lawn yoke and tied with a knot and ends of silk, is also a very desirable style. This sort of collar with greater width appears in some of the little reefer coats, and in either case it is variously made of silk braid in tucks for half the width and hemstitched on the edge, or of embroidered batiste with lace on the edge, tucked lawn and embroidery, or a contrasting color of the same material if the gown is wool, and trimmed with rows of narrow white silk braid, or velvet ribbon. Collars of the soft, coarse threaded linen with drawn-work decoration are also in order.

Everything in materials, except expensive silks, laces

at the end or for rosette bows. There are very pretty narrow ribbons, too, with white centers, dotted with black and different colored borders, which are very effective as a trimming. Some of the little dimity dresses, with white lawn yokes or collars, have a soft sash of lawn knotted at one side of the front or directly in the back. Nothing can be much prettier than the French blue dimity, dotted over with pink rosebuds, made simply with a detachable collar of tucked white French taffeta, edged with lace and caught together below the yoke in front with a knot and ends.

Hats for little girls are of shirred lawn, mull and silk, with or without plaited frills on the brim; and are made of fine transparent satin straw, forming the brim in bias double folds. Again, there are hats with high crowns of lace straw, threaded with black velvet ribbon, and a brim of silk and mull plaiting. Large bows of the new soft wide taffeta ribbons, with a bunch of flowers, trim some of the straw-trimmed hats, and then there are all sorts and kinds of shirred sunbonnets.

For small boys there are suits of serge and pique made with the Russian blouse and shirt, full trousers ending just below the knee. This is the correct costume for a child under 6 years of age, when the sailor suit is donned. The blouse has a collar of linen or pique and is worn with a belt of the same material or one of leather.

### WOMEN WHO OPERATE MINES.

MANY OF THEM REPORTED TO BE GROWING RICH IN VARIOUS DIGGINGS IN COLORADO.

Denver Correspondence Chicago Record.

Recently a number of mines in this State have passed into the hands of women operators and are being worked at a profit. Other women have made a study of mining, have invested their money in prospects or leased locations and are reaping rich financial rewards in consequence of their shrewdness and judgment. The success of the pioneers in this new field has inspired others with a desire to take part in the hunt for gold which is going on in Colorado.

a good profit for several months and are now in a way to make their fortunes.

In the same district is a woman who has gone into mining even more thoroughly. Her name is Mrs. Atwood, she owns and manages the Atlantic mine, a low one from Empire. Mrs. Atwood at times dons a suit and goes down into the mine to see what the men are doing and how the timbering and blasting are progressing. She knows every technical detail of the business, besides, an authority on ores, having made a study of the subject. Recently the concentrators were found unsatisfactory. She ordered the whole lot thrown out and superintended the buying and placing of an entire outfit, which is now doing satisfactory work.

She at the hotel in Empire and goes to and from her work like any mine superintendent in the county.

She is the result of her shrewdness and application.

Not alone is actual mining appealing to women as an occupation, but prospecting and promoting are interesting. Not long ago an eastern school teacher went to Atwood to improve her health. While there she picked up many specimens of the country rock. She had made a special study of rocks at school, and with this knowledge to aid her she was satisfied that there was some valuable copper lead unclaimed in the district. She spent several weeks prospecting, and had assays made that bore out her idea, took up several claims, and then went East to dispose of them. Her report tallied with the reports of the men who were sent out to examine the properties in the interests of the capitalists whom she had approached. The claims were bought at a good figure, and some of the properties are shipping today.

In the Cripple Creek district many of the largest best-paying mines are owned by women. In most of these cases, however, the women have come into possession through the death of the original owners. They occasionally visit the properties, but, as a rule, the actual work of overseeing the mines is left to men. It is not unusual for a woman to take the affairs of a mine in her own hands for a time, however, and to conduct them successfully.

"There is nothing in mine operating that bars a woman from success."



[From the New York Sun.]

and grenadines, are used for children's gowns, especially for the older girls. Nun's veiling, which may be tucked so prettily, is especially popular, and light tan is decidedly a favorite color. Gowns of this material, made with vertical tucks all around the skirt, flowing out from just above the hem are one style, with tucked bodice and sleeves. Made up over a contrasting color in the lining, the effect is very pretty, especially with pink under the tan. Narrow ruffles, edged with lace of the same color, trim the hem of some of the tan veiling gowns. A full blouse waist, edged down either side of the front, with the tiny ruffles falling over a tucked silk vest matching the lining in color, is a pretty style for a girl of 12 years.

Foulards and India silks, in small, all-over designs and polka dots, are made up into summer gowns for girls, and some of the skirts are shirred on three cords around the hips. Tunic over-dresses, with a scalloped or pointed finish around the edge, trimmed with lace or rows of velvet ribbon falling over ruffles around the hem, are another style of skirt. Party dresses for young girls are made of point d'esprit and organdie, finely tucked up and down in groups with insertions between or around in tucks which nearly meet and quite cover the upper portion. Guimpe necks are the ruling style for these gowns, with the full simple bodice below and lace edged frills around the shoulders.

The coat and skirt style of gown for the girl of 12 or 14 years, has a circular skirt with a box plait in the back and a reefer coat tight-fitting in the back, with double-breasted fronts fastened with fancy buttons. The little reefer coats for younger girls have the box back, and all the variation in style is accomplished with the collar. A longer coat, shown in the illustration, is of very light tan cloth, almost white, tucked around the shoulders and across the tops of the sleeves and finished diagonally down the front with heavy applique lace.

A gown of pale blue linen shows a scalloped jacket and skirt piped with black and a sash and wide belt of black taffeta silk. A touch of black is a very conspicuous feature of the children's gowns, and narrow black velvet ribbon is very much used for this purpose to edge the ruffles, or in straight rows above the hem, for little straps with buttons

Not all of the women who have taken up mining, engage in the actual work which goes on in shaft or tunnel. In fact, very few of them have the strength for this employment, but they are even more profitably employed in figuring on the purchase of supplies, marketing the ores and looking after the finances of every department. There is one woman in the San Juan mining district who goes even further than the most of her sex. She puts on overalls and "jumper" and, when occasion requires, goes into the workings of her extensive mine and "bosses" the men who are working with pick, shovel and tram car, or who are employed in the concentrating mill. Her mine, which is near the celebrated Camp Bird, owned by Thomas F. Walsh, is one of the greatest producing gold mines in the State and has been made so largely through her enterprise.

Empire, a little mining town in Clear Creek county, is the headquarters of three progressive women miners. Two of these are from Boston—Misses Mary and Edith Tracy. They were formerly stenographers, and came to Colorado two seasons ago on a pleasure trip. They took the famous excursion trip over the Georgetown loop, which is the heart of the Clear Creek mining country, and became interested in the subject of mining. Instead of returning to Denver with the rest of the excursionists, they remained some time at Empire, and made a thorough study of the district. They knew nothing of actual mining, but they learned readily and concluded that a little capital might be invested in some of the properties that were lying idle. They went back to Boston and secured some funds with which to reinforce their own savings. They decided not to entrust the money to a manager, but had a little cabin erected on a claim, which they secured from its owner under a bond and lease. The property had been only slightly worked and the girls went ahead and bought a mill for concentration and machinery for driving the shaft to a depth of several hundred feet. They were at the mine early and late and they made their prospect pay almost from the start. The ore is low grade, but by concentration and a careful system of working, the owners have netted

from taking it up," says an old-time prospector and speaking of the changes that are coming over Rocky Mountain mining. "In the early days a woman who attempted to prospect or operate a mine would be looked upon as crazy; but now it seems the most natural thing in the world. All mine operating requires is a nerve and a special study of the subject, to say nothing of a fund of common sense. The last quality is by all means the most important. The biggest producing mines have been made by properties that other people have given up as valueless. That is where the common sense comes in. The old idea that one person can see as far into rock as another, as good today as it did years ago, before there were any mining experts in the field. Women who put money into a prospect can let all the work under contract, and, if they are shrewd figures, can have it done for them. If they want expert opinions, they can be hired, in general idea of ores and mining machinery is about the equipment any woman needs, aside from capital, to enter the mining field on an equal footing with men."

### NORDICA'S HEAP OF JEWELS.

GIFTS FROM ROYAL AND NOBLE ONES—TREASURED FAN.

[New York Tribune:] Nordica's jewels are too numerous and valuable to be carelessly handled, and are now in her own possession except when she is going to wear them. In hotels they are kept in the safe. In traveling they are sent in an unobtrusive express package.

"You want to see my jewels? Then I will show them," said Mme. Nordica to a representative who had been admitted to her apartments in the Waldorf-Astoria. A large casket was brought to the room. Tray upon tray was filled with rings, brooches and bracelets, and on the lid of the casket were numerous repose gems "worth a king's ransom." Among them was a superb diamond tiara presented by a number of citizens of New York a few years ago. It was a crown of three magnificent turquoise, surrounded

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by diamonds. It is a souvenir of Mexico. A butterfly of diamonds, whose outspread wings are five inches from tip to tip, rests on blue velvet, as if flying across the sky. Smaller pieces were grouped together. The imperial crown of diamonds, with "V. R. I." below it in diamonds on red enamel, was a gift from Queen Victoria, who also gave a beautiful "stick pin," which rested in its sheath near the crown. The latter is of diamonds, rubies and pearls.

Jeweled orders from half the royalties of Europe, including that of the *Kunst und Wissenschaft*, from His Highness of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, were in a tray beside what the singer calls "my latest decoration—my badge as member of the Executive Committee for the entertainment to be given on March 22 for the hospital ship *Maine*."

Miss Nordica has been honored also by the title Kammermäglerin, conferred by the Grand Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, who is a devotee of music.

One of the most treasured souvenirs is a fan of Brussels point, with the name "Elsa" wrought in the center and the singer's monogram in diamonds on the tortoise-shell stick. It was the gift of Frau Wagner to commemorate Mme. Modica's creation of the role of Elsa in *Baileuth*. It still has the card attached, on which is written:

"With heartfelt greeting, a little remembrance for a great interpretation."

"Souvenirs? In England I have them stored away by the barrelful!" she said merrily. "Embroideries, laces, trinkets of all descriptions. I shall never forget my first gift of jewelry. I had been singing in *Aquila*, near Rome, and I had flowers sent to me all the time. Sometimes great baskets came, with a layer of wine, one of fruit, one of bonbons and the top filled with flowers. They did those things so charmingly. One night I had a benefit and among the flowers were a ring of emeralds and diamonds and an antique Etruscan bracelet. From Naples came a complete set of coral. I was perfectly delighted. Then, at *Nevers*, I had a ruby and pearl set given me—they were 'sets' of jewelry then, you know. Since then I have ceased to count, although I shall never cease to remember. It is so lovely to feel that when one gives one's whole life and soul to art it is really appreciated. I love all my souvenirs."

"Has not Boston given me something beautiful? No. Boston never has given me even encouragement," said she, with momentary bitterness. Then, in a quick change of mood: "Can you guess what I value most of all my souvenirs? It is the crown and ornaments worn by Klafsky as Isolde. Her husband sent them to me. It was the most touching and beautiful compliment I have ever received. Next to that I prize the sash I wore as Isolde. Antes Seidi and I selected it together, and the people in the shop probably thought we were lunatics. We would take up one stuff after another and wave it frantically in the air to see how it would float."

Another interesting souvenir is the bracelet given by the Czar after Nordica sang at the Winter Palace. It is a serpent of soft gold, incrusted with diamonds and sapphires, with a large catseye in the head. During a visit to Russia the artiste was deluged with gifts. Among them was a silver service in the loveliest Russian work, given after she had appeared as *Cherubino*, by Countess Tolstoi, and inscribed: "To my beautiful boy." A different member of the family was represented by every piece in the service.

## WOMAN DOCTOR OF LAWS.

EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY TO CONFER THE DEGREE UPON MISS ELEANOR A. ORMEROD.

*London Lady's Pictorial:* The announcement that the Queen of Edinburgh University has decided to confer the degree of Doctor of Laws upon Miss Eleanor A. Ormerod, in April, has given much pleasure to all interested in the cause of entomology. Miss Ormerod has for nearly a quarter of a century devoted herself to the study of insect pests, and her book on "Injurious Insects and Methods of Protection" is a most valuable manual for those engaged in the culture of food crops, forest trees and fruit.

This woman entomologist is the second daughter of the late George Ormerod, D.C.L., and lives at St. Albans, Herts. For years her quiet studious home life was shared by her older sister, Miss Georgina Ormerod, until the death in 1896, at the age of 73, of the latter, who possessed in some measure the scientific tastes of her distinguished sister, allied to an inconsiderable artistic talent. Her life's work has been purely a labor of love with Miss Eleanor Ormerod, whose extremely valuable researches in economic entomology have brought her, if not wealth, fame and the honor of recognition from the principal agricultural and entomological societies of Britain, the Colonies and America. Her membership with the Entomological Society of London dates back twenty-two years, and this latest acknowledgment of her services in so important a field of study by the Edinburgh University Senate, is unique in the annals of that august body.

In appearance Miss Ormerod is very tall, with fine features and an expression of kindliness indicative of her truly lovable nature.

## HUSBANDS IN THE KITCHEN.

CHICAGO WOMEN ANXIOUS TO DIVIDE CULINARY HONORS WITH THE MEN.

*New-York Sun:* The Chicago Woman's Club wants to have boys in the public schools trained in domestic science. The theory is that if boys learn the elements of cookery they will see how difficult the art is and what obstacles environ the successful compounding of culinary recipes and will thereby learn a great lesson of patience which will stand them in good stead when they come to be married. "It will be a great advantage to the housekeeper," says Mrs. Marion F. Washburne, "when the husband understands something of the trials of the kitchen, and to train a husband you have to begin early."

No doubt the early training of husbands is desirable, and we dare say that philanthropists will yet find colleges which will give the degree of B. H. B., Bachelor of Housekeeping and Husbandry; but will it be wise to give men, who are said not to be without conceit at present, the impression that they know something about cookery? The

fellowes are bad enough now, and with this new acquisition they might be unendurable. So long as they know only the rough cooking of the camp and boat or the amiable futilities of the chafing dish, all is well, but once breed them to the housekeeping business, so to speak, once familiarize them with the mysteries of the kitchen, and ruin will ensue.

Is nothing is a little knowledge more dangerous than in cookery. The pretense of it at present hurts nobody and deceives nobody, although it must be a great strain on the gravity of the waiters. But once smear a boy with cookery, once give him a smattering of "domestic science," and farewell peace and welcome war! "Eliza Ann, my dear, that duck should have been taken out a minute and a half ago!" "Faugh, Rosamond, how that cauliflower smells! Why did you not remove the cover?" "When I was at the cooking school we never were allowed to broil mushrooms more than—" one can hear steady patter of masculine wisdom and hope that many platters may be cracked at its self-satisfied nod.

No, no; home with a trained cook husband would not be home. It would be a lunatic asylum.

## THE ROSA BONHEUR STATUE.

ITS PEDESTAL, SAYS HER BROTHER, SUMS UP THE STORY OF HER LIFE.

*New York Commercial Advertiser:* The statue to be erected to Rosa Bonheur at Fontainebleau will soon be ready to be handed over to the authorities. Immediately after the artist's death, M. Gambard, once a picture dealer, and a great admirer of the celebrated animal painter, asked for and obtained permission to set up a monument to the memory of his old friend. Mr. Gambard then asked the artist's brother, M. Isidore Bonheur, and her nephew, M. H. Peyrol, to make a model for it. The donor would have liked a bronze reproduction of the "Monarch of the Forest," the picture sent to the Chicago exposition by Rosa Bonheur. Neither of the sculptors liked this idea, because it would have been too much their work; so they suggested enlarging the proportions of the magnificent bull she had once modeled herself. This was accepted, and Rosa Bonheur's own bull, superbly posed and breathing defiance, seems to live on its pedestal. The latter bears four bas-reliefs, and here, as her brother says, he has endeavored to sum up the story of her life, for he had modeled her first great success, "Plowing in Nivernais," "The Horse Market," marking the first half of her artistic career, and "The Monarch of the Forest," which raised her to the rank of officer of the Legion of Honor. On the fourth side of the pedestal, Mr. Peyrol, the son of Rosa's beloved sister, Juliette, has made a very beautiful medallion portrait of Rosa Bonheur, reproducing her strong and manly features with great power and effect. Artistically considered, it seems as if all the work and detail connected with this monument are of greater interest than any seated or standing effigy of the great painter would be in this period of exaggerated statuomania. It symbolizes her work and is her best and highest praise. And thus Fontainebleau will honor her in the Place d'Hennecourt, although she lived at By.

## WOMAN'S COLLEGE WORLD.

STATISTICS OF INTEREST REGARDING THE GROWTH OF GRADUATE SCHOLARSHIP.

*New York Sun:* In announcing recently the awards of the three European fellowships of Bryn Mawr College, President Thomas gave some interesting facts regarding fellowships and scholarships for women, which she has been collecting of late. Out of the twenty-three colleges and universities in the United States which give graduate work leading to the degree of Ph.D., sixteen admit men and women. Bryn Mawr and Wellesley admit women only, and Clark, Princeton and Johns Hopkins men only. In Johns Hopkins women are admitted to the medical school, but nowhere else. In 1898-99 the number of women studying in these schools reached 1021, or 27 per cent. of the total number of graduate students in the country. This is an increase from the 13 per cent. of 1889-90, which shows, as only figures can, what the last eight years have done for the higher education of women. In the West the University of Chicago leads in numbers, with 276 women graduate students, the University of California following with 90, while in the East, Barnard, at Columbia, leads with 82 and Bryn Mawr comes next with 61.

The change as to fellowships and scholarships is even more remarkable. When Bryn Mawr was opened in 1885 there was no fellowship in America open to women and no fellowship open to men which was exclusively for European study. There are now open to women 319 scholarships, of a value from \$100 to \$400, 50 of which are exclusively for women; 2 foreign scholarships, 1 of which must go to a woman; 81 resident fellowships of \$400 and over, 18 of which are for women only, and 24 foreign fellowships of \$500 and over, one-half of which are exclusively for women. What will the next fifteen years bring?

Nominations for the three European fellowships annually awarded by Bryn Mawr College have been sent to the trustees and announced to the students. The Mary E. Garrett European fellowship, given to a student who has pursued graduate study at Bryn Mawr for two years, goes this year to Miss Caroline Brown Bourland of Peoria, Ill. Miss Bourland took her bachelor's degree at Smith College in 1893, spent some years in teaching French, studied at the College de France and the Sorbonne in 1897-98, was fellow in Romance languages at Bryn Mawr 1898-99, and is now fellow by courtesy. Miss Bourland's major study is Spanish, her minors, Italian and Old French. The President M. Cary Thomas fellowship, given for one year of graduate work, goes to a Bryn Mawr alumnae of 1899, Miss Sara Henry Stites of Wyoming, Pa. Miss Stites' group is that of history and political science, and she will go abroad as the first American student to work on economic geography over there. The Bryn Mawr European fellowship, awarded to a member of the senior class, goes to Miss Elizabeth Mary Perkins of Washington, D. C. Miss Perkins' group is Greek and Latin, and she has taken more post-major work in her subject than any other Bryn Mawr student has ever had, being able to do this by passing off many hours on private work. The George W. Childs essay prize goes to Miss Edith Campbell Crane of Baltimore.

## A WOMAN WHO DESIGNS CHURCHES.

*New York Journal:* Every little while there comes the news from some part of the country that a woman has succeeded in entering the boundary of some profession, the gateway of which had hitherto been closed to the sex.

It has remained for Boston to bring forth a woman who, in the profession she has chosen, is not only doing work remarkable for a woman, but work that would be just as remarkable were it done by any one of what is called the stronger sex.

Her name is Josephine Wright Chapman, an architect, and from her workrooms at No. 9 Park street, have come forth the designs for some of the most beautiful houses and homes in Eastern Massachusetts, and the plans for some of the most successfully beautiful buildings.

Throughout the city and State are monuments to her skill, and her constantly increasing patronage can point to but one thing, that her work is her best advertisement.

At her Park street office she employs constantly several draughtsmen, who are incessantly employed with work she has to do. She has reached that degree of success that is not compelled to seek for something to do, but has merely to wait for what comes.

The latest building for which it is practically certain Miss Chapman's plans will be accepted, is that which it is proposed to build for the All Saints' Episcopal Parish at Attleboro. The growth of the church made a larger edifice imperative a year or two ago, and several months past a tract of land was purchased and Miss Chapman made the plans for the new church.

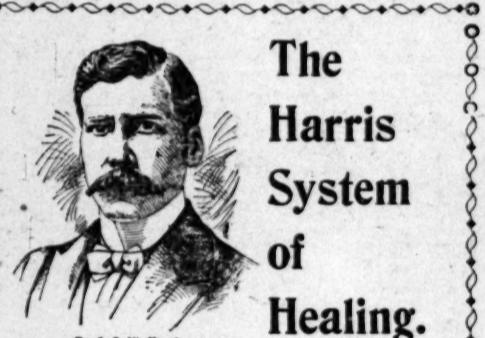
The style is that of an old English abbey. The church will seat 275, but could be made to seat as many more if necessary. It is in the form of a cross, with seats in the transepts or projecting sides.

Another church which Miss Chapman has led into the way of beauty is that of the Episcopal Parish at Leominster. This will be rather after the old English chapel style, and will be ninety feet in length and forty feet wide. The church will seat 300 persons, and the Sunday-school room 200.

At present Miss Chapman is working on designs for the clubhouse for the Worcester Woman's Club, to cost \$75,000.

## THE PRIVILEGES OF MIDDLE AGE.

*[Margaret E. Sangster in Harper's Bazaar:]* In another fashion it is the privilege of the middle-aged woman to keep in touch with today. She should find it her pleasure, as it is her obligation, not to be a wet blanket upon the good times of the young, and to maintain close relation with nephews and nieces, with young people who are growing up, and with all the generation that is coming on the stage. As we lose interest in those who are younger than curves, as we settle contentedly down in the conviction that wisdom shall die with us, we cease to be throbbing, living organisms, and to every practical purpose become the merest petrification. Being in touch with today need not lead a person to embrace every new fad and caprice which is borne upon the breeze, while at the same time it will induce a tolerant hearing for the novelty, even if later it be courteously rejected. She who is sure of herself need not fear to listen to whatever may be told her, and, best of all, she need not turn away from anything which may have in it a germ of truth, and be therefore worthy of respect.



The  
Harris  
System  
of  
Healing.

THE Harris system of healing is one that has from the first recommended itself strongly to thinking people. The system is thoroughly scientific, and, while comparatively new, has been successfully subjected to severe tests.

During the past few years I have been able to relieve and permanently cure hundreds of cases that were given up by the family physician. I court the most rigid investigation.

The following are a few among many who can substantiate my claims. When writing to any of them kindly enclose stamp for reply.

Mr. M. E. Langdon, 4423 Central Avenue, Los Angeles, cured of cancer of the bowels in two treatments.

Mr. R. C. Baker, of 914 Alpine street, Los Angeles, was a sufferer from asthma for four years and could not sleep at night. He was cured in ten minutes by Prof. Harris.

Mrs. L. Plumly, of 502 S. Broadway, Los Angeles, had pulmonary troubles, and was told by a prominent physician of her city that she could not possibly live longer than two weeks. Prof. Harris restored her to health and strength.

Mr. B. Folsom, 212 W. 23d Street, Los Angeles, was cured of chills and fever of an aggravated form, by Prof. Harris in one treatment.

W. D. Curtis, 243 N. Bunker Hill Ave., Los Angeles. Relieved instantly by absent treatment, of a severe pain in the face and head, caused by a dental operation. Was also cured of chills and fever by one personal treatment.

For further particulars, call or address Prof. C. W. Harris, 921 South Olive Street, Los Angeles.

## The Youths' Own Page—Our Boys and Girls.

### THINGS ALL AROUND US.

NATURE SERIES—XXI. THINGS WHICH HAVE HELPED BUILD UP LAYERS OF THE SOIL.

By a Staff Contributor.

LAST Sunday, I told you how the first hard surface of the earth, the melted rock that cooled and hardened over the hot layer below, became gradually covered with the soil which we now find everywhere on land. But I think you will understand the matter better if I follow out with you, a little more closely, the changes that have brought about the present state of things.

The first power in nature that moulded this earth of ours was, as you will remember, fire. Then came the cooling influence of the atmosphere and the liquid that fell in rain. Then, after the separation of a part of the surface into dry land by the wrinkling of the crust and the flowing of the ocean into the deeper hollows of this, came another work of the rain as it trickled over the land in all directions—the wear of the rock-surface. And this came to be helped by the frost, which cracked and split the rock, itself wearing it and also making it easier for the water to wear it.

There was still another power of nature that in the beginning helped in the wear of the rock. In the early history of the earth, the atmosphere surrounding it contained gases which are able to eat into certain kinds of matter that sometimes made part of the rocks, and these gases helped the water, just as the frost did. And the water, flowing over the land, trickling in tiny rills and temporary streams during rains, running along natural depressions of the ground in brooks and rivers all the year round, forming larger and larger streams, and finally flowing into the ocean or into some inland sea or lake, has from the beginning gone on carrying the finer and coarser grains of rock that it wears off, until it drops these into the ocean or lake which it finally reaches. Or, at times of floods, when it overflows its banks, it drops great quantities of this rock-waste over the usually dry places of the land. And sometimes such floods spread very far over the land along the banks of the rivers, so that the rock-waste which they sweep along with them is scattered for great distances. And again, at times of year when the streams dry down so that parts of their usual bed is uncovered, the winds pick up some of the rock-waste in the form of dust and sand, and carry it over the surface of the land. Very high winds may take along quite large quantities of it.

Plants, too, assist in forming and scattering the soil over the surface of the earth. As soon as the land plants came to be, they began their work of extracting material out of the air and bringing it up from quite far under ground, turning it all into plant substance, the peculiar materials of which they are made up. Then, as their parts and finally the whole plant, withered and died and fell rotting upon the surface of the ground, they became a portion of the soil. And often they were and are carried longer or shorter distances by water, before rotting, so that, in this way, also, the original rock-waste that collects on the land has been changed about in its location.

Animals, too, helped to change the position of rock-waste, as soon as they came into existence. For the materials of which their bodies are made up came in the first place from the soil of the earth, through the bodies of the plants, and as they move about they leave the waste of their bodies everywhere, and finally die and themselves become part of the soil. The earth-worms, moreover, help to change the position of the layers of the soil, by passing it through their bodies, bringing thus soil from lower down in the earth to the surface. Burrowing animals, also, continually alter the position of rock-waste to some extent, and since men have come to be and learned to plow, they alter the surface still more. In the course of hundreds of years all these alterations amount to a good deal.

But we have come very far down the ages into modern time when we begin to talk about the influence of human beings upon the surface of the earth. The power in nature that has been and is still today the greatest in distributing rock-waste over the surface of the earth—that is, over a great part of the surface—is water, as I have said before. And something of the way in which the rock-waste, carried into the seas, yet comes to form the surface of the land, I suggested to you, in a few words, last time. When it gets into the waves, it is carried about by these and finally, after a time, sinks to the bottom, the heaviest of it, that is the part made up of larger grains, first and nearer the shore, and other parts of it farther out, until the very finest and lightest finds rest on the floor of the ocean between two and three hundred miles out from shore. Not a very large quantity of it is carried over two hundred miles out.

But the position of the oceans is constantly changing, as I told you. The forces within the earth still make some differences in the form of its surface—are still lifting up portions of the crust and lowering others, so altering the form and position of the water; and in the early history of the earth these forces played a much greater part than now in work of this sort. But there is another way in which the shape of the dry land and the positions of the seas have been continually changed, ever since there first was any land. The wearing off of the rocks and carrying down of the rock-waste into the big bodies of water alters the form of these. For, if the water has time enough in its work of wearing off the rock of the land and piling it up in the ocean along the shores, it will finally pile up enough so that the heaps will reach to the top of the water in places, and then rise above it—so that the ocean will, in effect, be shoved away from these places. And, on the other hand, the rock of the land will, in time, be worn down so low in places that the ocean can

flow in over it. So that where there was before land, there will be ocean, and where there was ocean there will be land. It has been calculated that, at the rate at which the surface of the earth is now being worn down in Europe, it would take about three and a half million years to bring the land down to the level of the sea. But one of the latest calculations makes the time that has passed since the beginning of the dry land and the wear of it by water nearly ninety millions of years. So, dividing ninety by three, you will see that the surface of Europe has had a chance to change from land to sea and from sea to land a great many times, since rock-wear first began.

And as a matter of fact, men who make a study of these things, find evidence that the sea and the land have been shifting their positions continually, since rock-wear first began—that the land has been gradually creeping out into the sea and the sea gradually creeping into the land, so that many changes have taken place in the places occupied by each.

However, these changes do not extend all over the whole surface of the earth. For the deepest parts of the sea have been found to contain almost no rock-waste on their floor, and it is therefore believed that they have always been ocean, ever since the first division between the sea and the land.

### BRAN'S REMINISCENCES.

A VENERABLE DOG'S REVIEW OF THE EVENTS OF HIS BUSY LIFE.

By a Special Contributor.

I am growing old, and feel that I have but a short time to live, and as my life has been very eventful, I have decided to write my reminiscences as my master tells me men do. I was born 14 years ago this spring; I come of a very good family; my mother was a full-blooded Scotch collie, her ancestors coming over from Scotland many years ago, and my father was half Scotch collie and half mastiff, his mother being collie and his father an English mastiff. Mother was a great beauty, and had a great many admirers, and she told me that my father fought fifteen fierce battles before he won her.

I and my brothers were born in a small cave in the bank of a creek that ran through my master's ranch, and the first thing that I remember when I opened my eyes, which was ten days after I was born, is that I was being held by the back of the neck by a boy, who was telling three other children that I was the prettiest pup of the litter, and that they would keep me, and give my three brothers away. Of course I did not understand what he said then, but my mother told me afterward. When I was two weeks old, I and my brothers were moved from the cave to the barn, where the children would often come and play with us, and I remember that they would carry us into the yard, and as of course we were too small to find our way back, poor mother would have to carry us back in her mouth, which amused the children very much.

When we were old enough to eat meat for ourselves, my three brothers were given away to my master's friends. Mother cried a little at first, but she soon got over it, and said that she was thankful that they had got good homes, for she knew a friend of hers who had five little puppies, and three of them were drowned before their eyes were opened.

It was a proud day for mother when I was taken to the house for inspection, for I was jet black, with tan eyebrows, a streak of tan down my nose, and a beautiful tan and white marking down my neck and breast. I was taken into a room where a lot of people were sitting. "Oh, what a fat little dog," cried a young lady. "What is his name, Mr. Brown?" (that is master's name.) "We have not named him yet," said master; "but we will do so now. What do you think will be a good name for him?" "Oh, call him Dumpling," cried the young lady. "Call him Rover," said some one else. "Or Box," said master's eldest son, Harry. "How would Ponto do?" said another young lady. "What do you say to calling him Bran, after the dog in Westall's novel, 'Robin?'" said a sweet lady (who I afterward heard was my mistress.) "The very name for him," said master; "it is short and odd, and we must not burden the poor dog with a long name." And so that is how I received my peculiar name.

Well, I must pass over the first year of my life, as I have many things to write about, and I am not a very good hand at writing. But I will first relate a few incidents of my puppyhood; how mother taught me the dog laws; not to kill the chickens and ducks or bite the family, and lots of other things.

I remember one day, when mother was away, a strange dog came round, and, seeing me, said, "Hello, youngster, what is your name?" "My name is Bran," I answered, proudly, "and I come of a very noble family." "Pshaw," he said, "that is nothing; did you ever kill chickens?" "No," said I, "mother says it is wrong to do that, and I would be sure to get whipped, and perhaps killed, if I did such a thing." "Oh, no, you won't," said he. "I kill lots of chickens, and don't get whipped. There are no men around, let us chase the chickens for fun." And so I did, and in the excitement forgot all my mother had told me, and killed four or five hens, while the strange dog killed more. "Hey, there, get out," yelled my master, running up with a big whip in his hand. The strange dog ran off as hard as he could, while my master caught hold of me and gave me such a whipping that I was sore for a week after, and when my mother came home she gave me a cuffing with her paws, and it taught me such a lesson that I have never killed another chicken since. I decided that the strange dog had lied to me when he said that killing chickens was all right, and I made up my mind that when I was grown up if I ever met him I would give him a good biting. Mother told me that I should always

be obedient and obey master's orders, and never be a bad dog when they played with me and pulled my tail.

My master's two sons, Harry and John, taught me good many tricks, so by the time I was 2 years old I was an accomplished dog, and I have heard master say that he would not take \$100 for me. For I can say, without boasting, that I was a magnificent-looking dog, grown very large and strong, and had a beautiful black coat, with just a tinge of tawny color in it. I had inherited from my father. I was a very fast dog in those days, and many is the rabbit I used to run over in my time. I remember that a neighbor of master's kept a large pack of greyhounds, and I used to have many a hard race with them.

I was a little over 2 years old when I had a hard fight with two coyotes, which came near ending my career. It was a moonlight night, and I was hunting a grain field, when I saw what I thought were two dogs watching me; but on going up to them to give them a good evening as a polite, well-bred dog should, I saw they were not dogs, but coyotes. I had never seen a coyote before, but mother had often told me about them, and described them to me, so that I saw what they were at once. "What are you doing here?" I said. "You're no right in this field, you flea-bitten scavengers." "I'll soon show you if we have any right here or not," they replied, snapping and showing their long, white teeth. "I will kill you, and then go to the barnyard and kill the chickens we can find." At those words the fighting of my ancestors rose, while the hair stood up on the back of my neck with rage, and I flew at the nearest coyote and caught him by the throat, while the other caught me by the back of the neck, and then we were over and over in the dirt, but in a short time I had the life out of the one I had hold of, and then turned my attention to the other one; I was faint with loss of blood for he had bit me badly, and I had a hard struggle with him before I killed him, which I finally did. I feel proud of what I had done, for no dog had ever done a thing as to kill two coyotes alone before to my knowledge. I managed to drag myself home to the barn, where I was found the next morning by Harry, who washed my wounds with warm water, and in about a couple of hours I was well again. After that I was made more or less by the family.

I used to be very fond of traveling in those days, and knew the country for miles around. It was on one of my exploration trips that I had an adventure which cost me my life. It was on a fine moonlight night when I was eight or nine miles from home, when I came to a farmhouse, and as I was feeling rather thirsty, I stopped to have a drink at the horse-trough, so, going to the trough, I took a good drink, and was trotting again, when a huge bulldog rushed from the house and challenged me to a fight. In those days there was no such thing as a dog fight, although I now know that I enjoyed better than a fight, although I now know that I am the famous fighting dog, Bran, of whom you have heard." "Oh, yes, I have heard of you, and have long wanted to fight you," answered the bulldog. "My name is Grip, and they call me the Devil, so look out for yourself;" and with these words he flew at me; I dodged him, for I knew that if he caught me by the throat I would be a dead dog. He made another rush at me, and in doing so he lost his balance and rolled over on his back, and in the next moment I had him by the throat. "Do you want to give up?" I said. "No," he gasped, "to the death." "All right," said I. I tightened my grip on his throat, when all of a sudden I heard a man yelling. I at once let go of the bulldog's throat, and ran off, when "bang, bang," and someone hit me in the shoulder, and I fell over, but I got up again and kept on running. The dog's master had shot me with a gun. It was a very narrow escape, and it gave me a shock that I have had an unreasonable fear of guns ever since, and even in a thunder storm, the peals of thunder scare me so badly that I am always glad to get in the house. I have some of the marks in my legs and ears yet.

There are many things that I could tell about, but an attack of rheumatism has made me so stiff that I hardly write, so I will not be able to tell you how I saved a little girl from drowning in the river, and how a medal given to me, which I have worn round my neck ever since; how I was stolen by a man and taken miles away in a wagon, but managed to gnaw the ropes and two, and found my way home; and how pleased the master was to get me back. But I am old and stiff now, and spend most of my time lying in the sun, dreaming of my young days. Men have a saying that "every dog has its day," and I have had mine and am satisfied, so good-bye.

### BUCKING A SNOWDRIFT.

A SCENE ON THE DAKOTA PLAINS BEFORE ROTARY PLOW CAME INTO USE.

In a paper on snowplows in St. Nicholas for George E. Walsh describes the work of clearing snowdrifts on a Dakota railroad, before the rotary plow was invented. Riding on an engine at the rate of sixty to seventy miles an hour, he says, is an experience exciting enough to convince most of us that we never intended that we should be railroad engineers; it is hardly an incident to riding on a snow-bucking train when engaged in forcing a tunnel through immense snowdrifts with a wood-faced, steel-shod plow. The "rotary" has made the old snowplows out-of-date, and robbed the western blizzard of half its terror. For a quarter of a century fighting snow in the blizzards of the States of the Northwest has been a task that has enlisted the enthusiasm, heroism and intelligence of a

devoted to the work of conquering nature in her roughest moods. For months at a time, year after year, it looked as if nature had the better of the fight, and for whole weeks man's greatest efforts seemed futile and weak indeed. The warfare was carried on unceasingly, but every blizzard stalled the iron horses and made their power as useless as the strength of a child.

It was hardly dusk before the order was issued to get ready a few of the lighter snowplows. These were always run out first, and nearly always were stuck in the snow. If the storm proved a mile one they would keep the tracks clear for ordinary traffic. But if the blizzard was correctly reported—and the worst was expected—the largest plows were called into service to head the procession that went sliding out into the white unknown world.

The welcome word to attack the snow finally comes, and the plows leave the yard for their various destinations. On the main line the heaviest plows are used. One of these towers up almost to the top of the engine-stack, so that it can tackle the highest drifts that may be met. The engineer in his caboose cannot see ahead well, and the conductor has to direct him from his position on top of the stack, where a small cupola has been built. Behind the two engines driving the snowplow come the drag-out, and a train of cars loaded with provisions, clothing, extra coal and a crew of shovelers. The drag-out remains at a respectful distance behind the snowplow, and has an easy time of it in rolling over tracks cleared of snow by the plows.

Out of the yard the procession moves. Then it reaches the plains, and as the snow has drifted off the track on the level, the plows have little difficulty in clearing them of what remains. A twenty or thirty-mile gait is struck, and the snow flies on either side of the plow as if shot out from a cannon. If no stalled trains are reported in this section, and no serious cuts are met with, the snowplow goes merrily along, and the men join in the enthusiasm of the great inanimate machine, that seems suddenly endowed with life. But after a long run the plows cut the snow less swiftly, and the speed of the train is slackened. A huge drift has packed across the track ahead. The train is stopped short of it, and the superintendent walks ahead to examine it. If he thinks the plows can go through it without the aid of the shovelers, the train backs up a mile or two, and then, under a thundering headway, it comes down upon the drift with an impetus that fairly lifts the huge engines from the track. The first impact into the snowdrift gives a dull thud and jolt to the train; then all is darkness as the engine dives into the drift and bores its way through. The speed is slowly reduced, although the throttle of the engine is wide open, and for a few moments there is some anxiety as to whether the powerful engines will get through the mass before their headway is stopped entirely. It is a moment of intense suspense as the train gradually slows up and comes almost to a standstill. Then suddenly light shoots out of the darkness ahead, the speed of the puffing engines increases, and in another moment we are clear of the snowdrift. There is a sigh of relief from the half-stunned conductor overhead, and a shout of glee from the trainmen.

Another run across the country is then made, and in the crisp morning air the journey is exhilarating. But there is a dangerous cut ahead, and the engineer slows up instinctively. This cut is a natural receptacle for snow, and there is no likelihood of its being open this time. The great snowplow pokes its nose close up to the beginning of the cut, and then the superintendent again runs ahead to make examination. This time he decides that it is too great a risk to attempt to force the plow through the compactly-packed snow. There is danger of the plow hitting the track and causing a general wreck and tangle. So, in an uncertain voice, he orders the two or so shovelers out of the car, and under his direction they undermine the great bank of snow. The science of engineering is displayed here, for the drift must be honeycombed in such a way that the plow will be enabled to pass clean through it. Tunnels, holes and tunnels are cut in the deepest places. Then the two engines with the snowplow back up probably two miles to get under sufficient headway. The plow is examined and found to be in good condition. Then, with a piercing whistle, the engines start forward. This is the most picturesque and awe-inspiring run of any. The throttle is thrown wide open, and the engines rush forward with mad impetuosity. Before half the distance is covered you are swinging through the air at forty miles an hour, and by the time the cut is reached the speed has increased to sixty or seventy. To be hurled against a gigantic snow wall at this rate of speed is an experience sufficient to daunt the stoutest heart. The conductor croaches down in the caboose, the windows are tightly closed, and the snow-curtains drawn. There is a moment of sickening suspense, then a dull thud and shock, and complete darkness and a sensation that you are being whirled downward by some mighty and irresistible power. It is only the mighty snowplow pushing its way through the snow, but the queer sensation makes you hold your breath.

To cap the climax the engines stop. You open the snow-curtains. All is dark. You are buried ten feet deep in snow, the engines are stalled, and the magnificent snowplow is overcome by the force of the tons of snow. There is nothing to do until the snow-shovelers have dug you out. Then, with the help of the ten-wheel drag-out engine, the plow is pulled back from her bed of snow. Again and again the operation is repeated until the cut is cleared.

Outside, the scene is even more picturesque, for the fence of the snowplow sends the white crusts in the air as if a huge mine had been exploded. For a hundred feet on either side the snow falls in showers of diamonds, burying out of sight any who may venture too near the track. Sometimes the shock of striking the snow at a sixty-mile gait smashed things generally in the cab, and knocked every one down. The snow flew into the caboose, and that and the escaping steam nearly suffocated you. The fight went on in this way day after day until the line was cleared. Then very likely another blizzard would come after the first, and make it necessary to do the work all over again. It was often discouraging and hopeless work the long winter through, and when the dawn of the spring

sun melted the mantle of white that had shrouded the landscape for five months, the snow-fighters gave a sigh of relief.

The advent of the rotary snowplow has robbed the western roads of much of these old-time terrors, but it has also abolished a picturesque and exciting warfare between man and nature in her roughest, wildest mood.

### THE OLYMPIAN GAMES.

#### HOW THE LITTLE CITY OF OLYMPIA APPEARED ON AN EVENTFUL DAY.

In "A Boy of Galatia," in the April *St. Nicholas*, Samuel Scoville, Jr., thus describes the eve of the one hundred and thirty-first Olympiad:

"The little city of Olympia, usually so quiet, that stood near the sacred groves and famed course, in a lonely corner of Hellas, was alive with the vast crowd of visitors, who were thronging its streets during the 'truce-of-God' that heralds had proclaimed throughout the Grecian world, the sacred month of the Olympic games. Such a motley assemblage was never seen at any other time, nor could it have been gathered there save for the month's safe-conduct extended to all who came.

"Richly-garmented Athenians jostled against stern-faced, simply-clad men of Sparta, while those slept side by side in the crowded inns who, maybe, a few short weeks before, had met on a battlefield where quarter was not asked or given. Men of every rank and age were there—soldiers, philosophers and poets, young and old. Only the women stayed lonely at home, by edict of the rulers.

"Nor was the throng merely a Grecian one. Everywhere were seen barbarians from the unknown outer world, whose grim faces and garbs were strange to all save those veterans who had seen service in distant provinces. Here a black-robed Egyptian priest, carrying himself with the dignity that the learning of the Pyramids gave, moves slowly through the excited throngs. A little farther on, the vast thews and dark muscles of an Ethiopian from the far-away southland attract general attention, but the menace of the sable warrior's long javelin and curved belt dagger discourage curiosity. A slant-eyed, yellow-faced Scythian, from a region as yet beyond even the conquering march of the Macedonian troops, is not so fortunate. The furs that have kept out the cold of arctic winters afford no protection against the storm of ridicule that his odd appearance excites among the laughter-loving Greeks, and the squat figure seems to become even more dwarfed as he strives to hide himself in the throng.

"Beside a fountain in the market-place stands a Phrygian flute-player. The shrill notes drown theplash of the water, and reap a rich harvest of coins from the appreciative bystanders. Suddenly the crowd parts. Down the main street sweeps a swaying, dancing band of worshippers on their way to the pillar'd temple of Dionysus, and the wild, sweet cadence of their chorus sounds high above the many-voiced clamor.

"Far across the plain of Elis, in the dark olive groves where stood the temple of Zeus, slept those who were to compete for the wild-olive wreaths, the winning of which bore with them world-wide fame and fortune. Among the athletes was Ladas, with Phraanes, his silent trainer, who had been there for the last ten months under the supervision of the Hellenodikae, or rulers of the games. On the morrow he was to run, not only for fame—for if he won the aulos his name would be given to the Olympiad, and forever would those four years of Grecian history be known as the Olympiad of Ladas—but to save himself and those dear to him from shame; for that week expired the year allowed him by Galatian law to cancel his debts. Swiftest of all the Galatian racers had Ladas proved himself, but tomorrow he was to meet the chosen runners of Athens, of Sparta, and of all the provinces, and, in spite of the comforting words of Phraanes, it was but a sleepless night for Ladas."

### TO PREPARE FOR PARIS.

#### WHAT TO READ BEFORE YOU GO, AND WHAT TO DO WHEN YOU GET THERE.

"Are You Going to the Paris Exposition?" asks Margaret E. Caldwell in the April *St. Nicholas*; and assuming that you are and that you are a girl, she gives you some useful hints.

All over the land, she says, young girls are beginning to plan a trip to the Paris Exposition. By means of tourists' clubs, with their low rates and monthly payments, many girls of small means, girls who earn their own living, will be able to go. To these, and especially to such of them as have traveled a little, a few suggestions may prove helpful.

Do your looking up and reading now, while you are at home and have the time. But if not used to solid reading, do not plunge boldly into a French history that goes back beyond the days of Charlemagne, and then feel sad and discouraged when you discover that you cannot remember the names and dates.

Read the story books of travel. But read them intelligently. When you see in one something about "poor Marie Louise, whose history was one of life's riddles," if you do not know why her history was one of life's riddles, look it up. Find out all that you can about her strange career.

When you read something about "Marie Antoinette's Swiss cottage," and the trouble that it caused, do you not feel interested to know what the trouble was, and why a Swiss cottage caused it? Then, about Marie Antoinette herself. Are you familiar enough with her story to make your visit to the Tuilleries a double pleasure because you can, in fancy, people it, as you walk, with the gay throng who once made history there?

Unless you know the story of the people who made the history of these places, you are seeing only wood and stone; you are missing the best—the vital, breathing part, the life. Every girl who has clearly settled in her mind any facts of French history, who knows anything about the life stories of France's famous people, or about the places where the history was made or the lives lived, will

find that her knowledge has added wonderfully to her enjoyment of the trip.

And now for another suggestion. Cultivate the habit of observation. If you are weak in this, begin today to develop your powers. Many persons came back from the World's Fair at Chicago with their minds all a confused jumble. Ask them what they saw, and they would invariably reply, "Oh, I saw so much that I really can't remember any one thing." The objects that they saw made on their brains no more lasting impression than on the retinae of their eyes. They knew that they "had a lovely time," and often were "dreadfully tired," and that their "hotel was bad," and, apparently, that was nearly all that they did know. Not being used to observing, they had seen so much that they were not able to assimilate anything. Many people go through picture galleries in the same blind way. They see so many pictures that no single one impresses them sufficiently to take its place on "memory's wall." Make up your mind that you will notice well. Make up your mind that you will remember the best of what you see.

The girl who goes to the Paris Exposition leaving no one behind for whose benefit she is sight-seeing, is poor indeed. Surely each of you has some one to whom you wish to write, to whom you wish to describe your trip so well that it will be her trip, too. If you have such a friend, and if you think of her when you see anything that specially interests you, and if you say, "Now I will tell her about this—she will enjoy it," you have found the best method of cultivating the memory.

#### TO CORRECT BASHFULNESS.

"The bashful young girl must stop thinking about herself," writes Margaret E. Sangster in the April *Ladies' Home Journal*. "I heard the other day of a man, a college student, who went to visit his sister, a college student also. He was the one man, as it happened, in the dining-room with 500 girls, and he had occasion to cross the room with their bright eyes beaming on him with curiosity and interest. Said my informant: 'The boy was completely at his ease. You would have thought his sister the only girl present.' Evidently the young man's mother had brought him up in a sensible way, and he was free from that bane of comfort, self-consciousness. It is hard for a very diffident person to be free from awkwardness, and very acute distress and much humiliation may be the results of an extreme shyness. Try not to think how you look, what impression you are making, what sort of gown you have on. Do not let your mind dwell on yourself, but think of what you are to do, and of making others pleased and happy. Once you are free from self-consciousness, bashfulness will trouble you no more."

#### LITTLE BOY BLUE.

Little Boy Blue left home one day,  
Knapack over his shoulders slung;  
People cheering beside the way;  
Rifle jauntily slantwise flung.  
"Company front" adown the street  
Marched the ranks of a loyal hue;  
Marched in time with the war-drum's beat—  
And with them Little Boy Blue.

Long he strayed, till the miles were wide  
Twixt fields he trod and the home afar.  
His strength was proved and his courage tried,  
But he was fashioned as heroes are.  
And a mother's heart, with a vague unrest,  
Followed him e'er, with a mother's might,  
Crying aloud, in its ceaseless quest,  
"Where is Boy Blue tonight?"

Little Boy Blue went forth, a lad,  
Modest and downy, slim and fair.  
Thus she expected to find him, glad  
He would be missing her tender care.  
Lo! when again to her arms he came,  
Just at the close of a long, long day,  
To the mother's eyes he was not the same  
As he who had gone away.

Bearded and bronzed, with a swinging tread  
Came this truant, the deep seas o'er—  
The child she had seen in his trundle-bed  
Only a few short years before!  
But, lips to lips, in a trice, she learned  
All that her heart had hoped was true—  
This soldier brave from the wars returned  
Was still her Little Boy Blue.

#### THE ADVENTUROUS KANGAROO.

There once was a capable Kangaroo  
Who wanted to sail in a red canoe;  
He started one day  
And he paddled away  
To the coast of Timbuctoo.

He tied his boat and he hopped ashore,  
He stayed a couple of hours or more,  
He went to tea  
With a Chimpanzee  
Who kept a candy store.

Then he asked the time of a passing hen;  
She said it was nearly half-past ten,  
So he jumped in his boat  
And set it afloat  
And sailed back home again.

—[Pittsburgh Dispatch.

It may be a matter of interest to some to hear that such an autocratic ruler as the Kaiser has never been crowned, and that that article of regal insignia is not in existence, but has to be made for the august William II. The sovereigns of Italy, Spain and Belgium have also never undergone the ceremony of coronation. On the other hand, at each opening of the Swedish Parliament, King Oscar has to appear in royal robes and wearing his crown.

Senator Hoar's fad is the cultivation of flowers. When not in Washington he spends several hours a day in his garden.

## TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

By a Staff Writer.

MAX O'RELL has recently been hitting us again on the subject of our American verb "to guess." The joke about this verb, as used in the United States, is a standard English one, full of the honors of a hoary age and as universally looked up to and respected for its inherent merits as the mother-in-law joke, and the collar-button joke, and others of the ancient stand-bys. The shaft never fails to reach its mark, in this case, because the use of the above-named verb in the sense of "to think" is almost universal in the United States, and is the one point on which even a large proportion of well-educated people are inclined occasionally to depart from the present British usage. The Englishman is seldom well enough acquainted with the history of his own language to know that the Anglo-Saxon verb "guessian," from which our modern "guess" is derived, meant precisely "to think," that Chaucer uses "guess" continually in the sense in which the American uses it, and that many later English authors employed it likewise with the same significance. It was brought to the shores of the new continent with this meaning attached to it, and retained the meaning; while in England, time gradually widened the gulf between it and the verb "to think." Of course, two words of precisely the same meaning are a superfluity, and to introduce a division of labor between them is a matter of verbal economy and an enrichment of language in precision and clearness. But this is not usually the point of view of the English joke.

However, we are becoming British in our English fast enough to suit even the most critical Englishmen. It used to be the thing to speak of a woman's "dress," and old-fashioned to call it a "gown," while only children's long pinnafores were ever frocks. But our modern fashion columns know naught of anything but "gowns" and "frocks" in the outer wardrobe of women. We used to have "stores," but are rapidly coming to possess nothing but "shops." And the woman who wishes to be very "nice" in her English will tell you that she occasionally forgets and says "store," but greatly prefers "shop," because it is so much more correct—without the slightest idea why it is more correct or any knowledge of the fact that the word "shop" is allied to "shape," and properly designates a place where articles are manufactured, but is wholly inappropriate, etymologically, when applied to our great establishments that are the medium between manufacturers and user. The enrichment of language, in this case, lies in the retention of the original distinction between the words, not in the application of "shop" indiscriminately to all places where goods are bought and sold. It may be added, for the benefit of those who desire to be English, at any cost, that the few large department establishments of London are called "stores," not "shops," although all other retail places are designated by the latter term, indiscriminately.

But the most exasperating example of the slavish imitation of British usage is the use of the article "an" before words beginning with an "h." This use of the article in England is very easy to explain. There is something in the conditions of the atmosphere of the British isles which appears to affect the vocal organs and interfere with the pronunciation of the aspirate; that is, with its pronunciation in the place where it belongs; for it frequently comes in with tremendous effect where it is not wanted. It does not often do to refer to this little defect of speech when you are among Englishmen. Unless it is just after dinner or between lovers. And in fact an American woman of my acquaintance who married an Englishman asserts that she came near being capsized from a rowboat, while on her wedding tour, because of an untimely allusion to the British vagaries of the aspirate. Her husband was an Oxford man, a professor, and the author of several standard books, but an "h" would occasionally elude him, nevertheless; and this is true of most, if not all, Englishmen in certain words. I cannot remember having ever heard an Englishman pronounce "hotel" with the full value of the aspirate that an American gives to the word. There is thus nothing mysterious in the Englishman's writing an "an" before it. A large number even of cultured Englishmen have difficulty also with "hundred." Most of them will deny the fact, but why, then, do they prefer "an" to "a" before it? A recent article in an eastern exchange was headed "An Historic Siege." It was originally taken from a London newspaper, but there was no need, of course, of retaining the head as it stood. And little reason except the instinct of imitation and the love of rolling bizarre phrasers under the tongue. Though the aspirate directly following the "n" also affords the opportunity of a very "nice" pronunciation. We are all of us a little inclined to run after the unusual in language, and to a certain extent the tendency is legitimate. The common words of the street will not generally do for poetry, although some very good verse has been written in them. But, after all, if the masters of English have seemed to use many uncommon words, this is chiefly because their vocabulary was much larger than that of the masses. Force in self-expression is the result of a cultivated instinct of discrimination, that chooses and fits in exactly the right word in the right place. Affections of speech have never added anything to literary style. And in an American, the "an" before an aspirate is an affection.

But there is one thing in modern civilization more exasperating even than the vagaries of the Anglo-maniacs, and that is the man who rides a cycle in the monkey-on-a-stick attitude. I use the word "thing" of him advisedly, for he resembles no living creature in the heavens above or on the earth beneath in the waters under the earth. A dachshund is a model of shapeliness and a goose a creature of infinite grace compared with him. He holds the cup for ugliness, and will continue to hold it. However, it is probably of little use to say anything on this subject. Volumes have already been written on it, but they ap-

parently cannot dampen the enthusiastic belief of the man with the epileptic pose, in the effectiveness of his attitude. Effectiveness? Oh, yes. For it is not wholly a matter of convenience and speed by any means. Else why does he reach out and clutch the handle-bars still more crookedly and dislocate such of his joints as were yet normal, whenever he starts to pass a pretty girl? If he only knew what the girls really think of him! I heard one girl remark, not long ago, that she never saw a man in that attitude on a cycle without experiencing an almost irresistible impulse to ride up and bat him between the shoulders, to make him straighten up.

And when a man attempts that sort of thing in an ordinary coat, words fail utterly to describe his appearance. Not long ago, I rode out Spring street behind a group of such men, their hats on the back of their necks, their backs humped, their heads craned forward, their bodies seesawing like the walking-beam of an old-fashioned ferry-boat, their coat-skirts outspread upon the breeze. And I said to myself: "What a lot of country toughs!" Just then, having arrived at their destination, the whole group dismounted, pulled their hats to the tops of their heads, dusted their clothes, and stood up. And one of them turned into an eminently respectable and sober young business man of the city, one into a professional man, and another into a friend of the latter from Pasadena. I didn't know the others, but they looked the same sort, and no one would ever have known them for the flock of awkward crows that went sailing down the road so short a time before.

If a man wishes to test a woman's love for him, he cannot do better than take her out cycling and strike the monkey-on-a-stick attitude. If her affection for him is able to survive the ordeal, he may rest satisfied. She is a model of faithfulness and bad taste, and he may trust her in all the trials and temptations of ordinary life.

## A RIDE ON A GRIZZLY.

OLD BILL ELLIS NARRATES ONE OF HIS THRILLING EXPERIENCES.

By a Special Contributor.

“DID you ever ride a bear?” asked Bill Ellis one night, as we sat down at the campfire after hunting all day.

“No, I suppose not,” he continued without waiting for me to reply. “Lots of folks haven’t. In fact, I’m the only feller I ever heard of that ever did. All the ridin’ is generally the other way. Bear seldom carry outside passengers. But Old Clubfoot packed me one day in great shape. That old serpent used to range these hills and if there was anything he liked it was lead. He was a regular travelin’ lead mine. He was so dangerous I never hankered for his pelt, but one day I nearly ran over him and he came for me, so that there was nothin’ to do but shoot. I fed him some lead right in the gizzard and all he done was to gulp as if it was good, and come right on with his mouth wide open for some more. I accommodated him right in the mouth, too, but one of his big white teeth flew into splinters that whizzed up into the air. I had a Sharp’s rifle and just as I went to load it again the cartridge stuck in the chamber and I couldn’t shut it. Disappointment seemed to make the old cuss only the madder and on he came, bent for a full breakfast.

“I suppose you’d have perspired, as they say in polite talk. I didn’t have time to get a pore open, for luck was on my side and I was only a few yards from a liveoak. I was young and pretty quick and swung myself in a jiffy onto a big limb. I felt a rip in my pants as I whirled over and, after gettin’ well out of reach, I felt there and there was three or four slits six inches long where his claws had just missed my casin’. You may laugh all you please about folks that work with the seat of their pants, but if it hadn’t been for the dry goods boxes down at the country store you wouldn’t be entertainin’ me with your ear tonight.

“I crawled along to the trunk of the tree and begun to wonder how I was to get the rifle up. Old Clubfoot was there with his big paws clawin’ down bark only two feet from my toes and tryin’ to get up. His breath felt like the steam out of a locomotive and his eyes would almost have done for a headlight, he was so mad. I had seen mad bear before, when they had a foot caught in a trap, but I never saw such ragin’ fury as this old scamp had when he found I was just beyond his reach and the trunk of that tree too straight and smooth for him to climb.

“Just as I began to think of a Sunday-school hymn suitable for a saved sinner, I felt a bite. Then there was another and another and another and somethin’ crawlin’ up my sleeve and on my neck and up my ankles, and more bites by the second, with the smell of ants gettin’ mighty powerful. Then you bet I did perspire in no time. Did you ever try an ant bite? How many bites from one of the big red or black tree ants do you suppose it would take to kill a man? And how long do you suppose it would take? A horse stung by enough bees is dead before any pizen can possibly reach his vitals. A man dropped in bilin’ water would be dead before any heat could ever reach his innards. It’s the shock to the nerves what does the business, and before the fifth bite was well in, my nervous was gettin’ terrible shook up. Then I saw the tree was full of ‘em and lines of hundreds of big red ants runnin’ up the trunk. No use to mash ‘em for a hundred ‘ll come to the funeral of every one you mash. It wasn’t half a minute before some still small voice inside whispered that I would have to get out of that tree, for it was certain the ants would kill me and with more sufferin’ probably than I was likely to get at the hands of the bear.

“You’d a been mighty smart and slipped down the tree on the opposite side from the bear, wouldn’t you? That shows what you know about bear. You can have fifty feet start and he’ll climb your back stairs in just one and three-quarter seconds. I wasn’t that variety of squash. It was over two hundred yards to the next tree and that was a low one, where he might claw me down even if I was

lucky enough to reach it. A grizzly standin’ on his legs is mighty high and his durned claws add onto his long arms, and when he stretches them you no idea how they reach. All he’s got to do is hook into your meat and you’re his’n. There’s one thing to do and that was to scare the stinkin’ him. They’re just like wild cattle on a plain, run from ‘em they’ll make a bulge on you sure, run at ‘em and wave your coat you stand a show ‘em off. There was only one thing to do and that ride him, for swearin’ at him didn’t have no use on him than it does on you when you make a shot on a first-rate shot at a deer.

“There was no time to lay out any fine plans, ants bit worse and worse and came thicker and So I ran out on a big limb and the bear followed there and looked up and showed his big white teeth grin that opened up all his internals and seemed ain’t you got some more lead to feed me? I’m waitin’ so long. I gave him my hat for a change it fell to the ground—he dropped his head and he chaw on it. Before he had a chance to show his pointment, because a bear’s favorite teethin’ ring-skull—wasn’t inside of it, I just dropped square of his back.

“What are you lookin’ so queer about? You lie it, eh? Well, now, I ain’t a tryin’ to make I was particularly brave. It was only a stroke of There wasn’t any courage about it. It took more to stay with the ants. There was millions of ‘em just had to ride out of there. It was the only beat the grave. Of course, a man must be some a bareback rider and know how to keep his horse joke intended—but when you get in such a scrape there’s nothin’ else to do, especially for the horse had ridden so many hunters that I thought a change be beneficial to his constitution. You might’ve been as good a rider as I was and probably would’ve got off at the first pile of rocks we sailed through you’d have mounted him just the same as I did you’d had a had.

“Did he snort? Not much. He had no time to let you ever watch a fly sittin’ on an arrow or let the string? That was about my fix, only drop off. Fact is, I didn’t dare to, for he wasn’t enough yet. He started fast enough, but when good grip with each hand into his wool, dug my hands in his flanks and hollered, ‘git out o’ here you son of a gun! he shot out like one of these rifle balls you hear that gather speed from the gain twist of the horse. bear gathered speed so fast that when we went first tree I didn’t have time to unload him and a limb and swing up again as I had meant would have been a dandy trick to play him, for I taken a notion to come back he’d never a foun’ A shootin’ star might as well try to find the went through before it busted.

“In about half a second somethin’ green with want in my eye, for you never saw nothin’ that when it come to question of bear. I’m theosophy and a few other fine pints of religion on bear, thank you. It must a been another I want very particular about stopping to find me journeyed. Just as we cleared that, somethin’ a-swimmin’ around on all sides with a thousand a whizzin’, squealin’ and dartin’ around my head durdest rattle you ever heard. It sounded as if it had struck the pantry of the giants and the crockery, and turned the flies loose. It might a rock pile we went through, but I wasn’t enough to get off to look. Just then I saw a brown spots ahead, with somethin’ behind that the tail of a coyote, and then two streaks of light past us from in front, but they fell behind couldn’t tell, but I rather guess they was coyotes.

“Just then there was another flash of green with regular cloud of it swimmin’ around me, an’ see an’ tearin’ of clothes an’ the awfulest smashin’ in’ of brush an’ such a scratchin’ of my eyes off of my skin where the clothes had been, an’ I come to a dead stop so fast that it turned me down. As soon as I could get the blood out enough to see, I found myself in one of them mountain manzanitas with my heels a lookin’ an’ not a durned rag on me but a bit of courtin’ on back of one ear. I kept still for a second, thunderbolt or somethin’, but the coast was all the sun a shinin’ as only our dear California smile, with the birds all a singin’ praises to the and not an ant or a durned thing in sight to be body. Just then I heard some one holler, here, you son of a gun! It made me jump, but I’m natural like it set me to thinkin’, and I wasn’t my own voice—just arrived.

“Oh, yes, he done pretty well for a lame horse. Lerdy what sport I’d a had if I’d only had my

T. S. VAN

## ELECTRIC BURGLAR SCARE.

Any one familiar with the multitude of devices which have been designed for the purpose of protection and the frustration of thieves will be to believe that no phase of housebreaking has unprovided for. It has been said, however, that the so-called electric burglar alarms are to tinkling either to awake the sleeper or to scare the burglar. A new design has been brought out in the East both these things, and it is said to give much active service than the ordinary bell, in case of being needed. A heavy plunger is held up by a wire, may be released by an electro-magnet, connects usual window and door springs, and also, if the thermostats, placed in different rooms in the plunger falls down a tube, at the bottom of which is a cartridge for a large black cartridge. When lifts the window sash or opens the door, the cartridge explodes with a tremendous noise, thoroughly awakening the household, and taking the burglar. This device has been adopted in residences, offices, banks, etc.

## CARE OF THE BODY.

### VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS FOR ACQUIRING AND PRESERVING HEALTH.

Compiled for The Times.

#### and Malaria.

JOHN LUCKEL sends The Times the following recipe, which he says is a sure cure for malaria:

"Remove the seeds and rind of a lemon; cook for an hour in a quart of water; strain and let it remain over night, drink the lemon juice the first thing on arising the next morning. Do this for three mornings in succession. Should any vestige of malaria remain after the lapse of some weeks or months, repeat, as often as necessary. This is doubtless a good remedy for malaria. A still better one, which has been recommended in these columns, is to substitute grape fruit for lemons, not removing the seeds and rind of the fruit, but slicing it.

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#### Worry Kills.

MODERN science has brought to light nothing more curiously interesting than the fact that worry will kill. More remarkable still, it has been able to determine from recent discoveries, just how worry does kill. The Journal of Health says:

"It is believed by many scientists who have followed very carefully the growth of the science of brain diseases that scores of the deaths set down to other causes are due to worry and that alone. The theory is a simple one—so simple that any one can easily understand it. Briefly put, it amounts to this: worry injures beyond repair certain cells of the brain, and the brain being the nutritive center of the body, the other organs become gradually injured, and when some disease of these organs, or a combination of them, arises, death usually ensues."

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#### Southern California Medicinal Herbs.

HERE are many reverently disposed persons who have faith that an all-wise Creator has placed at our disposal and within our reach just those things which will meet our immediate necessities—the fact that there are many misconnections between supply and demand being exhibited solely to our own departure from the clear-cut self-helpful nature which He intended us to maintain.

When our Mexican neighbor hears the hiss of the deadly gila monster he casts his eye quickly about for the weapon defense (or offense) it may be, and at the same time "gila-drina." He will assure you that many times has his life of his friend the vaquero, or his favorite horse, or been saved by the prompt use of gila-drina, when bitten by a venomous reptile. He will assure you further that gila-drina is always to be found wherever the snake is its den. Among botanists there is more or less diversity of opinion as to the real value of this *Emphorbia* as an antidote to snake bite, possibly because its antitoxins are more palatable. This weed is a graceful little plant clinging close to the ground in a tiny mat, with clusters of leaves and tiny white flowers being most attractive. When macerated, its milky juice applied to a wound caused by venomous reptiles, is, according to the use of some Indian tribes, carry a bit of the dried root about with them to be used whenever need occurs. The irritant nature of its juices are themselves poisonous to some skins, and care should be taken in gathering it not to get the juice on tender skin. However, the faith of our Mexican neighbor would not lead me to defer making my will, and putting my household in order should I make plans.

Everywhere in California one meets *Rhus diversiloba*, the poison oak, so dangerous in its effect upon the health of any who encounter it in strolling about the cañons. Our California friend will smilingly assure you that the "soy" or soap-root, *Chlorogalum pomeridianum*, also found in all localities where the *Rhus* is growing, is a successful antidote to that insidious poison, applied in poultice to the affected parts.

In Southern California we escape many of the maladies incident to most southern climates, yet it is remarkable to the close observer that diseases of the mucous membranes, and of the digestive organs, are quite prevalent, and our friends of the "compensation theory" will tell you that among the native herbs of medicinal value, there is a preponderance of those whose usefulness in the treatment of skin, and stomach, are demonstrated by the native population and noted chemists as well. One of the best-known of these is "Cascara sagrada;" crosses, the bark of which has for generations been used in the Mexican household as an aid to digestion, bitter tea, a nauseous, but wholesome dose.

Remained to a leading American chemist to "discover" the world at large, a few years since, and to introduce it to the medical world; all schools of practices used it widely, though the discovery of still another and that the unpleasant bitter of the natural bark should be eliminated and his introduction of "casagra," the structure of which and its sale to the medical fraternity, and druggists alone, has made him a vast fortune.

"Casagra" have a foundation of this same simple shrub. It is said that thousands of tons are used in the world for its bark, and it is freely spoken of by druggists as the most valuable discovery made in medicine for years. When one doesn't feel just well, and fever, or cold, has got the throat or caused the rasping cough, a cooling drink is often craved. Near San Diego a peculiar shrub called the sumac is *Rhus integrifolia*. It is known to the people as "the lemonade tree." The berries are small, with deep reddish pulp surrounding a large

seed, and covered with a white oily substance, also very tart, but which hardens in time, and flakes off, as sweet as the sweetest sugar. Which explains the curious name the children give the tree.

It is the custom of the natives to gather and dry the berries, and use them in the absence of other fruits, and among the Indians they evidently correct the liver disturbing tendencies of a diet confined too closely to the fattening manzanita berries and greasy pinyons.

*Salvia carduacea*, or "Chia," is a beautiful thistle-like plant, growing by the roadside, with its showy lavender and scarlet flowers, in elegant whorls, embedded in a dense white wool. The seeds, infused in water, forming a pleasant mucilaginous drink, being most useful in an inflamed condition of the digestive organs.

Another much used herb is "Yerba Sauta." The *Eriodictyon glutinosum* of the botanist, a mountain balm, a beautiful shrub whose soft, woolly leaves, of a peculiar gray shade, and large violet salver form blossoms are attractive all along the Coast. In one form or another the leaves are administered to people whose heart action is irregular. It has the repute of being a most excellent tonic for old people, and those younger ones, who in this, as in older countries, are spoken of as "in a decline."

One young man, whose sunken eyes, and hollow chest betokened a great lack of vitality, told me that he owed his life to chewing little rolls of the leaves of Yerba suntu, which he carried always with him.

BELLE SUMNER ANGIER.

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#### Sulphur.

A N EASTERN writer recommends the sprinkling of a teaspoonful of sulphur in the shoes as a remedy for the grip. He says that sulphur in the shoes kept off yellow fever from the agents of the Howard Benevolent Association at Memphis. A famous German writer says that wearing sulphur in this way has proved a complete protection against cholera and other epidemic diseases, also that those working the sulphur mines of Italy escape the malaria which prevails all about them, also that sulphur in the shoes has cured various cases of rheumatism; also that sulphur taken internally or worn in the shoes has sufficient power to pass through the body, the clothing and the pocketbook, blackening the silver there. The remedy is at least an inexpensive one, and if it does not do good it cannot do any harm.

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#### Sugar and Sugar.

I N HIS introduction to an article on the sugar trust, a correspondent of The Times recently said:

"If, as one physician says, manufactured sugar is a poison, then there is another count against the sugar trust. But another medico says it isn't poison; that it is a useful food, and that the craving of children for it is natural. He allows that it is best in its natural form of fruit juice, but when you cannot get fruit he would permit the youngsters to eat candy."

"The charge that lies against the sugar makers, in case the first physician is right, is that by cheapening their merchandise they have popularized it to an inordinate degree. The American has a sweet tooth that is bigger than his wisdom tooth, and when it decays and has to be filled it gives him a good deal of trouble. With sugar at a dollar a pound there would be a general refraining from it. And that is what it used to be."

While manufactured sugar may not be exactly poison, there is the best reason to believe that it is an undesirable article of food, and this in spite of the fact that it has recently been highly recommended by physicians and introduced as a ration in some armies. In pointing to the fact that negroes and others who consume large quantities of sugar cane are notoriously healthy the distinction is not made between the natural sugar in the cane and the manufactured product. The sugar in its natural state, as found in the cane, like that in sweet fruits, is a healthy food, whereas manufactured sugar is more of a stimulant than a food, and when taken in large quantities cannot fail to have a prejudicial effect on the human system.

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#### Hot Water Bags.

PAIN may often be greatly relieved by the use of the hot water bag. There is a right and a wrong way to use these bags, concerning which a trained nurse gives some hints in the New York Evening Post. The Post says:

"Very little water is used, not more than a coffee cup full in a three-pint bag, but it is very hot. Before the stopper is screwed in the air is pressed out of the bag by a quick smoothing of the hand toward the opening; in this way the weight is considerably lessened. This particular nurse in attending a pneumonia patient, kept in use during the severity of the attack, six of the bags, three of them upon the patient at one time. During periods of the critical two or three days the bags were changed every fifteen minutes, but so light were they that their weight did not in the least inconvenience the sufferer."

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#### The Grip.

T HE grip is at present epidemic throughout a large section of the country. Even in this favored climate there are just now a great many cases. A writer in the New York Herald has the following in regard to this disease:

"Although grip prevailed in mild form during the late autumn months, it has now taken on an unmistakably virulent type in the extent and character of its new invasion. During the last fortnight thousands who have escaped heretofore, have been stricken and the disease is plainly epidemic over a very wide section of the country. The rural districts suffer equally with the cities, and even the so-called health resorts are not without their numerous victims. The radical and sudden climatic changes are doubtless leading causative elements in effecting this marked change from an almost phenomenal healthfulness to a widely prevailing sickness."

"The type of the disease is essentially catarrhal and chiefly manifests itself in inflammatory affections of the membranes of the nose, throat and upper air passages. The attack is quite sudden and there is generally a high temperature, with pain in the forehead, hacking and irritative

cough, with general muscular pains and associated prostration.

"Fortunately, unlike previous epidemics, the seizure is short-lived, although quite severe; but, on the other hand, it is followed by a comparatively longer period of general weakness, with the attendant danger of serious lung complications. The latter condition is what may be naturally expected at this particular season, when pneumonic troubles are always especially prevalent. This fact should carry with it enough of significance to counteract a general feeling of indifference for what is usually considered a very common and harmless affection.

"It must be said in this connection that most of the fatal issues are due to careless exposure during the progress of the malady and the neglect of proper treatment of the different symptoms. It is only an attack of grip, and the patient ordinarily resigns himself to a passive expectancy of the ultimate outcome.

"Nothing is more foolish than to suppose that the grip will eventually cure itself and leave the victim unharmed. No disease is more prolific in complications. Although it may spend its main force upon the air passages, there is no organ of the body which is exempt from its ravages. Hence, in chronicling the death of many persons from what is conveniently styled 'a complication of diseases,' we note almost as a matter of course that the first decline in health dated back to 'a grip' of months or perhaps years ago. These matters of experience should carry with them their own significant lessons.

"It is generally conceded that, while the disease is very amenable to proper scientific treatment, there is no medicine which is considered to be a specific. No single prescription can fit every constitution. The many complex conditions which show themselves in turn during the course of the malady call for the most discriminating judgment of the experienced physician. By such skilled management only can the dangerous complications be avoided. No one is safe from the latter until all catarrhal and febrile symptoms have disappeared. And even then his convalescence must be carefully watched.

"But, best of all, however, the preventive measures should always appeal to us. In all epidemics the weak are the first who suffer. The man who takes a severe cold during such an epidemic as is now prevailing, is quite sure to be an easy victim. It is impossible to give himself too much care on this point. The only safe course is the maintenance of a high state of health in every particular. If the general systemic tone is lowered he is lost. Every fresh cold is not only an evidence of weakness, but is a warning of what may come. One thing is to know it and another to avoid it. If sudden changes come, either in or out of doors, he must carefully adapt himself to them. It is in the attention to comparatively little things—the avoidance of draughts, the cultivation of habits of temperance in eating and drinking, the absolute obedience to all hygienic rules—which can make one reasonably safe. With the virulently morbid influences everywhere this is no time for trifling with chances for infection. If we need further arguments for carefulness it is well to recollect that April is one of the pneumonia months."

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#### Delicate, But Long-Lived.

I T IS a surprise to many that frail and delicate people often hang onto life and reach an advanced age, while the strong and robust are sometimes cut down in middle life. A writer in the Healthy Home says:

"The secret is usually a simple one. Plainly, it is the fact that the delicate, from very childhood, have been compelled to observe the rules of health. This is very conspicuous in the case of the Pope. His diet is of the simplest—no more luxurious, in fact, than when he was a poor, hard-working priest. He eats no condiments, no sweetmeats, drinks very little wine. He is regular in his habits, perfectly methodical, and undoubtedly has schooled himself to avoid worry, and to take life with cheerfulness and equanimity. He goes into no excess of either work or play. On the contrary, a strong, ruddy, vigorous man is apt to plunge into great excesses. If he is interested in work, he keeps it up. He is apt to neglect exercise, especially if his digestion is good. He becomes full-blooded, and if he does not suffer from apoplexy like Moody, his heart may fail when he should be on the very summit of his vigor."

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#### Blindness from Tobacco.

DR. FRANCIS DOWLING of Chicago has been looking into the consequences of working in cigar factories. At first he suspected that merely breathing the air in such a place would produce certain bad effects, even though the person did not smoke or chew. But he has since come to the conclusion that the trouble observed is due only to the use of tobacco in excess. The New York Tribune says:

"About one-sixth of the workmen were afflicted with more or less impaired vision, but in almost every instance the men were heavy smokers or chewers.

"The eyes of these men gradually lost their keenness. They complained that luminous objects dazzled them and that they could not read so well with a strong light as with a feeble one. They could see better in the evening than in the daytime. The pupils showed a tendency to contract. The power of distinguishing colors became somewhat impaired, though not entirely lost. And it was noticed that this injury occurred only at the center of the retina, and not around the edges.

"Besides the derangement of visual power other symptoms of a disordered state are reported. There are a loss of appetite and an aversion to meat. The sleep is disturbed by bad dreams. The victims of tobacco poisoning usually have to go to bed late, as they claim, in order to be able to fall asleep. They often lie awake for some time. They usually complain of more or less palpitation of the heart, and the pulse usually ranges at about ninety or over. On taking any great amount of exercise, the muscles feel unusually tired, and the hand often has a characteristic tremble on holding a book or pen. A case in which this latter symptom was particularly well marked came under treatment recently, in a man who was a heavy smoker, and who had pronounced symptoms of tobacco amblyopia in addition."

## The Development of the Great Southwest.

### IN THE FIELDS OF INDUSTRY, CAPITAL AND PRODUCTION.

Compiled for The Times.

(The Times will be pleased to receive and publish in this department brief, plainly-written articles, giving trustworthy information regarding important developments in Southern California, and adjoining territory, such articles to be confined to actual work in operation, or about to begin, excluding rumors and contemplated enterprises.)

#### Pile Protection.

THE Yucca Manufacturing Company of this city has on exhibition at the Chamber of Commerce a sample of pile protection, which promises to prevent the work of the teredo and cimicovia, which are so destructive to piles in wharves in salt water. The pile is first given a coating of hot asphaltum, when a sheet of yucca, thoroughly saturated with hot asphaltum, is put on and fastened with copper nails. The engineers who have seen it think very favorably of its being a success.

#### Seeds and Bulbs.

MRS. THEODORE B. SHEPHERD of Ventura, who has built up such an interesting and profitable business in plants, seeds and bulbs, recently issued a new edition of her descriptive illustrated catalogue, a book of seventy pages, containing a description and price list of many specialties and novelties in seeds and plants for 1900. Among other new things described are some new giant nasturtiums which have attracted much attention.

#### A Fortune in Potatoes.

THE San Diego Tribune tells of a farmer at Oneonta who has been remarkably successful in raising potatoes. The Tribune says:

"Last year Mr. Lynch gathered two crops of potatoes from twelve acres of land one mile south of Oneonta, from which his gross receipts were \$5040. After digging out the second crop of potatoes, he planted the same land to peas and sold the crop at an average of \$50 per acre. Encouraged by this success, Mr. Lynch has increased his holdings to thirty-five acres, all of which he has now planted to potatoes. In addition he employed R. Frank Stewart and H. Vandervoort to bore for water on his ranch, and, a few days ago, at a depth of ninety-two feet, they struck a big flow of water, which rises within five feet of the surface and will furnish 388,000 gallons of water every twelve hours. This flow is sufficient to irrigate at least 150 acres, and Mr. Lynch has arranged to supply the neighboring ranches with water, that of itself will give him a handsome income. The cost of boring the well, including a ten-inch casing, was about \$2000.

"Messrs. Taylor and Vandervoort have contracted with Mrs. Fortague to bore for water on the Otay high mesa, and expect to have to go down at least 300 feet to get it."

#### The Chamber of Commerce.

THE Chamber of Commerce is closely identified with the development and progress of Southern California. For the purpose of interesting the public in the project for the erection of a Chamber of Commerce building, the Committee on Statistics of the chamber has issued 5000 copies of a circular giving information regarding the work of that body, from which the following extracts are made:

"The chamber maintains a free exhibit of natural and manufactured products, which occupies the greater portion of the upper floor and galleries of the building occupied by the chamber on the corner of Broadway and Fourth street. It is visited by thousands of people annually from all parts of the world. The average yearly registration of visitors is 165,000. In addition to maintaining this exhibit the chamber has taken charge of the Southern California exhibit at the World's Fair, the Midwinter Fair at San Francisco, the Cotton States International Exposition, Atlanta, and the Trans-Mississippi Exposition at Omaha. It has also assisted in supplying the exhibits for Hamburg, Germany, and Guatemala, and is largely interested in arranging an exhibit for Paris and for the Pan-American Exposition, to be held in Buffalo in 1901.

"The large and rapidly increasing demands upon the chamber from eastern localities calling for matter descriptive of Southern California, supplies abundant evidence that the efforts and expenditures made by the chamber in this direction have met with prompt appreciation. During the year 1899 the chamber distributed (with discriminating care and without waste) 250,000 pieces of printed matter to those seeking this information. It is to these causes that a large part of our beneficial winter tourist travel and a handsome proportion of our marvelous growth of population can be directly traced.

"Many circulars of advice and information have also been printed and distributed throughout the neighboring agricultural sections dealing with the raising of citrus fruits, nuts, olives, sugar beets, live stock, etc.

"The chamber was largely instrumental in procuring a satisfactory import duty on citrus fruits in the Dingley Tariff Bill; and is now vigorously opposing the ratification of tariff treaties which threaten our fruit and wine industries.

"A full railway postoffice has been established between Albuquerque, N. M., and Los Angeles, largely through the efforts of the chamber; and increased postal facilities at Los Angeles have been obtained.

"Delegates have been sent to a very large number of congresses and conventions throughout the country, at which matters affecting our interests were subject to action, leading often to important results.

"At the instance of the chamber an improvement was afforded in our Weather Bureau and forecast stations were established at several points in Arizona, Utah and California.

"Protests were entered by the chamber, and persistently

urged through the proper channels, against the embargo on American green and dried fruits made by the Swiss government, until the same was withdrawn.

"The movement for the storage of flood waters and the construction of irrigation works by the United States government, which should render our surrounding arid regions habitable, productive and tributary to Los Angeles, has been energetically assisted and materially advanced.

"Fire-proof vaults were built in the City Hall at the urgent suggestion of the chamber, in order to afford much needed protection to our invaluable city records.

"Special delegations were sent by the chamber to conventions of the National Educational Association at Milwaukee and Washington, and these, in conjunction with other local influences, were finally successful in bringing the last convention of that association to this city, consisting of 15,000 teachers, or a total of about twenty thousand strangers, remaining here an average of several weeks. They are estimated to have expended here about \$2,000,000.

"A leading part was taken by the chamber in those long-continued and determined efforts which finally secured to us a deep-water harbor at San Pedro, now in course of construction, and for the further improvement of which efforts are now being made.

"Proper protection to our forest reserves and watersheds is being persistently urged, and has been partially obtained.

"The chamber took the first steps which ultimately resulted in placing the electric wires underground; in the construction of an outfall sewer; in placing street signs at all corners; in improvement in the sprinkling of our streets, and in many other local public improvements.

"Efforts have been long under way to secure the establishment of a large military post and army headquarters in this city.

"Many successful receptions have been given to organizations convening here, to officers of the Federal government and of the army and navy, to distinguished foreigners, and others; and these attentions have uniformly met with the highest appreciation, reflecting credit upon the city, earning for its citizens a reputation for courteous and liberal hospitality, and in many cases have won for the city valuable friends, who stand ready to aid our progress in every proper way in their power."

#### The Cahuenga Valley.

THE Cahuenga Valley has arisen to the distinction of having a newspaper, the Cahuenga Valley Sentinel, a special illustrated edition of which was recently published. One of the illustrations shows the pineapple plantation of J. B. Rapp. Since the new line of the Santa Monica electric road was opened through Hollywood, the Cahuenga Valley has made rapid growth.

#### Sugar-Beets at Chino.

THE Chino Champion of recent date says it is an animated scene out on parts of the ranch now, where the sugar company is grading and irrigating land and planting beets. Southeast of town about fifty teams are now engaged in this work, and it is really transforming the appearance of the country there. The Champion says:

"The fields are first graded and leveled, so that all parts may be reached with the water. It is then furrowed and the water turned on from the main ditches, which reach out to all these tracts. After the ground is thoroughly soaked it is allowed to stand two or three days until it gets solid enough to put a team on, when it is cultivated and planted.

"Up to date there have been about four hundred acres irrigated and about three hundred and seventy-five acres planted on the Chino ranch. The scattered acreage at outside places reaches about one thousand.

"The beets planted here are making a splendid start and are growing nicely, and are giving promise of a good crop.

"One feature of the irrigation now is that the refuse lime from the factory settling reservoir is being mixed with the water and in that way carried out and distributed over the land. Experts have given as their opinion that lime will be of great value to this soil, and will give the young beets a vigorous, thrifty growth at the start, and carry them through the ills that young beets are sometimes subject to, especially when they start weakly or under adverse conditions.

"The work done by the company is really the advance step toward the most intense culture of the soil and putting the sugar-beet industry here upon a firmer basis than it has ever so far been upon. For the work being done is not for this season alone, but for the years to come as well."

#### The New River Country.

A. DODSON recently sent the San Diego Sun an account of a trip made by him with two companions through the New River country of the Colorado Desert, which section has recently been brought to the attention of the public by an extensive irrigation project. Following is an extract from the communication:

"Beginning at the Cariso the Supervisors have placed guide boards giving distance to Julian, Yuma, and the nearest water. We leave the Cariso wash, or dry river bed at the 6½ mile post, and going to the right at the 7 mile post reach the mesa. Here we pass over the large deposits of mica and then for several miles over a lava formation. Here for miles the country is almost a dead level. From Cariso to the Laguna, 25 miles, there is no water, and a good portion of the trip is over heavy sand. The guide boards, however, make the nearest water 37 miles. This is accounted from the fact that the Laguna goes dry sometimes and the water referred to is the Cameron lake, which never gives out. We made our camp at Arthur Ewen's homestead on a lake known as the Swimming Hole, about one mile southwest from the Laguna. Mr. Ewen has determined to open a farm in this heretofore barren waste. The land around him is subject to overflow from the New River. This New River is one of

those peculiar streams in which the water flows to the mouth to the head. It is a river entirely dependent on the back water from the Colorado River. The country miles in every direction is flat and subject to the overflow of the New River. The soil is deep, and as the famous Nile Valley. Well water was found at eighty feet at the Laguna, and an artesian was bored some 300 feet, finding plenty of water of a very good quality. It appears to be the opinion of those who visit this country that water can be easily obtained. As it now stands, private parties afford to develop water from the earth, and until the latter is settled, the choicest lands in California must be idle and unproductive.

"It appears to the writer that if our Supervisors' attention called to this matter, they could take some steps toward developing water in that section. One of the greatest benefits to the traveling public would be to sink a well about half way, between Cariso Laguna. This could be done by the county as a necessity of the public highway. Then by sinking or three more wells at intervals in the New River, thus demonstrate that water is obtainable, then, so soon, if these efforts were successful, be a large section developed and the money expended in expense be returned to the county in way of taxes upon property now not even upon the tax rolls. Possibly our Chamber could assist in this matter. The Big Lagoon, Laguna and the Swimming Hole lakes are all with mesquite, willows and various kinds of trees. The overflowed section is covered with arrow weed, pickle and other rapid growth vegetation. If planted, there would be immense crops of corn, cotton and other similar crops raised on these New River lands. The lakes are full and water fowls are abundant. At this season of the year most of the ducks and geese had gone North, but large numbers of pelicans, sand hill cranes and shags were seen. We saw one mountain sheep and any amount of rabbits."

#### A Big Copper Property.

ANOTHER big copper property in Jerome, in Arizona, near the United Verde is that known as the Queen. The Prescott Journal Miner says:

"A mining property at Jerome has sprung into existence almost before its existence was known to the general public. It is known to outsiders as the Campbell group, but in Jerome as the Nautical group, account of the names selected for the claims comprising mostly nautical terms.

"The group consists of twenty-four claims and the majority of them were located in September, 1899.

"About that time Col. D. P. Bosworth of Marion a gentleman who had retired from business several years ago, and who engaged in the oil business just for a diversion to his mind, and who made a success of all expectations, was induced by F. E. Jordan to come to Jerome and look at some promising copper property owned by him there. Col. Bosworth arrived and over the ground and was favorably impressed, and outlined a policy under which he agreed to take hold of the property and develop it. Included in this policy was the location of adjoining ground, and in securing an option bond on several claims already located, all of which had been accomplished. Col. Bosworth, in the meantime, incorporated a company under the name of the Verde Copper Company, the incorporation being under the laws of New Jersey. While these other preliminaries were in progress the development of the property was also pushed with all possible speed under the superintendence of F. E. Jordan, and a large body of ore was taken. All of this time but little was heard or known of the operations going on, so quietly yet effectively was it done.

"It was not until machinery began to arrive that the public was attracted to the property, when they saw the fact that a new mine had already been opened.

"The claims extend to the very limits of the Verde Jerome, and the principal scene of operation is within a mile's walk of the business part of town. A car of ore, not very closely sorted, was shipped to the smelter at El Paso and the returns were so favorable that, into consideration the amount of ore exposed, it was deemed advisable to erect a forty-ton smelter for domestic purposes, and men are at work now grading the foundation. A fifty-horse-power engine, a blow steam hoist have also been shipped to the mine and shifts of miners are employed in sinking the shaft. The intention of Col. Bosworth is to have the smelter in operation by the 1st of May, or at least during the first part of the month, eclipsing all records in the world in opening up a mine, and in having a plant in operation.

"On the Columbia mine, on which the smelter was placed, they have already a face of ore 120 feet wide, and it is estimated that a sufficient amount of ore can be safely counted on to keep the smelter in operation for some time to come.

"A twenty-inch gauge railroad is also among the plans for the future of the company. Col. Bosworth, who is the operations, has an able assistant in F. E. Jordan, superintendent of the company, and everything is being done in a thoroughly systematic business manner, the results already achieved, as will be noticed, being simply marvelous for the space of time occupied.

"The company is a sort of close corporation with a majority of its stockholders being personal friends and assistants of Col. Bosworth, although there are three non-residents in it, being F. E. Jordan, James S. Douglass, Thomas E. Campbell, all of whom belong to the board of directors. Col. D. P. Bosworth is president and manager; H. A. Mather, secretary and treasurer; and F. E. Jordan, superintendent and Arizona agent. The company has an office in Jerome and one also in New York."

## SOU' SOUTHWEST.

By the Ancient Mariner.

NOTICE that the Arizona Graphic, an illustrated journal published in Phoenix, Ariz., has turned up its journalistic toes. It is stated, in explanation of the unusual decision, that the time is not yet ripe for a venture of the kind. The time must then have been still less than sixteen years ago, when I published a somewhat amateur weekly in Tucson, under the euphonious name of "Gummine and Silver." There was a large amount of hard work put into that journal, which contained a number of features then unique in Arizona. It had illustrations and contained no display advertisements or quack medicine blusters. The oldest paper in Arizona is the *Sentinel*, published at Yuma, and next to that, the *Tucson Citizen*. The *Silver Belt*, at Globe, was published for twenty years by Judge Hackney, who died a few months ago at an advanced age, and who, I believe during the entire period, was not out of Gila county. Publishing a newspaper in Arizona is quite different from the newspaper business in the Middle and Eastern States. At least it was, and I do not suppose that conditions have changed much during the past fifteen years. Many of the dailies did not publish any dispatches and those that did only took a small amount, generally costing about \$30 a week. The population being so scattered—in 1890 the population of the entire Territory was just about equal to that of Los Angeles city—it was literally a "long time between drinks" for a newspaper canvasser, and getting subscriptions and advertisements on the outside was an expensive job, especially when, as in my case, one was not on the visiting list of the Southern Pacific Company, although most of the travel had to be done by buckboard or on horseback. Possible subscribers being so few and far between, prices for subscriptions and advertising had to be correspondingly high. The regular subscription price for a four-page, six-columns weekly was \$3 a year. None of the papers depended entirely on subscriptions and commercial advertising for support. The "strong hold" of most of them lay in politics, public printing and job work. An election was harvest time for the journals. For the publication of a card announcing a candidacy there was a regular graduated rate, running from \$10 for a Coronel to \$30 or so for a Sheriff, and more than that for a Congressman, the price charged including a commensurate amount of "favorable mention." Then, again, the rates for legal notices were very high, being entirely out of proportion to the ordinary commercial price. The Sheriff had the giving out of a large number of such notices and these would be given to the paper which happened to support him for office, making a very nice prerequisite. In some cases, where there was only one paper published in a county, it may be imagined that such a publication had a "pudding." Then, for job printing, there were charged which would make the eyes of the Los Angeles job printer of 1890 open wide in amazement. Another source of revenue after election was found in the practice of getting the Legislature, when it convened, to vote an appropriation for several hundred copies of each Arizona paper for the use of the members during the session, at 5 cents per copy. A legislator who failed to vote for such an appropriation was considered something of a fool.

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Other papers which I either conducted or edited in Arizona were the *Final Drill*, the *Quijotoa Prospector*, the *Arizona Epitaph* and the *Tucson Tailings*. The last-named was a small four-page afternoon daily, but was well lived, and furnished its staid old afternoon constituency, the *Citizen*, with a considerable amount of news in wry and wonder. It received no telegraph dispatches, while the *Citizen* had a \$30 a week Associated Press budget, yet, in spite of this, I succeeded quite frequently in sweeping the esteemed contemporary on telegraph news so that its subscribers would occasionally ask the editor why he could not compete with such a small and insignificant rival. It happened that the Los Angeles Herald arrived in Tucson in the forenoon with a considerable load of telegraph news, much of which had not been sent down to Arizona. By picking out the most interesting of this stuff, padding it a little, and giving prominence to anything that was specially interesting to the Territory, a very fair budget of "fresh" telegraph news was obtained. One of my biggest scoops on the *Citizen* was when Gen. Grant was dying. The end had been approaching for several days and his demise was expected at any moment. We had a full description of the closing scenes in type, taken from the Los Angeles paper of the previous day, and only awaited the report of his death. The *Citizen* was published in the next building, with an adobe wall between the two back yards. As soon as the first copy of the *Citizen* was off the press it was handed over the wall by a friendly printer. It contained the news of Grant's death, which was quickly hurried into type, and the *Tailings*, with the full report, was on the street before the *Citizen*.

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The *Quijotoa Prospector* was as short-lived as the mining camp in which it was published. In order to head off possible competition, the first few numbers were set up in the office of a small weekly in Tucson, while awaiting the arrival of a first-class printing outfit that had been sent from San Francisco. The office in question had barely enough material to do its own work, and consequently the early numbers of the *Prospector* consisted of a little six-column, four-page weekly, presenting an astonishing array of type of all shapes and sizes, some of which had been knocking around on the frontier for a quarter of a century. In a canvassing trip for subscribers through the embryo camp before the first number had been issued I took in \$35 within a couple of hours, at the rate of \$5 a year, of which amount \$30 went for "hospitality," as three-fourths of the "business houses" were saloons. Within nine months after that there were scarcely enough people in town to load the material on a wagon.

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Much has been made in the press about the wonderfully rich strikes of gold in the Klondike, but it is doubtful whether the discoveries there or at Cape Nome begin to

equal in richness the marvelous finds made by early California prospectors fifty years ago. I was recently going through an early volume which dealt with the "days of old, the days of gold, the days of forty-nine," giving a large number of interesting reminiscences of the mining camps, from which the following notes are extracted: John Sullivan discovered Sullivan's Diggings on the Stanislaus, and, according to a contemporary account, took from it \$26,000, with which he established a trading post, and purchased property in San Francisco, becoming eventually a very wealthy resident of that city. E. Gould Buffum, in "Six Months in the Gold Mines," stated that Sullivan's Diggings were celebrated for the big lumps of gold taken therefrom by various miners. Patrick McChristian, J. P. Leese, Jasper O'Farrell, William Leery and Samuel Morris left Sonoma in July, 1848, prospected on the Yuba River, and in three months made \$75,000. Mr. Dye, a resident of Monterey, informed Mason in August, 1848, that on the Feather River his company was at work with fifty Indians for seven weeks and two days and that the gross produce of their labor was 273 pounds of gold. Dye's share, one-seventh, was thirty-seven pounds, after all expenses were paid, and this amount he showed the colonel at Monterey. Carson, in his "Early Recollections," stated that on the branches of the American River some deserters realized from \$5000 to \$10,000 in a few days and left California by the first steamer. So many of the soldiers at the post deserted that no garrison would be left. Three hundred men at Hangtown, now Placerville, got from three ounces to five pounds of gold daily apiece from the middle of June to the end of August, 1848. That place was then known as the Dry Diggings. Antonio Franco Coronel, with thirty men, left Los Angeles in August, 1848, and traveled to the Stanislaus, where, by following several Indians, who offered gold in exchange for articles that they fancied, the adventurers from the south found a rich placer. On the first day Coronel, with two Indian servants, put forty-five ounces of coarse gold in his bag, and all the hundred prospered. Dolores Sepulveda picked up a twelve-ounce nugget. Valdes, also known as Chapamango, of Santa Barbara, discovered a pocket near where the nugget lay, and filled a towel with the gold. He then sold the pocket to Lorenzo Soto, who in eight days extracted fifty-two pounds of the precious metal from it. Water being then struck, Soto disposed of the claim to Michado of San Diego, who also secured a large quantity of gold. Coronel, after three days, was richer by 125 ounces. A man who did not appreciate the value of the yellow metal was met by Coronel on this trip. He was among the Mexicans from Sonora, who had located on the Tuolumne, where gold was found in abundance, and as he had experience, Coronel went with him to inspect the third bar of the Barro Cafada. He was known as the Chino Tirador. When he marked out his claim, Coronel chose one adjoining. The Chino, at the depth of four feet, found a pocket at an underground rock on the line of the two claims. He gathered gold there from 9 o'clock until 4, when his wooden tray was so full of clean lumps that he could hardly carry it. On leaving, he allowed Coronel to work the claim, and the latter, with his servant, took out a good deal of gold before darkness. When Coronel returned to camp the Chino was selling the gold for silver coin, and Coronel bought seventy-six ounces at \$3.50 per ounce. Other men visited the Chino's claim that night, laboring by the light of candles, and so he abandoned it the next day, purchased a bottle of whisky for as much gold as could be held in two hands, spread a blanket on the ground and dealt mante, and at 10 o'clock at night was drunk and without a dollar. John Davenport, a boy of 19 years, from New Bedford, took out seventy-seven ounces of pure gold one day at Hudson Cañon, afterward called Georgetown, and the next day added nearly ninety ounces to his pile. The rate for gold was \$16 per ounce. Rich Bar, on the north fork of the Feather River, was so dominated because the 500 miners who settled there did well. The first panful of earth yielded \$2.50, and a subsequent panful \$1.50. Two men secured thirty-three pounds of gold in eight hours, and in two weeks two other men had \$6000 apiece. Considering the great extent and richness of the fields, the ease with which gold was obtained and the mildness of the climate, it is doubtful whether we shall ever again see a mining El Dorado to equal the California of 1849-51.

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A few days ago, in company with an old-time Arizona acquaintance of former days, I was recalling some of the incidents of our life in the sun-kissed Territory. They were troublous days, those of fifteen and sixteen years ago in Arizona, when the bloodthirsty Apache was abroad in the land, and brutal murders of white settlers and prospectors were of almost daily occurrence. The Geronimo raid, in which the late Gen. Lawton distinguished himself, has gone into history, but previous to that time there were a succession of brutal outrages by Indians which, in almost any other country, would have aroused the government to take strong repressive measures. Here they were passed over as episodes of frontier life until at last Geronimo's raid almost took on the form of a small war and the Federal government was forced to exert itself.

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One of Geronimo's companions on the warpath was Chatto, a brutal and unscrupulous savage, who was perhaps even more of a bloodthirsty fiend than Geronimo himself. He was engaged in making one of his periodic raids through the country and into the mountains of Old Mexico, known as the ammunition raids, the route of which is always marked by rapine and murder. In New Mexico Judge McComas, a respected citizen, and his wife, had been murdered by this band, McComas' little boy being taken a prisoner. It was not generally known what became of the boy, who was never seen again, but from a captured hostile it was afterward discovered that one of the bucks, who had been carrying the boy on his horse, complained because the little fellow kept on crying, whereupon Geronimo took the lad down to a gulch and beat his head to pieces on a rock. A short time after this a young banker, from one of the Eastern States, came out for his health and invested in a fine cattle ranch not far from Deming, in New Mexico. After fixing up the place in good shape he went back East and married a young woman to whom he was engaged, bringing her out with him. They had a fine team and when out driving one day a

short way from the ranch they were overtaken by Chatto and nine bucks. What then happened can only be conjectured from the appearance of the bodies when they were brought into Deming shortly afterward. The man had been murdered and mutilated and then the unfortunate woman had suffered a worse fate. The Indians had cut the tendons on her feet, evidently to prevent her from running off after their repeated assaults, and then mashed in the back of her head with a blunt instrument. So common had these outrages become by this time that even such a dastardly crime as this scarcely created more than a ripple of excitement on the frontier, and it was not until some months later that the Federal authorities aroused themselves in earnest to pursue and punish the red devils. When, however, some time after this, Gen. Crook presented this fiend with a medal and a horse, a howl of indignant protest went up from residents on the frontier, and that action doubtless had something to do with the subsequent change of policy in dealing with the Indians and their final subjugation. Chatto is now down in Indian Territory, where he is probably helping his friend Geronimo teach Sunday-school, and arousing the interest of eastern tenderfeet, who see only the picturesque side of the "noble red man."

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Travelers wonder why there should be so much drinking to excess in this country, as compared with most of the countries of continental Europe, which enjoy more or less similar climatic conditions. The reason is not far to seek. The methods of consuming alcoholic stimulants are very different here and there. The light wine of the country, which contains but a very small percentage of alcohol—a far smaller percentage than our ordinary red wine—is the common beverage and even then it is usually diluted with water and is drunk chiefly at meals. The constant gulping of raw spirits while standing at a bar, is practically unknown among respectable people in Europe, and the man who makes a practice of regularly drinking undiluted schnapps is regarded as being far advanced on the road to ruin and disrepute. It is somewhat remarkable that in all the various movements to inculcate temperance in this section no serious efforts should have been made to encourage the substitution of pure light wines, which are produced so largely in this State, and are so well adapted to the climate, for the fiery imported spirits which a man may sometimes consume regularly and reach a ripe old age in Northern Europe or Canada, but which play havoc with the nerves and digestive organs south of latitude 40. As it is, everything appears to be done to discourage the product of our native vineyards. It is, for instance, absurd that in most places where beverages are dispensed, from 10 to 15 cents should be charged for a small glass of California wine, which may be purchased by the barrel at about 30 cents a gallon.

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The latest thing in oil companies is to give them names that appeal to a certain class of people. Such, for instance, as the "Railroad Men's Oil Company," which has recently put forth a branch in the shape of the "British-American Oil Company." We may now expect soon to see launched the "German-American," "Afro-American," "Native Sons," "Typographical Union," "Barkeepers" and a score of other similar oil corporations. There are many different ways of catching birds, but almost any kind of an old trap seems to be successful just now, provided that it is liberally smeared with (promises of) oil.

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It is reported that an attempt is being made by a big wholesale cigar firm of San Francisco to get up a trust in the retail cigar business of Los Angeles, and high prices are being offered for stands in choice locations. There is probably no section of the United States where more cigars are consumed per capita than in California. During the past few years some fairly good cigars have been made here from tobacco raised in this section, and it is quite possible that in course of time Southern California may become a tobacco-growing region. One of the mysteries of the cigar business which I have never yet been able to solve, is the practice of leading manufacturers in expending hundreds of thousands of dollars in advertising a certain brand of cigar throughout the country, and then, after it has become popular, allowing it to deteriorate in quality and spending more hundreds of thousands in introducing a new cigar. It is difficult to see where the profit of this system comes in.

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Campers-out will soon have a large extent of picturesque territory to choose from in the forest reservations of Southern California. In the Santa Ynez reservation, in Santa Barbara county, to which I recently referred, where there are thousands of acres of wonderfully picturesque mountain land, the government is just now doing some active work in building trails. This reservation includes the picturesque range of mountains back of Santa Barbara city. The policy of the government is to build trails in all directions through the mountains, so that any part of the reservation may be quickly reached by forest rangers in case of fire, or in pursuit of persons who transgress the reservation laws. The rangers have just completed a fine trail up what is known as Rattlesnake Cañon, which opens back of the Santa Barbara Mission. From this trail the summit is reached at a distance of less than six miles, the old trail to the summit being much longer. Along the top of the range, on the crest of the mountains, a trail has also been built which extends for several miles. It will be continued westward to connect with a public road at the San Marcos Pass and eastward to the Casitas Pass, below Carpinteria. At short intervals, the trail will be cut by cross trails. The little known mountain regions of Santa Barbara county are likely to be popular with tourists during the coming summer. There are few pleasanter ways of spending a vacation than in making up a party with comfortable camp wagon and getting into the heart of Nature. There is much more rest for the jaded business man in such a trip than in a couple of weeks spent at a crowded seaside resort, where you are constantly in touch with the busy world that you seek to leave behind.

ANCIENT MARINER.

[Harper's Bazar:] "Doctor, my wife has lost her voice; what can I do about it?"

"Go home late some night."

## MY KITTYKINS.

By a Special Contributor.

I am a little tired of bear and Indian stories—aren't you?—and shall ask the dignified editor please to let me tell you of some pets I have had. I am quite a big girl now, and I look back to my baby days through a blissful perspective of purrs and mews and sweet little cuddles of kittens. I have had so many, and have been so fond of them all!

The very first one I can remember—far back in the shadowy mists of babyhood—was Tippet. As a kitten she seemed "perfectly possessed" to sleep on the parlor chairs and sofa. There she would curl down into such a flat little tuft as to seem a bit of appliquéd embroidery. In the semi-darkness of a country parlor, the caller would usually choose Tippet's chair. And then—how well we learned to know and dread the smothered appeal of poor Tippet and the startled exclamation from above her crushed but hopeful form. Though temporarily flattened, she always rose buoyant, and could never be taught wisdom by experience. Her end was harrowing. While making an inoffensive neighborly call one evening, she was caught by a coyote. Presumably she was eaten. I hope she disagreed with him.

My next favorite was Muff—named to keep in mind the dear departed Tippet. She was a very characterless cat, with colorless virtues and vices, only caring to sleep and loaf, and I think was entirely unfamiliar with the flavor of raw mouse. Very different were her three children, the Princess, Gen. Stubbs and Ginger. The first was so named for her beauty. A snow-white kitten, with a few splashes of gray, she generally usurped first place, and with a calm air of authority appropriated the food ("swiped the grub," as my small brother said) of her brother and sister. Ginger was round and yellow as an orange, always rather small, but full of snap, and the most lovable of all as she grew up and had a family of her own. Her conception of the ethics of motherhood, as shown in her mild discipline and her frequent unbending from matronly dignity, was, I hope, a lesson to my own mother.

But Stubbs—poor Stubbs! his lot in life was hard. His tail was a freak—only two inches long—born that way—and bent under at the end like a short hook! But short as it was, it cast a shadow over his whole life. He seemed conscious of it, and would sneak about with a meek, deprecating look, as if apologizing to the company for the existence, and for his being responsible for the existence, of such a tail. Though lighter than the usual run, it became a grievous burden. As a handle whereby to lift him, or a hook to tie things to, it embittered his days. When Bonny and I were tired with doll playing, it filled us with joy to tie the flat-iron rester or tea-bell to that hook and watch him career madly over the yard. We used to make babies of his two sisters, and it sends a thrill through me even now to recall the faces of the lovely white Princess and blonde little Ginger as they looked out from those small dresses. Their tails were a bother. These would spoil the expression of the prettiest skirt—out at right angles most awkwardly, if happy, or switching in a very unladylike way if excited. We had always to tie Ginger's tight to her leg to get any sort of set to her skirt.

Being quite musical, my sister once named one of our kitties Beethoven. On quite unexpectedly receiving from him one morning a present of four kittens, she briskly and cheerfully changed his name to Mrs. Beethoven, and christened the babies Minka, Winka, Linka and Katinka. Save that their names linger in my memory like German-silver bells, I have forgotten all about them.

I can remember a long kittenless two months, and then Cinnamon—our strawberry blonde—became one of us. So lary as he was! Any cat of ordinary self-respect has the little pads on the bottom of its feet dirty and hard from use. But Cinnamon kept his pink, clean and soft all the time, and, rather than soil them, would, I think, have been content to lie still all his life with them neatly done up in bread-and-milk poultices—proper refreshments being periodically served. Lifting him, he would dangle limply in your hands, would land on his feet neatly if dropped, but would instantly relax every muscle and roll over sound asleep. My big brother said he was a cat-alie.

Once we changed our home to a distant town, and a favorite kitty—old Max—we were forced to leave behind. I wrote some verses on him afterward, and, though rather battered, they will come in very well here.

## Ode to Max.

O Max, thou dearest puss that ever purred!  
Whose charms enthralled, whose virtues knew no end,  
Whose tail rose stiffly to the kindly word,  
Who never missed a meal nor slighted friend.

O Max, I think upon thee, woeful hearted!  
I know not where to drop the scalding tear;  
'Twould be upon thy grave had Death us parted—  
But ay de mi! that thou shouldst disappear!

To think that fiery temper oft I've soothed,  
Now slays and devastates in darksome ways!  
To think those whiskers fair my hand has smoothed,  
The careless breezes toss, the weather frays!

Thy empty saucer waits, thy little chair—  
Though far and wide the prodigal may roam,  
I'll love my love sans all that made him fair,  
When—soon or late—my war-worn Max comes home.

We have had cats and cats, a variegated procession, but I will tell you of only one other real pet—the best and bravest of all—old Whack. He was a thin little chap at first, but he grew into a veritable Anak, black as night, with eyes like a topaz. We all loved Whack. He was not frolicsome, I never saw him play, but he was always the courteous cavalier, faithful and affectionate. He would come up to us, purring, in a quiet, unobtrusive way, look up into our faces with his great yellow eyes, and give a short mew. It was his only plea for attention. He was never persistent. If uninvited, he would retire at once,

like the gentleman he was. He would follow at my father's heels about the ranch like a dog, only leaving him when tempted at the hole of some particularly odorous and juicy gopher, for, like Nimrod of old, Whack "was a mighty hunter."

He was also a fighter of renown. A coolness arose between us and our next neighbor on account of an eye which their pet cat had in some way mislaid—owing to Whack, they said, but I could never believe it, for what use could he have made of it with two such splendid eyes of his own! I have listened in the dead of night to his debates with his associates, and it always seemed to me that he was merely resenting insults—remarks derogatory of his own broken ear or of the weird, but respected, tail of his predecessor, Gen. Stubbs. He met an untimely fate, poor fellow. Led astray by dissipated companions, 'twas said he stole our neighbor's little chickens. They shot him on the flimsiest of circumstantial evidence and the partition fence, and I cannot yet forgive them. We buried him with all the honors of his bygone wara. I have never had, I think I never shall have, a cat so perfectly satisfactory as dear old Whack.

NORA MAY FRENCH.

## BOSTON SERVANT GIRLS.

## SOME OF THEM PASS THEIR IDLE TIME READING SCHILLER, GOETHE AND HOMER.

[New York Journal:] The Labor Bulletin of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, which has just made its appearance, contains some interesting information along many different lines. In general it is an effective prosperity document, as it shows gains along a number of industries, with plenty of work promised for the future. The Bulletin is also interesting to those directly or indirectly affected by the "servant-girl problem." Indeed, some of the worst pessimists on that score might get information from the Bulletin which would aid them in keeping efficient servants and improving poor ones. There are servants in Boston who read Schiller and Goethe.

A considerable mass of statistics is published in regard to domestic employment, showing in representative instances the number of servants employed in a family, a classification of them according to their respective lines of work, their wages, places of birth, religion, reading and the chances given for it, opportunities for education, callers, attendance by servants of clubs, classes, lectures, etc., their savings in banks, the extent to which they support others, and so on.

In regard to wages, it is said: "The most numerous wage classes comprise 25 out of 231, the entire number, who received \$3 per week; 50 who were paid \$3.50; 81 at \$4; 31 at \$4.50, and 25 at \$5. Only three employees received less than \$3; while 66 received \$4.50 or more. One was paid \$6.50, six \$6, and one \$5.50. As might be expected, the wages of the cooks range highest, only about 31 per cent. of the entire number receiving a wage as low as \$4. The average wage, the entire number of employees being considered, was \$4; for the cooks alone, \$4.65; for the employees in general housework, \$3.75; for the parlor and chambermaids, etc., \$4.22, and for the second girls, \$3.81.

These figures are undoubtedly somewhat above those which would appear in localities more remote from Boston or any large city. When it is remembered that board is in every case included in addition to the money wage, the aggregate recompense for the week's service per employee does not suffer by comparison, if there were no other factors to be considered, with wages paid in stores or factories, to women of average capacity."

As to the character of the reading, newspapers and magazines were available to the employees and read by them in 130 instances; newspapers only in fifty-five additional cases. Reading of this kind was seldom done in 11 cases, never in 19, and in 16 cases the replies were not definite or conclusive.

The replies as to the kinds of books which were read were so various as to make any simple generalization impossible. The more prominent may be given, however. In 33 instances no books were read, and in 57 cases no answer was given to the question. In eight others the reply was that the facts were unknown. The replies that remain number 133.

Cook books apparently comprised either all or nearly all that were read in three instances. Nearly all the others are reported to read fiction only, the exception being so few as to be easily noted. In two or three cases history, either of the United States or England, seemed to be preferred. In one, a philosophical or critical work was mentioned; in one the works of Goethe and Schiller and the poems of Homer were specified; and in one, the Chautauqua course was followed.

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## MAHOGANY CUTTING.

## HOW ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT INDUSTRIES OF CENTRAL AMERICA IS CONDUCTED.

[Self Culture Magazine:] The mahogany hunter is the most important and best-paid laborer in the service, for upon his skill and activity largely depends the success of the season. Mahogany trees do not grow in clusters, but are scattered promiscuously through the forests and hidden in a dense growth of underbrush, vines, and creepers, and it requires a skillful and experienced woodsman to find them. No progress can be made in a tropical forest without the aid of a machete, for the way must be cut step by step. The mahogany is one of the largest and tallest of trees, and the hunter, seeking the highest ground, climbs to the top of the tallest tree and surveys the surrounding country. His practiced eye soon detects the mahogany by its peculiar foliage, and he counts the trees within the scope of his vision, notes direction and distance and then, descending, cuts a narrow trail to each tree, which he carefully blazes and marks, especially if there is a rival hunter in the vicinity. The axmen follow the hunter, and after them come the sawyers and hewers.

To fell a large mahogany tree is one day's task for two men. On account of the wide spurs which project from the trunk at its base, scaffolds must be erected and the tree cut off above the spurs, which leaves a stump from ten to fifteen feet in height—a sheer waste of the very best part of the tree, and one which American ingenuity would easily devise some means to prevent. While the work of felling and hewing is in progress, other gangs are busy making roads and bridges over which the logs may be hauled to the river. One wide "truck-pass," as it is called, is made through the center of the district occupied by the woods, and branch roads are opened from this main avenue to each tree. The trucks employed are clumsy and antiquated affairs, which no American would think of using; these carts and boxes are imported from England, while the other parts are made upon the ground. The wheels are of solid wood, made by sawing off the end of a log and fitting four holes in the center, no spokes or tires being used. New wheels are in constant requisition, and repairs cause frequent and expensive delays. Most of the trucking is done at night by torch lights of pitch pine. The oxen are fed on the leaves and twigs of the bread-nut tree, which gives them more strength and power of endurance than any other stimulable food. The trucking being done in the dry season, the logs are collected on the bank of the river and made ready for the floods. On the longest rivers these logs in June and July, and on others in October and November. The logs are turned adrift, and when they reach tide water are caught by means of booms. Indian booms—usually Caribs—follow the logs down the river in order to release those which are caught by obstacles. His little judgment and experience are required to determine at what exact stage of the flood the logs should be set adrift. Should the water rise to what is called "topgallant flood" before the logs reach the boom, many of them would be carried over the banks and left high and dry in cane-brakes and thickets, or covered up by sand and rubbish. From the boom the logs are rafted to the embarcadero, and "manufactured" for shipment.

Mahogany trees give from two to five logs each, measuring from ten to eighteen feet in length and from twenty to forty-four inches in diameter after being hewed. The "manufacturing" process consists in sawing off the log ends which have been bruised and splintered in transit down the river, and in refining and rehewing the logs by skillful workmen, who give them a smooth and even surface. The logs are then measured, rolled back into the water at the mouth of the river, and made into rafts, to be taken to the vessel anchored outside the bar.

## —THE HEALTH OF COLLEGE GIRLS.

[Sophia Kirk in Lippincott:] The ignorance of the laws of health with which many girls arrive at college almost equals their ignorance of literature. They work out their own salvation in this respect, as in other matters, and sometimes suffer in the process. But as a rule the health of the girls improves in college. They generally gain in weight, the regular life is a benefit, and the freedom accorded to the student allows of an adjustment of hours to the individual which gives less strain than the more rigid rules of school. And in spite of the fact that college has a peculiar attraction for girls whose nervous temperament or delicate organization is ill fitted to cope with its conditions, the health even of these girls often compares favorably with that of the maidens similarly situated who go into society or stay inertly at home.

Hysterical tendencies are often conquered in college, occupation and responsibility and intelligent comprehension of the effort to be made proving a great help.

The health of the larger organism, college life, needs readjustment from time to time. It also has its nerves, its defects of circulation, a touch of fever now and then. It needs air and good sense; fortunately these remedies are not far to seek. When things have gone too far in one direction there is an effort made to strike a balance; they are not left inertly to the effects of reaction. The power of the students to reason as a body is a good testimony to the training of the individuals.

The Paris correspondent of the London Sketch says that President Loubet is a terror to all sticklers for official dignity. In his simple frankness he is capable of keeping every one at the banquet table with the remark, "Well, we are so comfortable here that we do not see why that formality about the ladies leaving should be insisted upon."

[Judge:] Rastus. What yo' t'ink is de mattah wif me, doctah? Doctor. Oh, nothing but the chicken-pox, I guess. Rastus (getting nervous.) I 'clare on mah honah, doctah, I hain't bin nowhar I could ketch dat!

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